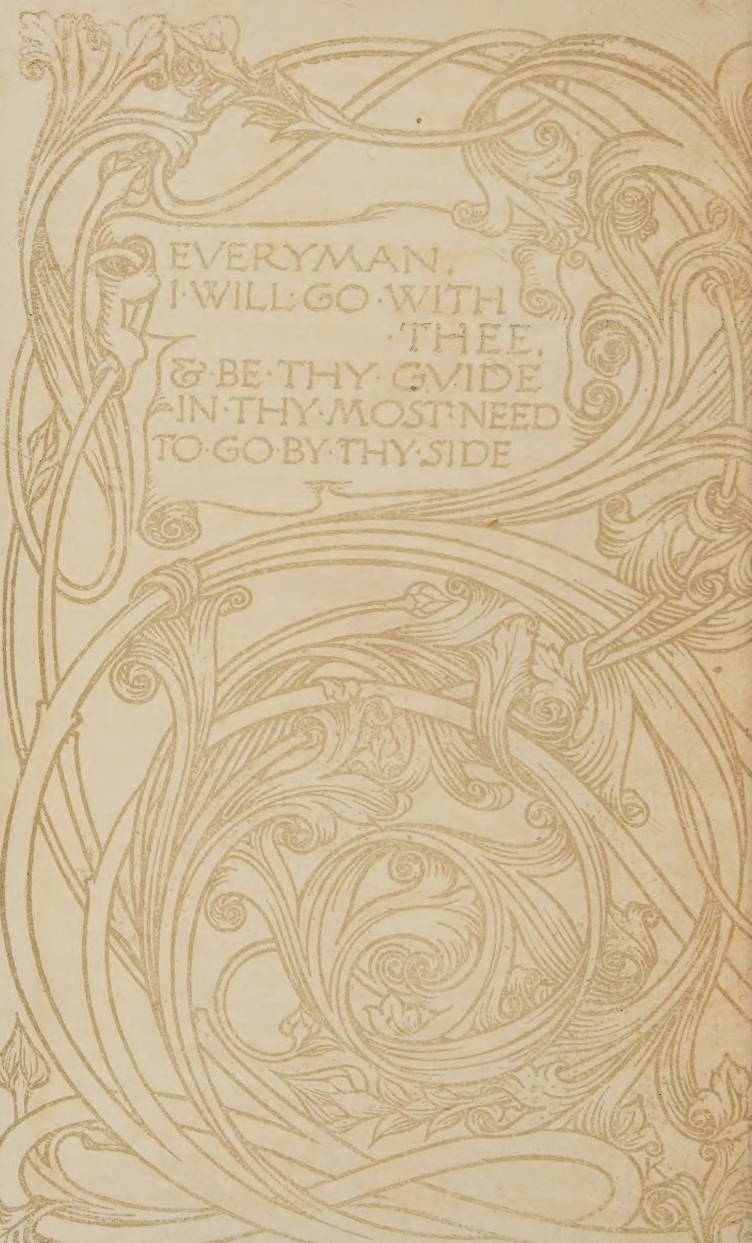
EVERYMAN,
I WILL GO WITH
THEE,
& BE THY GVIDE
IN THY MOST NEED
TO GO BY THY SIDE

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OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS & SPEECHES *with* ELUCIDATIONS BY THOMAS CARLYLE

VOLUME TWO

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OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES

PART V

CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND

1649

LETTERS LXXXVII—XCVI

On *Tuesday 30th January* 1648-9, it is ordered in the Commons House, "That the Post be stayed until to-morrow morning, ten of the clock;" and the same afternoon, the King's Execution having now taken place, Edward Dendy, Sergeant-at-Arms, with due trumpeters, pursuivants and horse-troops, notifies, loud as he can blow, at Cheapside and elsewhere, openly to all men, That whosoever shall proclaim a new King, Charles Second or another, without authority of Parliament, in this Nation of England, shall be a Traitor and suffer death. For which service, on the morrow, each trumpeter receives "ten shillings" of the public money, and Sergeant Dendy himself —shall see what he will receive.[1] And all Sheriffs, Mayors of Towns and such like are to do the same in their respective localities, that the fact be known to every one.

After which follow, in Parliament and out of it, such debatings, committee-ings, consultings towards a Settlement of this Nation, as the reader can in a dim way sufficiently fancy for himself on considering the two following facts.

First, That on *February 13th*, Major Thomas Scott, an honourable Member whom we shall afterwards know better, brings in his Report or Ordinance for a Council of State, to be henceforth

[1] Commons Journals, vi. 126; Scobell's Acts and Ordinances (London, 1658, 1657), ii. 3.

the Executive among us; which Council, to the number of Forty-one Persons, is thereupon nominated by Parliament; and begins its Sessions at Derby House on the 17th. Bradshaw, Fairfax, Cromwell, Whitlocke, Harry Marten, Ludlow, Vane the Younger, and others whom we know, are of this Council.

Second, That, after much adjustment and new-modelling, new Great Seals, new Judges, Sergeants-maces, there comes out, on *May 19th*, an emphatic Act, brief as Sparta, in these words: "Be it declared and enacted by this present Parliament, and by the authority of the same: That the People of England, and of all the dominions and territories thereunto belonging, are and shall be, and are hereby constituted, made, established and confirmed to be, A COMMONWEALTH OR FREE-STATE; and shall from henceforth be governed as a Commonwealth and Free-State,—by the Supreme Authority of this Nation the Representatives of the People in Parliament, and by such as they shall appoint and constitute officers and ministers under them for the good of the People, and that without any King or House of Lords."[1] —What modelling and consulting has been needed in the interim, the reader shall conceive.

Strangely enough, among which great national transactions the following small family-matters again turn up; asserting that they too had right to happen in this world, and keep memory of themselves,—and show how a Lieutenant-General's mind, busy pulling down Idolatrous Kingships, and setting up Religious Commonwealths, has withal an idle eldest Son to marry!—

There occurred "a stick," as we saw some time ago,[2] in this Marriage-treaty: but now it gathers life again;—and, not to agitate the reader's sympathies overmuch, we will say at once that it took effect this time; that Richard Cromwell was actually wedded to Dorothy Mayor, at Hursley, on Mayday 1649;[3] and, one point fairly settled at last!—But now mark farther how Anne, second daughter of the House of Hursley, came to be married not long after to "John Dunch of Pusey in Berkshire"; which Dunch of Pusey had a turn for collecting Letters. How Dunch, groping about Hursley in subsequent years, found "Seventeen Letters of Cromwell," and collected them, and laid them up at Pusey; how, after a century or so, Horace Walpole, likewise a collector of Letters, got his eye upon them; transcribed them, imparted them to dull Harris.[4] From whom,

[1] Scobell, ii. 30; Commons Journals, 19th May.
[2] Letter LVI. vol. i. p. 250.
[3] Noble, i. 188.
[4] Harris, p. 504.

accordingly, here they still are and continue. This present fascicle of Ten is drawn principally from the Pusey stock; the remainder will introduce themselves in due course.

LETTER LXXXVII

Colonel Norton, "dear Dick," was purged out by Pride; lazy Dick and lazy Frank Russel were both purged out, or scared away, and are in the lists of the Excluded. Dick, we infer, is now somewhat estranged from Cromwell: probably both Dick and Frank: Frank returned; Dick too, though in a fitful manner. And so, there being now no "dear Norton" on the spot, the Lieutenant-General applies to Mr. Robinson, the pious Preacher at Southampton, of whom we transiently heard already;—a priest and counsellor, and acting as such, to all parties.

For my very loving Friend Mr. Robinson, Preacher at Southampton: These.

Sir, 'London,' 1st February 1648.

I thank you for your kind Letter. As to the business you mention, I desire to use this plainness with you.

When the last overture was, between me and Mr. Mayor, by the kindness of Colonel Norton,—after the meeting I had with Mr. Mayor at Farnham, I desired the Colonel (finding, as I thought, some scruples in Mr. Mayor), To know of him whether his mind was free to the thing or not. Colonel Norton gave me this account, That Mr. Mayor, by reason of some matters as they then stood, was not very free thereunto. Whereupon I did acquiesce, submitting to the providence of God.

Upon your reviving of the business to me, and your Letter, I think fit to return you this answer, and to say in plainness of spirit to you: That, upon your testimony of the Gentlewoman's worth, and the common report of the piety of the Family, I shall be willing to entertain the renewing of the motion, upon such conditions as may be to mutual satisfaction. Only I think that a speedy resolution will be very convenient to both parties. The Lord direct all to His glory.

I desire your prayers therein; and rest,

Your very affectionate friend,

Oliver Cromwell.[1]

[1] Harris, p. 504; one of the seventeen Letters found at Pusey.

"February 1st,"—it is Thursday; the King was executed on Tuesday: Robinson at Southampton, I think, must have been writing at the very time.

On Tuesday night last, a few hours after the King's Execution, Marquis Hamilton had escaped from Windsor, and been retaken in Southwark next morning, Wednesday morning. "Knocking at a door," he was noticed by three troopers; who questioned him, detected him;[1] and bringing him to the Parliament Authorities, made 40*l.* apiece by him. He will be tried speedily, by a new High Court of Justice; he and others.

PASS

To all Officers and Soldiers, and all Persons whom these may concern.

WHEREAS John Stanley of Dalegarth, in the county of Cumberland, Esquire, hath subscribed to his Composition, and paid and secured his Fine, according to the direction of Parliament:

These are to require you to permit and suffer him and his servants quietly to pass into Dalegarth above-said, with their horses and swords, and to forbear to molest or trouble him or any of his family there; without seizing or taking away any of his horses, or other goods or estate whatsoever; and to permit and suffer him or any of his Family, at any time, to pass to any place, about his or their occasions; without offering any injury to him or any of his Family, either at Dalegarth, or in his or their travels: As you will answer your contempt at your utmost perils.

Given under my hand and seal this 2d of February 1648.

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Oliver's seal of "six quarterings" is at the top. Of course only the seal and signature are specially his: but this one Pass may stand here as the sample of many that were then circulating,—emblem of a time of war, distress, uncertainty and danger, which then was.

The 2d of February is Friday. Yesterday, Thursday, there was question in the House of "many Gentlemen from the

[1] Cromwelliana, p. 51.

[2] Jefferson's History and Antiquities of Allerdale Ward, Cumberland (Carlisle, 1842), p. 284.

Northern Counties, who do attend about Town to make their compositions," and of what is to be done with them.[1] The late business that ended in Preston Fight had made many new delinquents in those parts; whom now we see painfully with pale faces dancing attendance in Goldsmiths' Hall,—not to say knocking importunately at doors in the gray of the morning, in danger of their life! Stanley of Dalegarth has happily got his composition finished, his Pass signed by the Lieutenant-General; and may go home, with subdued thankfulness, in a whole skin. Dalegarth Hall is still an estate or farm, in the southern extremity of Cumberland; on the Esk river, in the Ravenglass district: not far from that small Lake which Tourists go to see under the name of *Devock Water*. Quiet life to Stanley there!

LETTER LXXXVIII

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire : These.

SIR, 'London,' 12th February 1648.

I received some intimations formerly, and by the last return from Southampton a Letter from Mr. Robinson, concerning the reviving of the last year's motion touching my Son and your Daughter. Mr. Robinson was also pleased to send enclosed in his a Letter from you, bearing date the 5th of this instant February, wherein I find your willingness to entertain any good means for the completing of that business.

From whence I take encouragement to send my Son to wait upon you; and by him to let you know, That my desires are, if Providence so dispose, very full and free to the thing,—if, upon an interview, there prove also a freedom in the young persons thereunto. What liberty you will give herein, I wholly submit to you.

I thought fit, in my Letter to Mr. Robinson, to mention somewhat of expedition; because indeed I know not how soon I may be called into the field, or other occasions may remove me from hence; having for the present some liberty of stay in London. The Lord direct all to His glory. I rest,

Sir,

Your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

[1] Commons Journals, *in die.*

[2] Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen.

Thomas Scott is big with the Council of State at present, he produces it in the House to-morrow morning, 13th February; and the List of actual Councillors, as we said, is voted the next day.

There is also frequent debate about Ireland [1] in these days, and what is to be done for relief of it; the Marquis of Ormond, furnished with a commission from the Prince, who now calls himself Charles II., reappeared there last year; has, with endless patience and difficulty, patched up some kind of alliance with the Papists, Nuncio Papists and Papists of the Pale; and so far as numbers go, looks very formidable. One does not know how soon one "may be called into the field." However, there will several things turn up to be settled first.

ORDER

On the Saturday 17th February 1648-9, more properly on Monday 19th, the Council of State first met, to constitute itself and begin despatch of business.[2] Cromwell seems to have been their first President. At first it had been decided that they should have no constant President; but after a time, the inconveniences of such a method were seen into, and Bradshaw was appointed to the office.

The Minute-book of this Council of State, written in the clear old hand of Walter Frost, still lies complete in the State-Paper Office; as do the whole records of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, of the Committee of Sequestrations in Goldsmiths' Hall, and many other Committees and officialities of the Period. By the long labour of Mr. Lemon, these waste Documents, now gathered into volumes, classed, indexed, methodised, have become singularly accessible. Well read, the thousandth or perhaps ten-thousandth part of them well excerpted, and the nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine parts well forgotten, much light for what is really English History might still be gathered there. Alas, if the Half-million of money, or but the twentieth part of it, wasted in mere stupidities upon the old-parchment Record Commission, had been expended upon wise labours here!—But to our "*Order*."

Sir Oliver Fleming, a most gaseous but indisputable historical Figure, of uncertain genesis, uncertain habitat, glides through the old Books as "Master of the Ceremonies,"—master of one

[1] Cromwelliana, 14th February, etc. [2] Commons Journals, vi. 146.

knows not well what. In the end of 1643 he clearly is nominated "Master of the Ceremonies" by Parliament itself;[1] and glides out and in ever after, presiding over "Dutch Ambassadors," "Swedish Ambassadors" and such like, to the very end of the Protectorate. A Blessed Restoration, of course, relieved him from his labours. He, for the present, wants to see some Books in the late Royal Library of St. James's. This scrap of paper still lies in the British Museum.

To the Keeper of the Library of St. James's.

THESE are to will and require you, upon sight hereof, to deliver unto Sir Oliver Fleming, or to whom he shall appoint, two or three such Books as he shall choose, of which there is a double copy in the Library: to be by him disposed 'of' as there shall be direction given him by the Council. Of which you are not to fail, and for which this shall be your warrant.

Given at the Council of State, this 22d day of February 1648.

In the name, and signed by Order of, the Council of State appointed by Authority of Parliament,

OLIVER CROMWELL,
(*Præses pro tempore*).[2]

There is already question of selling the late King's goods, crown-jewels, plate, and "hangings," under which latter title, we suppose, are included his Pictures, much regretted by the British connoisseur at present. They did not come actually to market till July next.[3]

LETTER LXXXIX

REVEREND Mr. Stapylton, of whom we heard once before in Edinburgh, has been down at Hursley with Mr. Richard; Miss Dorothy received them with her blushes, with her smiles; the elder Mayors with "many civilities": and the Marriage-treaty, as Mr. Stapylton reports, promises well.

[1] 2d November 1643, Commons Journals, iii. 299.
[2] Additional Ayscough MSS. 12,098.
[3] Scobell, Part ii. 46, the immense Act of Parliament for sale of them.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

'London,' 26th February 1648.

SIR,

I received yours by Mr. Stapylton; together with an account of the kind reception and the many civilities afforded 'to' them,[1]—especially to my Son, in the liberty given him to wait upon your worthy Daughter. The report of whose virtue and godliness has so great a place in my heart, that I think fit not to neglect anything, on my part, which may consummate a close of the business, if God please to dispose the young ones' hearts thereunto, and other suitable ordering 'of' affairs towards mutual satisfaction appear in the dispensation of Providence.

For which purpose, and to the end matters may be brought to as near an issue as they are capable of,—not being at liberty, by reason of public occasions, to wait upon you, nor your health, as I understand, permitting it,—I thought fit to send this Gentleman, Mr. Stapylton, instructed with my mind, to see how near we may come to an understanding one of another therein. And although I could have wished the consideration of things had been between us two, it being of so near concernment,—yet Providence for the present not allowing, I desire you to give him credence on my behalf.

Sir, all things which yourself and I had in conference, at Farnham, do not occur to my memory, through multiplicity of business intervening. I hope I shall with a very free heart testify my readiness to that which may be expected from me.

I have no more at present: but desiring the Lord to order this affair to His glory and the comfort of His servants, I rest,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

LETTER XC

THIS Thursday 8th March 1648-9, they are voting and debating in a thin House, hardly above 60 there, Whether Duke Hamilton, Earl Holland, Lords Capel, Goring, and Sir John Owen,—our old

[1] To Richard Cromwell and him.

[2] Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen: Signature only is in Cromwell's hand.

friend "Colonel Owen" of Nottingham Castle, Jenner and Ashe's old friend,[1]—are to die or to live?

They have been tried in a new High Court of Justice, and all found guilty of treason, of levying war against the Supreme Authority of this Nation. Shall they be executed; shall they be respited? The House by small Majorities decides *against* the first three; decides in favour of the last; and as to Goring, the votes are equal,—the balance-tongue trembles, "Life or Death!" Speaker Lenthall says, Life.[2]

Meanwhile, small private matters also must be attended to.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

SIR, 'London,' 8th March 1648.

Yours I have received; and have given further instructions to this Bearer, Mr. Stapylton, to treat with you about the business in agitation between your Daughter and my Son.

I am engaged [3] to you for all your civilities and respects already manifested. I trust there will be a right understanding between us, and a good conclusion: and though I cannot particularly remember the things spoken of at Farnham, to which your Letter seems to refer me, yet I doubt not but I have sent the offer of such things now as will give mutual satisfaction to us both. My attendance upon public affairs will not give me leave to come down unto you myself; I have sent unto you this Gentleman with my mind.

I salute Mrs. Mayor, though unknown, with the rest of your Family. I commit you, with the progress of the Business, to the Lord; and rest,

Sir,
Your assured friend to serve you,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[4]

On the morrow morning, poor versatile Hamilton, poor versatile Holland, with the Lord Capel who the first of all in this Parliament rose to complain of Grievances, meet their death in Palaceyard. The High Court was still sitting in Westminster Hall as they passed through "from Sir Robert Cotton's house." Hamilton lingered a little, or seemed to linger, in the Hall; still hopeful of reprieve and fine of 100,000*l.*: but the Earl of Denbigh, his brother-in-law, a Member of the Council of State, stept up to him; whispered in his ear;—the poor Duke walked on.

[1] Letter LXXXII. vol. i. p. 323. [2] Commons Journals, vi. 159.
[3] obliged. [4] Harris, p. 506; one of the seventeen.

That is the end of all his diplomacies; his Scotch Army of Forty-thousand, his painful ridings to Uttoxeter, and to many other places, have all issued here. The Earl of Lanark will now be Duke of Hamilton in Scotland: may a better fate await him!

The once gay Earl of Holland has been "converted" some days ago, as it were for the nonce,—poor Earl! With regard to my Lord Capel again, who followed last in order, he behaved, says Bulstrode, "much after the manner of a stout Roman. He had no Minister with him, nor showed any sense of death approaching; but carried himself all the time he was upon the scaffold with that boldness and resolution as was to be admired. He wore a sad-coloured suit, his hat cocked up, and his cloak thrown under one arm; he looked towards the people at his first coming up, and put off his hat in manner of a salute; he had a little discourse with some gentlemen, and passed up and down in a careless posture." [1] Thus died Lord Capel, the first who complained of Grievances: in seven years' time there are such changes for a man; and the first acts of his Drama little know what the last will be!—

This new High Court of Justice is one of some Seven or Eight that sat in those years, and were greatly complained of by Constitutional persons. Nobody ever said that they decided contrary to evidence; but they were not the regular Judges. They took the Parliament's law as good, without consulting Fleta and Bracton about it. They consisted of learned Sergeants and other weighty persons nominated by the Parliament, usually in good numbers, for the occasion.

Some weeks hence, drunken Poyer of Pembroke and the confused Welsh Colonels are tried by Court Martial; Poyer, Powel, Laughern are found to merit death. Death however shall be executed only upon one of them; let the other two be pardoned: let them draw lots which two. "In two of the lots was written, *Life given by God;* the third lot was a blank. The Prisoners were not willing to draw their own destiny; but a child drew the lots, and gave them: and the lot fell to Colonel Poyer to die." [2] He was shot in Covent Garden; died like a soldier, poor confused Welshman; and so ended.

And with these executions, the Chief Delinquents are now got punished. The Parliament lays up its axe again; willing to pardon the smaller multitude, if they will keep quiet henceforth.

[1] Whitlocke, p. 380 (the *first* of the *two* pages 380 which there are).
[2] Ibid., 21st April 1649.

LETTER XCI

For my worthy Friend Dr. Love, Master of Benet College, 'Cambridge': These.

SIR, 'London,' 14th March 1648.

I understand one Mrs. Nutting is a suitor unto you, on the right of her Son, about the renewing of a Lease which holds of your College. The old interest I have had makes me presume upon your favour. I desire nothing but what is just; leaving that to your judgment; and beyond which I neither now nor at any time shall move. If I do, denial shall be most welcome and accepted by,

Sir,
Your affectionate servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

This is not the Christopher Love who preached at Uxbridge, during the Treaty there in 1644; who is now a minister in London, and may again come before us; this is a Cambridge "Dr. Love," of whom I know nothing. Oliver, as we may gather, had befriended him in the old Cambridge days; nothing hard had befallen him during the reform of that University in 1644. Probably in Baker's Manuscripts it might be ascertained in what year he graduated, where he was born, where buried; but nothing substantial is ever likely to be known of him,—or is indeed necessary to be known. "Mrs. Nutting" and he were evidently children of Adam, breathing the vital air along with Oliver Cromwell; and Oliver, on occasion, endeavoured to promote justice and kindness between them; and they remain two "shadows of small Names."[2]

Yesterday, Tuesday 13th March, there was question in the Council of State about "modelling of the forces that are to go to Ireland"; and a suggestion was made, by Fairfax probably, who had the modelling to do, that they would model much better if they knew first under what Commander they were to go.[3] It is thought Lieutenant-General Cromwell will be the man.

On which same evening, furthermore, one discerns in a faint

[1] Lansdown MSS. 1236, fol. 83.

[2] Cooper's Annals, iii. 491; Masters's History of Corpus-Christi College (Cambridge, 1753), pp. 143-54.—Mrs. Nutting, it appears, succeeded (Cambridge MS. *penes me*).

[3] Order-Book of the Council of State (in the State-Paper Office), i. 86.

but an authentic manner, certain dim gentlemen of the highest authority, young Sir Harry Vane to appearance one of them, repairing to the lodging of one Mr. Milton, "a small house in Holborn which opens backwards into Lincoln's Inn Fields;" to put an official question to him there! Not a doubt of it they saw Mr. John this evening. In the official Book this yet stands legible:

"*Die Martis*, 13° *Martii* 1684." "That it is referred to the same Committee," Whitlocke, Vane, Lord Lisle, Earl of Denbigh, Harry Marten, Mr. Lisle, "or any two of them, to speak with Mr. Milton, to know, Whether he will be employed as Secretary for the Foreign Languages? and to report to the Council."[1] I have authority to say that Mr. Milton, thus unexpectedly applied to, consents; is formally appointed on Thursday next; makes his proof-shot, "to the Senate of Hamburgh,"[2] about a week hence;—and gives, and continues to give, great satisfaction to that Council, to me, and to the whole Nation now, and to all Nations! Such romance lies in the State-Paper Office.

Here, however, is another Letter on the Hursley Business, of the same date as Letter XCI.; which must also be read. I do not expect many readers to take the trouble of representing before their minds the clear condition of "Mr. Ludlow's lease," of "the 250*l*.," "the 150*l*.," etc., in this abstruse affair: but such as please to do so, will find it all very straight at last. We observe, Mr. Mayor has a decided preference for "my ould land"; land that I inherited, or bought by common contract, instead of getting it from Parliament for Public Services! In fact, Mr. Mayor seems somewhat of a sharp man: but neither has he a dull man to deal with,—though a much *bigger* one.

LETTER XCII

'*For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.*'

SIR, 'London,' 14th March 1648.

I received your Paper by the hands of Mr. Stapylton. I desire your leave to return my dissatisfaction therewith.

[1] Order-Book of the Council of State (in the State-Paper Office), i. 86; Todd's Life of Milton (London, 1826), pp. 96, 108-123.

[2] *Senatus Populusque Anglicanus Amplissimo Civitatis Hamburgensis Senatui, Salutem.* (In Milton's *Literæ Senatus Anglicani*, this *first* Letter to the Hamburgers is not given.)

I shall not need to premise how much I have desired (I hope upon the best grounds) to match with you. The same desire still continues in me, if Providence see it fit. But I may not be so much wanting to myself nor family as not to have some equality of consideration towards it.[1]

I have two young Daughters to bestow, if God give them life and opportunity. According to your Offer, I have nothing for them; nothing at all in hand. If my Son die, what consideration is there to me? And yet a jointure parted with 'on my side.' If she die, there is 'on your side,' little 'money parted with'; 'Even' if you have an heir male, 'there is' but 3,000*l.*, 'and' without time ascertained.[2]

As for these things, 'indeed,' I doubt not but, by one interview between you and myself, they might be accommodated to mutual satisfaction; and in relation to these, I think we should hardly part, or have many words, so much do I desire a closure with you. But to deal freely with you: the settling of the Manor of Hursley, as you propose it, sticks so much with me, that either I understand you not, or else it much fails my expectation. As you offer it, there is 400*l. per annum* charged upon it. For the 150*l.* to your Lady, for her life, as a jointure, I stick not at that: but the 250*l. per annum* until Mr. Ludlow's Lease expires, the tenor whereof I know not, and so much of the 250*l. per annum* as exceeds that Lease in annual value for some time also after the expiration of the said Lease,[3]—give such a maim to the Manor of Hursley as indeed renders the rest of the Manor very inconsiderable.

Sir, if I concur to deny myself in point of present moneys, as also in the other things mentioned, as aforesaid, I may and do expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled without any charge upon it, after your decease, saving your Lady's jointure of 150*l. per annum*,—which if you should think fit to increase, I should not stand upon it. Your own Estate is best known to you: but surely your personal Estate, being free for you to dispose, will, with some small matter of addition, beget a nearness of equality, —if I hear well from others. And if the difference were not very considerable, I should not insist upon it.

[1] "it" is not the family, but the match.

[2] See Letter LVI. vol. i. p. 250.

[3] "Ludlow's Lease," etc., is not very plain. The "tenor of Ludlow's Lease" is still less known to us than it was to the Lieutenant-General! Thus much is clear: 250 and 150—400 pounds are to be paid off Hursley Manor by Richard and his Wife, which gives a sad "maim" to it. When Ludlow's Lease falls in, there will be some increment of benefit to the Manor; but we are to derive no advantage from that, we are still to pay the surplus "for some time after."

What you demand of me is very high in all points. I am willing to settle as you desire in everything; saving for maintenance 400*l. per annum*, 300*l. per annum*.[1] I would have somewhat free, to be thanked by them for. The 300*l. per annum* of my old land [2] for a jointure, after my Wife's decease, I shall settle; and in the mean time 'a like sum' out of other lands at your election: and truly, Sir, if that be not good, neither will any lands, I doubt. I do not much distrust, your principles in other things have acted [3] you towards confidence. You demand in case my Son have none issue male but only daughters, then the 'Cromwell' Lands in Hantshire, Monmouth- and Gloucester-shire to descend to these daughters, or else 3,000*l.* apiece. The first would be most unequal; the latter 'also' is too high. They will be well provided for by being inheritrixes of their Mother; and I am willing 'that' 2,000*l.* apiece be charged upon those lands 'for them.'

Sir, I cannot but with very many thanks acknowledge your good opinion of me and of my Son; as also your great civilities towards him; and your Daughter's good respects,—whose goodness, though known to me only at a distance and by the report of others, I much value. And indeed that causeth me so cheerfully to deny myself as I do in the point of moneys, and so willingly to comply in other things. But if I should not insist as above, I should in a greater measure than were meet deny both my own reason and the advice of my friends; which I may not do. Indeed, Sir, I have not closed with a far greater Offer of estate; but chose rather to fix here: I hope I have not been wanting to Providence in this.

I have made myself plain to you. Desiring you will make my Son the messenger of your pleasure and resolution herein as speedily as with conveniency you may, I take leave,

And rest,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters.[4]

[1] Means, in its desperate haste: "except that instead of 400*l.* per annum for maintenance, we must say 300*l.*"

[2] Better than Parliament-land, thinks Mayor! Oliver too prefers it for his Wife; but thinks all land will have a chance to go, if that go.

[3] actuated or impelled.

[4] Harris, p. 507; Dunch's Pusey seventeen.

On the morrow, which is Thursday the 15th, day also of John Milton's nomination to be Secretary, Lieutenant-General Cromwell was nominated Commander for Ireland; satisfactory appointments both.

LETTER XCIII

THE Lieutenant-General is in hot haste to-day; sends a brief Letter "by your Kinsman," consenting to almost everything.—Mayor, as we saw before, decidedly prefers "my ould land" to uncertain Parliamentary land. Oliver (see last Letter) offered to settle the 300*l.* of jointure upon his old land, after his Wife's decease; he now agrees that half of it, 150*l.*, shall be settled directly out of the old land, and the other half out of what Parliamentary land Mayor may like best.—The Letter breathes haste in every line; but hits, with a firm knock, in Cromwell's way, the essential nails on their head, as it hurries on.

"Your Kinsman," who carries this Letter, turns out by and by to be a Mr. Barton; a man somewhat particular in his ways of viewing matters; unknown otherwise to all men. The Lieutenant-General getting his Irish Appointment confirmed in Parliament, and the conditions of it settled,[1] is naturally very busy.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

'London,' 25th March 1649.

SIR,

You will pardon the brevity of these lines; the haste I am in, by reason of business, occasions it. To testify the earnest desire I have to see a happy period to this Treaty between us, I give you to understand,

That I agree to 150*l.* *per annum* out of the 300*l.* *per annum* of my *old* land for your Daughter's jointure, and the other 150*l.* where you please. 'Also' 400*l.* for present maintenance where you shall choose; either in Hantshire, Gloucester- or Monmouth-shire. Those lands 'to be' settled upon my Son and his *heirs male* by your Daughter; and in case of *daughters*, only 2,000*l.* apiece to be charged upon those lands.

'On the other hand,' 400*l.* *per annum* free,[2] to raise portions for my two daughters. I expect the Manor of Hursley to be

[1] Cromwelliana, p. 54; Commons Journals, etc.

[2] Means, "shall be settled on Richard and his Wife, that I may be left free."

settled upon your Daughter and her heirs, the heirs of her body. Your Lady a jointure of 150*l.* *per annum* out of it. For compensation to your younger Daughter, I agree to leave it in your power, after your decease, to charge it with as much as will buy-in the Lease of the Farm at Allington [1] by a just computaton. I expect, so long as they 'the young couple' live with you, their diet, as you expressed; or in case of voluntary parting 'from you,' 150*l.* *per annum*. 'You are to give' 3,000*l.* in case you have a Son; [2] to be paid in two years next following. In case your Daughter die without issue,—1,000*l.* within six months 'of the marriage.'

Sir, if this satisfy, I desire a speedy resolution. I should the rather desire so because of what your Kinsman can satisfy you in. The Lord bless you and your Family, to whom I desire my affections and service may be presented. I rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

Your Kinsman can in part satisfy you what a multiplicity of business we are in: modelling the Army for Ireland;—which indeed is a most delicate dangerous operation, full of difficulties perhaps but partly known to your Kinsman!

For, in these days, John Lilburn is again growing very noisy; bringing out Pamphlets, *England's New Chains Discovered*, in several Parts. As likewise, *The Hunting of the Foxes from Triploe Heath to Whitehall by Five Small Beagles*,[4]—the tracking out of Oliver Cromwell and his Grandees, onward from their rendezvous at Royston or Triploe, all the way to their present lodgment in Whitehall and the seat of authority. "Five small Beagles," Five vociferous petitionary Troopers, of the Levelling species, who for their high carriage and mutinous ways have been set to "ride the wooden horse" lately. Do military men of these times understand the wooden horse? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood, set on four sticks, with absurd head and tail superadded; and you ride him bare-backed, in face of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet,—in a very uneasy manner! To Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and these small Beagles it is manifest we are getting into *New Chains*, not a jot better than the old; and certainly *Foxes* ought to be

[1] "Ludlow's Lease," I fancy. Anne Mayor, "your younger Daughter," married Dunch of Pusey; John Dunch, to whom we owe these seventeen Letters. See also Letter, 27th August 1657.

[2] Grandson, *i.e.*: in the next sentence "die" means more properly *live*.

[3] Harris, p. 508; one of the seventeen.

[4] Given in Somers Tracts, vi. 44-60.

hunted and tracked. Three of the Beagles, the best-nosed and loudest-toned, by names Richard Overton, William Walwyn, Thomas Prince,—these, with Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn, huntsman of the pack, are shortly after this lodged in the Tower;[1] "committed to the Lieutenant," to be in mild but safe keeping with that officer. There is, in fact, a very dangerous leaven in the Army, and in the Levelling Public at present, which thinks with itself: God's enemies having been fought down, chief Delinquents all punished, and the Godly Party made triumphant, why does not some Millennium arrive?

LETTER XCIV

"COMPENSATION," here touched upon, is the "compensation to your younger Daughter" mentioned in last Letter; burden settled on Hursley Manor, "after your decease," "to buy-in the Lease of Allington Farm," Mayor wants it another way; which "seems truly inconvenient," and in brief cannot be.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

'London,' 30th March 1649.

SIR,

I received yours of the 28th instant. I desire the matter of compensation may be as in my last to you. You propose another way; which seems to me truly inconvenient.

I have agreed to all other things, as you take me, and that rightly, repeating particulars in your Paper. The Lord dispose this great Business (great between you and me) for good.

You mention to send by the Post on Tuesday.[2] I shall speed things here as I may. I am designed for Ireland, which will be speedy. I should be very glad to see things settled before I go, if the Lord will. My service to all your Family. I rest,

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'[3]

[1] 27th March, 11th April 1649 (Commons Journals, *in diebus*).
[2] The 30th of March is Friday; Tuesday is the 3d of April.
[3] Harris, p. 508.

LETTER XCV

WHO the Lawyer, or what the "arrest" of him is, which occasions new expense of time, I do not know. On the whole, one begins to wish Richard well wedded; but the settlements do still a little stick, and we must have patience.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

'London,' 6th April 1649.

SIR,

I received your Papers enclosed in your Letter; although I know not how to make so good use of them as otherwise might have been, to have saved expense of time, if the arrest of your Lawyer had not fallen out at this time.

I conceive a draught, to your satisfaction, by your own Lawyer, would have saved much time; which to me is precious. I hope you will send some 'one' up, perfectly instructed. I shall endeavour to speed what is to be done on my part; not knowing how soon I may be sent down towards my charge for Ireland. And I hope to perform punctually with you.

Sir, my Son had a great desire to come down and wait upon your Daughter. I perceive he minds that more than to attend to business here.[1] I should be glad to see him settled, and all things finished before I go. I trust not to be wanting therein. The Lord direct all our hearts into His good pleasure. I rest,

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to your Lady and Family.[2]

There is much to be settled before I can "be sent down to my charge for Ireland." The money is not yet got;—and the Army has ingredients difficult to model. Next week, a Parliamentary Committee, one of whom is the Lieutenant-General, and another is Sir Harry Vane, have to go to the City, and try if they will lend us 120,000*l.* for this business. Much speaking in the Guildhall there, in part by Cromwell.[3] The City will lend; and now if the Army were once modelled, and ready to march——?—

[1] The dog!

[2] Harris, p. 509.

[3] 12th April 1649, Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 55).

LETTER XCVI

HERE, at any rate, is the end of the Marriage-treaty,—not even Mr. Barton, with his peculiar ways of viewing matters, shall now delay it long.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

SIR, 'London,' 15th April 1649.

Your Kinsman Mr. Barton and myself, repairing to our Counsel, for the perfecting of this Business so much concerning us, did, upon Saturday this 15th of April, draw our Counsel to a meeting: where, upon consideration had of my Letter to yourself expressing my consent to particulars, which 'Letter' Mr. Barton brought to your Counsel Mr. Hales of Lincoln's Inn;[1]—upon the reading that which expresseth the way of your settling Hursley, your Kinsman expressed a sense of yours contrary to the Paper in my hand, as also to that under your hand of the 28th of March, which was the same as mine as to that particular.

In[2] that which I myself am to do, I know nothing of doubt, but do agree it all to your Kinsman's satisfaction. Nor is there much material difference 'between us,' save in this,—wherein both my Paper sent by you to your Counsel, and yours of the 28th, do in all literal and all equitable construction agree, *viz.*: To settle an Estate in fee-simple upon your Daughter, after your decease; which Mr. Barton affirms *not* to be your meaning,—although he has not (as to me) formerly made this any objection; nor can the words bear it; nor have I anything more considerable in lieu of what I part with than this. And I have appealed to yours or any Counsel in England, whether it be not just and equal that I insist thereupon.

And this misunderstanding,—if it be yours, as it is your Kinsman's,—put a stop to the Business; so that our Counsel could not proceed, until your pleasure herein were known. Wherefore it was thought fit to desire Mr. Barton to have recourse to you to know your mind; he alleging he had no authority to under-

[1] "Hales" is the future Judge Hale.

[2] A mere *comma* here, instead of new paragraph; greatly obscuring the sense:—"as to that particular, and I know nothing of doubt in that which I am to doe, but doe agree itt all," etc.

stand that expression so, but the contrary;—which was thought not a little strange, even by your own Counsel.

I confess I did apprehend we should be incident to mistakes, treating at such a distance;—although I may take the boldness to say, there is nothing expected from me but I agree to it to your Kinsman's sense to a tittle.

Sir, I desired to know what commission your Kinsman had to help this doubt by an expedient;—who denied to have any; but did think it were better for you to part with some money, and keep the power in your own hand as to the land, to dispose thereof as you should see cause. Whereupon an overture was made, and himself and your Counsel desired to draw it up; the effect whereof this enclosed Paper contains. And although I should not like change of agreements, yet to show how much I desire the perfecting of this Business, if you like thereof (though this be far the worse bargain), I shall submit thereunto; your Counsel thinking that things may be settled this way with more clearness and less intricacy. There is mention made of 900*l.* *per annum* to be reserved: but it comes to but about 800*l.*; my lands in Glamorganshire being but little above 400*l.* *per annum;* and the 'other' 400*l.* *per annum* out of my Manor in Gloucester- and Monmouth-shire. I wish a clear understanding may be between us; truly I would not willingly mistake. Desiring to wait upon Providence in this Business, I rest,

Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

Oliver Cromwell.

I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters.[1]

This is the last of the Marriage-treaty. Mr. Barton, whom "no Counsel in England" could back, was of course disowned in his over-zeal; the match was concluded; solemnised, 1st May 1649.[2]

Richard died 12th July 1712, at Cheshunt, age 86;[3] his Wife died 5th January 1675-6, at Hursley, and is buried there,—where, ever after Richard's Deposition, and while he travelled on the Continent, she had continued to reside. In pulling down the old Hursley House, above a century since, when the Estate had passed into other hands, there was found in some crevice of the old walls a rusty lump of metal, evidently an antiquity; which was carried to the new Proprietor at Winchester; who

[1] Harris, p. 509. [2] Noble, i. 188. [3] Ibid., i. 176, 188.

sold it as "a Roman weight," for what it would bring. When scoured, it turned out,—or is said by vague Noble, quoting vague "Vertue," "Hughes's Letters," and "*Ant. Soc.*" (Antiquarian Society), to have turned out,—to be the Great Seal of the Commonwealth.[1] If the Antiquaries still have it, let them be chary of it.

THE LEVELLERS

WHILE Miss Dorothy Mayor is choosing her wedding-dresses, and Richard Cromwell is looking forward to a life of Arcadian felicity now near at hand, there has turned up for Richard's Father and other parties interested, on the public side of things, a matter of very different complexion, requiring to be instantly dealt with in the interim. The matter of the class called Levellers; concerning which we must now say a few words.

In 1647, as we saw, there were Army Adjutators; and among some of them wild notions afloat, as to the swift attainability of Perfect Freedom civil and religious, and a practical Millennium on this Earth; notions which required, in the Rendezvous at Corkbushfield, "Rendezvous of Ware" as they oftenest call it, to be very resolutely trodden out. Eleven chief mutineers were ordered from the ranks in that Rendezvous; were condemned by swift Court-Martial to die; and Trooper Arnald, one of them, was accordingly shot there and then; which extinguished the mutiny for that time. War since, and Justice on Delinquents, England made a Free Commonwealth, and such like, have kept the Army busy: but a deep republican leaven, working all along among these men, breaks now again into very formidable development. As the following brief glimpses and excerpts may satisfy an attentive reader who will spread them out, to the due expansion, in his mind. Take first this glimpse into the civil province; and discern, with amazement, a whole submarine world of Calvinistic Sansculottism, Five-point Charter and the Rights of Man, threatening to emerge almost two centuries before its time!

"The Council of State," says Whitlocke,[2] just while Mr. Barton is boggling about the Hursley Marriage-settlements, "has intelligence of certain *Levellers* appearing at St. Margaret's

[1] Noble, i. 195. Bewildered Biography of the Mayors, "Mayors or Maijors," ibid., ii. 436-40.

[2] 17th April 1649, p. 384.

Hill, near Cobham in Surrey, and at St. George's Hill," in the same quarter: "that they were digging the ground, and sowing it with roots and beans. One Everard, once of the Army, who terms himself a Prophet, is the chief of them:" one Winstanley is another chief. They were Thirty men, and said that they should be shortly Four-thousand. They invited all to come in and help them; and promised them meat, drink, and clothes. They threaten to pull down Park-pales, and to lay all open; and threaten the neighbours that they will shortly make them all come up to the hills and work." These infatuated persons, beginning a new era in this headlong manner on the chalk hills of Surrey, are laid hold of by certain Justices, "by the country-people," and also by "two troops of horse"; and complain loudly of such treatment; appealing to all men whether it be fair.[1] This is the account they give of themselves when brought before the General some days afterwards:

"*April 20th*, 1649. Everard and Winstanley, the chief of those that digged at St. George's Hill in Surrey, came to the General and made a large declaration, to justify their proceedings. Everard said, He was of the race of the Jews," as most men, called Saxon and other, properly are; "That all the Liberties of the People were lost by the coming in of William the Conqueror; and that, ever since, the People of God had lived under tyranny and oppression worse than that of our Forefathers under the Egyptians. But now the time of deliverance was at hand; and God would bring His People out of this slavery, and restore them to their freedom in enjoying the fruits and benefits of the Earth. And that there had lately appeared to him, Everard, a vision; which bade him, Arise and dig and plough the Earth, and receive the fruits thereof. That their intent is to restore the Creation to its former condition. That as God had promised to make the barren land fruitful, so now what they did, was to restore the ancient Community of enjoying the Fruits of the Earth, and to distribute the benefit thereof to the poor and needy, and to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. That they intend not to meddle with any man's property, nor to break down any pales or enclosures," in spite of reports to the contrary; "but only to meddle with what is common and untilled, and to make it fruitful for the use of man. That the time will suddenly be, when all men shall willingly come in and give up their lands and estates, and submit to this Community of Goods."

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 427, § 6 (Declaration of the bloody and unchristian Acting of William Star, etc., in opposition to those that dig upon George-Hill in Surrey); ib. no. 418, § 5, etc.

These are the principles of Everard, Winstanley, and the poor Brotherhood, seemingly Saxon, but properly of the race of the Jews, who were found dibbling beans on St. George's Hill, under the clear April skies in 1649, and hastily bringing in a new era in that manner. "And for all such as will come in and work with them, they shall have meat, drink, and clothes, which is all that is necessary to the life of man: and as for money, there is not any need of it; nor of clothes more than to cover nakedness." For the rest, "That they will not defend themselves by arms, but will submit unto authority, and wait till the promised opportunity be offered, which they conceive to be at hand. And that as their forefathers lived in tents, so it would be suitable to their condition, now to live in the same.

"While they were before the General, they stood with their hats on; and being demanded the reason thereof, they said, Because he was but their fellow-creature. Being asked the meaning of that phrase, Give honour to whom honour is due,—they said, Your mouths shall be stopped that ask such a question." [1]

Dull Bulstrode hath "set down this the more largely because it was the beginning of the appearance" of an extensive levelling doctrine, much to be "avoided" by judicious persons, seeing it is "a weak persuasion." The germ of Quakerism and much else is curiously visible here. But let us look now at the military phasis of the matter; where "a weak persuasion" mounted on cavalry horses, with sabres and fire-arms in its hand, may become a very perilous one.

Friday, 20th April 1649. The Lieutenant-General has consented to go to Ireland; the City also will lend money; and now this Friday the Council of the Army meets at Whitehall to decide what regiments shall go on that service. "After a solemn seeking of God by prayer," they agree that it shall be by lot: tickets are put into a hat, a child draws them: the regiments, fourteen of foot, and fourteen of horse, are decided on in this manner. "The officers on whom the lot fell, in all the twenty-eight regiments, expressed much cheerfulness at the decision." The officers did:—but the common men are by no means all of that humour. The common men, blown upon by Lilburn and his five small Beagles, have notions about England's *new* Chains, about the Hunting of Foxes from Triploe Heath, and in fact ideas concerning the capability that lies in man and in a free Commonwealth, which are of the most alarming description.

Thursday, 26th April. This night at the Bull in Bishopsgate

[1] Whitlocke, p. 384.

there has an alarming mutiny broken out in a troop of Whalley's regiment there. Whalley's men are not allotted for Ireland: but they refuse to quit London, as they are ordered; they want this and that first: they seize their colours from the Cornet, who is lodged at the Bull there:—the General and the Lieutenant-General have to hasten thither; quell them, pack them forth on their march; seizing fifteen of them first, to be tried by Court-Martial. Tried by instant Court-Martial, five of them are found guilty, doomed to die, but pardoned; and one of them, Trooper Lockyer, is doomed and not pardoned. Trooper Lockyer is shot, in Paul's Churchyard, on the morrow. A very brave young man, they say; though but three-and-twenty, "he has served seven years in these Wars," ever since the Wars began. "Religious" too, "of excellent parts and much beloved";—but with hot notions as to human Freedom, and the rate at which the millenniums are attainable, poor Lockyer! He falls shot in Paul's Churchyard on Friday, amid the tears of men and women. Paul's Cathedral, we remark, is now a Horseguard; horses stamp in the Canons' stalls there: and Paul's Cross itself, as smacking of Popery, where in fact Alablaster once preached flat Popery, is swept altogether away, and its leaden roof melted into bullets, or mixed with tin for culinary pewter. Lockyer's corpse is watched and wept over, not without prayer, in the eastern regions of the City, till a new week come; and on Monday, this is what we see advancing westward by way of funeral to him.

"About one hundred went before the Corpse, five or six in a file; the Corpse was then brought, with six trumpets sounding a soldier's knell; then the Trooper's Horse came, clothed all over in mourning, and led by a footman. The corpse was adorned with bundles of Rosemary, one half stained in blood; and the Sword of the deceased along with them. Some thousands followed in rank and file: all had seagreen-and-black Ribbon tied on their hats, and to their breasts: and the women brought up the rear. At the new Churchyard in Westminster, some thousands more of the better sort met them, who thought not fit to march through the City. Many looked upon this funeral as an affront to the Parliament and Army; others called these people 'Levellers'; but they took no notice of any one's sayings." [1]

That was the end of Trooper Lockyer: six trumpets wailing stern music through London streets; Rosemaries and Sword half dipt in blood; funeral of many thousands in seagreen Ribbons and black:—testimony of a weak persuasion now looking some-

[1] Whitlocke, p. 385.

what perilous. Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and his five small Beagles, now in a kind of loose arrest under the Lieutenant of the Tower, make haste to profit by the general emotion; publish on the 1st of May[1] *their* "Agreement of the People,"—their Bentham-Sieyes Constitution; Annual very exquisite Parliament, and other Lilburn apparatus; whereby the Perfection of Human Nature will with a maximum of rapidity be secured, and a millennium straightway arrive, sings the Lilburn Oracle.

May 9th. Richard Cromwell is safe wedded; Richard's Father is reviewing troops in Hyde Park, "seagreen colours in some of their hats." The Lieutenant-General speaks earnestly to them. Has not the Parliament been diligent, doing its best? It has punished Delinquents; it has voted, in these very days, resolutions for dissolving itself and assembling future Parliaments.[2] It has protected trade; got a good Navy afloat. You soldiers, there is exact payment provided for you. Martial Law? Death, or other punishment, of Mutineers? Well! Whoever cannot stand Martial Law is not fit to be a soldier: *his* best plan will be to lay down his arms; he shall have his ticket, and get his arrears as we others do,—we that still mean to fight against the enemies of England and this Cause.[3]—One trooper showed signs of insolence; the Lieutenant-General suppressed him by rigour and by clemency; the seagreen ribbons were torn from such hats as had them. The humour of the men is not the most perfect. This Review was on Wednesday: Lilburn and his five small Beagles are, on Saturday, committed close Prisoners to the Tower, each rigorously to a cell of his own.

It is high time. For now the flame has caught the ranks of the Army itself, in Oxfordshire, in Gloucestershire, at Salisbury where head-quarters are; and rapidly there is, on all hands, a dangerous conflagration blazing out. In Oxfordshire, one Captain Thompson, not known to us before, has burst from his quarters at Banbury, with a Party of Two-hundred, in these same days; has sent forth his *England's Standard Advanced;*[4] insisting passionately on the *New Chains* we are fettered with; indignantly demanding swift perfection of Human Freedom, justice on the murderers of Lockyer and Arnald;—threatening that if a hair of Lilburn and the five small Beagles be hurt, he will avenge it "seventy-and-seven fold." This Thompson's Party, swiftly attacked by his Colonel, is broken within the

[1] Whitlocke's date, p. 385.
[2] 15th April 1649, Commons Journals.
[3] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 56).
[4] Given in Walker's History of Independency, part ii. 168; dated 6th May.

week; he himself escapes with a few, and still roves up and down. To join whom, or to communicate with Gloucestershire where help lies, there has, in the interim, open mutiny, "above a Thousand strong," with subalterns, with a Cornet Thompson brother of the Captain, but without any leader of mark, broken out at Salisbury: the General and Lieutenant-General, with what force can be raised, are hastening thitherward in all speed. Now were the time for Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn; now or never might noisy John do some considerable injury to the Cause he has at heart: but he sits, in these critical hours, fast within stone walls!

Monday, 14th May. All Sunday the General and Lieutenant-General marched in full speed, by Alton, by Andover, towards Salisbury; the mutineers, hearing of them, start northward for Buckinghamshire, then for Berkshire; the General and Lieutenant-General turning also northward after them in hot chase. The mutineers arrive at Wantage; make for Oxfordshire by Newbridge; find the Bridge already seized; cross higher up by swimming; get to Burford, very weary, and "turn out their horses to grass";—Fairfax and Cromwell still following in hot speed, "a march of near fifty miles" that Monday. What boots it; there is no leader, noisy John is sitting fast within stone walls! The mutineers lie asleep in Burford, their horses out at grass; the Lieutenant-General, having rested at a safe distance since dark, bursts into Burford as the clocks are striking midnight. He has beset some hundreds of the mutineers, "who could only fire some shots out of windows";—has dissipated the mutiny, trodden down the Levelling Principle out of English affairs once more. Here is the last scene of the business; the rigorous Court-Martial having now sat; the decimated doomed Mutineers being placed on the leads of the Church to see:

Thursday, 17th May. "This day in Burford Churchyard, Cornet Thompson, brother to Thompson the chief leader, was brought to the place of execution; and expressed himself to this purpose, That it was just what did befall him; that God did not own the ways he went; that he had offended the General: he desired the prayers of the people; and told the soldiers who were appointed to shoot him, that when he held out his hands, they should do their duty. And accordingly he was immediately, after the sign given, shot to death. Next after him was a Corporal, brought to the same place of execution; where, looking upon his fellow-mutineers, he set his back against the wall; and bade them who were appointed to shoot, "Shoot!" and died desperately. The third, being also a Corporal, was brought to

the same place; and without the least acknowledgment of error, or show of fear, he pulled off his doublet, standing a pretty distance from the wall; and bade the soldiers do their duty; looking them in the face till they gave fire, not showing the least kind of terror or fearfulness of spirit."—So die the Leveller Corporals; strong they, after their sort, for the Liberties of England; resolute to the very death. Misguided Corporals! But History, which has wept for a misguided Charles Stuart, and blubbered, in the most copious helpless manner, near two centuries now, whole floods of brine, enough to salt the Herringfishery,—will not refuse these poor Corporals also her tributary sigh. With Arnald of the Rendezvous at Ware, with Lockyer of the Bull in Bishopsgate, and other misguided martyrs to the Liberties of England then and since, may they sleep well!

Cornet Dean who now came forward, as the next to be shot, "expressed penitence"; got pardon from the General: and there was no more shooting. Lieutenant-General Cromwell went into the Church, called down the Decimated of the Mutineers; rebuked, admonished; said, The General in his mercy had forgiven them. Misguided men, would you ruin this Cause, which marvellous Providences have so confirmed to us to be the Cause of God? Go, repent; and rebel no more, lest a worse thing befall you! "They wept," says the old Newspaper; they retired to the Devizes for a time; were then restored to their regiments, and marched cheerfully for Ireland.—Captain Thompson, the Cornet's brother, the first of all the Mutineers, he too, a few days afterwards, was fallen-in with in Northamptonshire, still mutinous: his men took quarter; he himself "fled to a wood"; fired and fenced there, and again desperately fired, declaring he would never yield alive;—whereupon "a Corporal with seven bullets in his carbine" ended Captain Thompson too; and this formidable conflagration, to the last glimmer of it, was extinct.

Sansculottism, as we said above, has to lie submerged for almost two centuries yet. Levelling, in the practical civil or military provinces of English things, is forbidden to be. In the spiritual provinces it cannot be forbidden; for there it everywhere already is. It ceases dibbling beans on St. George's Hill near Cobham; ceases galloping in mutiny across the Isis to Burford;—takes into Quakerisms, and kingdoms which are not of this world. My poor friend Dryasdust lamentably tears his hair over the "intolerance" of that old Time to Quakerism and such like: if Dryasdust had seen the dibbling on St. George's Hill, the threatened fall of "Park-pales," and the gallop to Burford, he would reflect that Conviction in an earnest age

means, not lengthy Spouting in Exeter-Hall, but rapid silent Practice on the face of the Earth; and would perhaps leave his poor hair alone.

On Thursday night, 17th of the month, the General, Lieutenant-General, and chief Officers arrive at Oxford; lodge in All-Souls College; head-quarters are to be there for some days. Solemnly welcomed by the reformed University; bedinnered, bespeeched; made Doctors, Masters, Bachelors, or what was suitable to their ranks, and to the faculties of this reformed University. Of which high doings, degrees and convocation-dinners, and eloquence by Proctor Zanchy, we say nothing,—being in haste for Ireland. This small benefit we have from the business: Anthony Wood, in his crabbed but authentic way, has given us biographical sketches of all these Graduates; biographies, very lean, very perverse, but better than are commonly going then, and in the fatal scarcity not quite without value.[1]

Neither do we speak of the thanking in the House of Commons; or of the general Day of Thanksgiving for London, which is Thursday the 7th June (the day for England at large being Thursday 21st),[2]—and of the illustrious Dinner which the City gave the Parliament and Officers, and all the Dignitaries of England, when Sermon was done. It was at Grocers' Hall, this City dinner; really illustrious. Dull Bulstrode, Keeper, or one of the Keepers, of the Commonwealth Great Seal, was there,—Keeper of that lump of dignified metal, found since all rusty in the wall at Hursley: and my Lord of Pembroke, an Earl and Member of the Council of State, "speaking very loud" as his manner was, insisted that illustrious Bulstrode should take place above him. I have given place to Bishop Williams when he was Keeper; and the Commonwealth Great Seal is as good as any King's ever was;—illustrious Bulstrode, take place above me: so![3] "On almost every dish was enamelled a bandrol with the word *Welcome*. No music but that of drum and trumpet;" no balderdash, or almost none, of speech without meaning; "no drinking of healths or other incivility:"—drinking of healths; a kind of invocation or prayer, addressed surely not to God, in that humour; probably therefore to the Devil, or to the Heathen gods; which is offensive to the well-constituted mind. Four-

[1] Wood's Athenæ, iv. (Fasti, ii. 127-155): the Graduates of Saturday, 19th May 1649, are, *Fairfax*, p. 148; *Cromwell*, p. 152; Colonels *Scrope*, Grosvenor, *Sir Hardress Waller, Ingoldsby, Harrison, Goff, Okey*; Adjutant-General Sedascue, Scoutmaster Rowe: and of Monday, 21st, Lieutenant-Colonel *Cobbet*, p. 140; John Rushworth, Cornet *Joyce*, p. 138:—of whom those marked here in Italics have biographies worth looking at for an instant.

[2] Commons Journals, 26th May 1649.

[3] Whitlocke, p. 391.

hundred pounds were given to the Poor of London, that they also might dine.[1]—

And now for Bristol and the Campaign in Ireland.

LETTERS XCVII—CII

Tuesday, 10*th July* 1649. "This evening about five of the clock, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey; by the way of Windsor, and so to Bristol. He went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen; himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish gray; divers coaches accompanying him; and very many great Officers of the Army; his Lifeguard consisting of eighty gallant men, the meanest whereof a Commander or Esquire, in stately habit;—with trumpets sounding, almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had it been now standing. Of his Lifeguard many are Colonels; and believe me, it's such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world. And now have at you, my Lord of Ormond! You will have men of gallantry to encounter; whom to overcome will be honour sufficient, and to be beaten by them will be no great blemish to your reputation. If you say, Cæsar or Nothing: they say, A Republic or Nothing. The Lord Lieutenant's colours are white." [2]

Thus has Lord-Lieutenant Cromwell gone to the Wars in Ireland. But before going, and while just on the eve of going, he has had the following, among a multiplicity of other businesses, to attend to.

LETTER XCVII

Barnabas O'Bryen, Sixth Earl of Thomond, Twentieth-and-odd *King* of Thomond, a very ancient Irish dignitary of the Limerick regions, whom it were still worth while to conciliate, has fallen into "straits," distresses; applies to the Lord Lieutenant to help him a little. The Lord Lieutenant thinks his case good; forwards it with recommendation to Harrington, of the Council of State, the proper official person in such matters. Note, this is by no means Harrington of the *Oceana*, this "Sir

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 59, 60).
[2] Ibid. (in Cromwelliana, p. 62).

James"; this is Member ("recruiter") for Rutlandshire, and only a distant cousin of the Oceana's.

What the Earl of Thomond's case was, as we have not seen the "enclosed" statement of it, shall remain somewhat vague to us. Thomond had not joined the Irish Massacre, in 1641: but neither would he join against it; he apologised to the King's Lieutenant on that occasion, said he had no money, no force; retired with many apologetic bows into England to the King himself; leaving his unmonied Castle of Bunratty to the King's Lieutenant,—who straightway found some 2,000*l.* of good money lying hidden in it, and cheerfully appropriated the same. I incline to think, it may be for this Two-thousand-and-odd pounds, to have it acknowledged as a debt and allowed on the Earl of Peterborough's estate, that the poor Earl, "in the modesty of his desires," is now pleading. For he has been in active Royalist services since that passive one; in Ormond Wars, cessations, sequestrations, is a much-mulcted, impoverished man. And as for the Earl of Peterborough his son-in-law, he was one of poor Earl Holland's people in that fatal futile rising of St. Neot's, last year; and is now wandering in foreign parts, in a totally ruined condition. Readers who are curious may follow the indications in the note.[1] Earl Thomond's modest desire was allowed. Bunratty Castle, where that 2,000*l.* was found "buried in the walls," is now quite deserted by the Thomonds; is now "the largest Police-Barrack" in those Limerick regions.

'*For the Honourable Sir James Harrington, Knight, of the Council of State: These.*'

SIR, 'London,' 9th July 1649.

You see by this Enclosed, how great damage the Earl of Thomond hath sustained by these Troubles, and what straits he and his family are reduced unto by reason thereof. You see the modesty of his desires to be such as may well merit consideration. I am confident, that which he seeks is not so much for advantage of himself, as out of a desire to preserve his son-in-law the Earl of Peterborough's fortune and family from ruin.

If the result of the favour of the House fall upon him, although but in this way, it's very probable it will oblige his Lordship to endeavour the peace and quiet of this Commonwealth.

[1] Ludlow, i. 21; Whitlocke (2d edit.), p. 420, see also p. 201; Commons Journals, vi. 279, 445 (15th August 1649, and 23d July 1650); Collins's Peerage, ii. 216; etc. etc.

Which will be no disservice to the State;—perhaps of more advantage than the extremity of his Fine. Besides, you showing your readiness to do a good office herein will very much oblige,

Sir,
Your affectionate servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER XCVIII

HERE likewise is a Letter which the Lord Lieutenant, in still greater haste, now in the very act of departing, has had to write, —on behalf of his "Partner" or fellow Member for Cambridge; which likewise the reader is to glance at, before going:

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire.

SIR, 'London,' 10th July 1649.

I beseech you, upon that score of favour, if I be not too bold to call it friendship, which I have ever had from you, let me desire you to promote my Partner's humble suit to the House; and obtain, as far as possibly you may, some just satisfaction for him. I know his sufferings for the Public have been great, besides the loss of his calling by his attendance here. His affections have been true and constant; and, I believe, his decay great in his Estate. It will be justice and charity to him; and I shall acknowledge it as a favour to,

Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

John Lowry, Esquire, is Oliver's fellow Member for Cambridge. What Lowry's "losses," "estate," "calling," or history in general were, remains undiscoverable. One might guess that he had been perhaps a lawyer, some call him a "chandler" or trader,[3] of Puritan principles, and fortune already easy. He did not sit in the short Parliament of 1640, as Oliver had done; Oliver's former "Partner," one Meautys as we mentioned already, gave place to Lowry when the new Election happened.

Lowry in 1645 was Mayor of Cambridge. Some controversy

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 150).
[2] Harris, p. 516; Harleian MSS. no. 6988—collated, and *exact*.
[3] Cooper's Annals of Cambridge.

as to the Privileges of the University there, which was now reformed according to the Puritan scheme, had arisen with the Town of Cambridge: a deputation of Cambridge University men, with " Mr. Vines " at their head, comes up with a Petition to the House of Commons, on the 4th of August 1645; reporting that they are like to be aggrieved, that the " new Mayor of Cambridge will not take the customary oaths," in respect to certain privileges of the University; and praying the House, in a bland and flattering way, to protect them. The House answers: " Yours is the University which is under the protection of this House; " Oxford, still in the King's hands, being in a very unreformed state: " this House can see no learning now in the Kingdom but by your eyes; "—certainly you shall be protected!—Counter-Petitions come from Lowry and the Corporation; but we doubt not the University was protected in this controversy, and Gown made good against Town.[1] What the controversy specially was, or what became of it, let no living man require. Lowry here vanishes into thick night again; nowhere reappears till in this Letter of Cromwell's.

Letter written, as its date bears, on the very day when he set out towards Bristol, to take the command in Ireland, " 10th July 1649, about five in the afternoon." In some Committee-room, or other such locality, in the thick press of business, Lowry had contrived to make his way to the Lord Lieutenant, and to get this Letter out of him. Which indeed proved very helpful. For on that day week, the 17th of July 1649, we find as follows: " The humble Petition of John Lowry, Esquire, was this day read. *Ordered*, That the sum of Three-hundred pounds be allowed unto the said Mr. John Lowry, for his losses in the said Petition mentioned: and that the same be charged upon the revenue: and the Committee of Revenue are authorised and appointed to pay the same: and the same is especially recommended to Sir Henry Vane, Senior, to take care the same be paid accordingly," [2]—which we can only hope it was, to the solace of poor Mr. Lowry, and the ending of these discussions.

Ten years later, in Protector Richard's time, on Friday 22d July 1659, a John Lowry, Esquire, now quite removed from Cambridge, turns up again; claiming to be continued " Cheque in Ward in the Port of London,"—which dignity is accordingly assured him till " the first day of October next." [3] But whether this is our old friend the Mayor of Cambridge, and what kind of provision for his old age this same Chequeship in Ward might

[1] See Commons Journals, vi. 229, 241.
[2] Ibid., vi. 263.
[3] Ibid. vii. 727.

be, is unknown to the present Editor. Not the faintest echo or vestige henceforth of a John Lowry either real or even possible. The rest—gloomy Night compresses it, and we have no more to say.

LETTER XCIX

MAYOR of Hursley, with whom are the young Couple, is connected now with an important man: he has written in behalf of "Major Long"; for promotion as is likely. The important man does not promote on the score of connexion; and mildly signifies so much.

For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

LOVING BROTHER, Bristol, 19th July 1649.

I received your Letter by Major Long; and do in answer thereunto according to my best understanding, with a due consideration to those gentlemen who have abid the brunt of the service.

I am very glad to hear of your welfare, and that our children have so good leisure to make a journey to eat cherries:—it's very excusable in my Daughter; I hope she may have a very good pretence for it! I assure you, Sir, I wish her very well; and I believe she knows it. I pray you tell her from me, I expect she writes often to me; by which I shall understand how all your Family doth, and she will be kept in some exercise. I have delivered my Son up to you; and I hope you will counsel him: he will need it; and indeed I believe he likes well what you say, and will be advised by you. I wish he may be serious; the times require it.

I hope my Sister[1] is in health; to whom I desire my very hearty affections and service may be presented; as also to my Cousin Ann,[2] to whom I wish a good husband. I desire my affections may be presented to all your Family, to which I wish a blessing from the Lord. I hope I shall have your prayers in the Business to which I am called. My Wife, I trust, will be with you before it be long, in her way towards Bristol.—Sir, discompose not your thoughts or Estate for what you are to pay me. Let me know wherein I may comply with your occasions

[1] Mrs. Mayor. [2] Miss Mayor, afterwards Mrs. Dunch of Pusey.

and mind, and be confident you will find me to you as your own heart.

Wishing your prosperity and contentment very sincerely, with the remembrance of my love, I rest,

Your affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Mayor has endorsed this Letter: "Received 27th July 1649, per Messenger express from Newbury." He has likewise, says Harris, jotted on it "some shorthand," and "an account of his cattle and sheep."—Who the "Major Long" was, we know not: Cromwell undertakes to "do" for him what may be right and reasonable, and nothing more.

Cromwell, leaving London as we saw on Tuesday evening July 10th, had arrived at Bristol on Saturday evening, which was the 14th. He had to continue here, making his preparations, gathering his forces, for several weeks. Mrs. Cromwell means seemingly to pass a little more time with him before he go. In the end of July, he quits Bristol; moving westward by Tenby[2] and Pembroke, where certain forces were to be taken up,—towards Milford Haven; where he dates his next Letters, just in the act of sailing.

LETTER C

THE new Lord Lieutenant had at first designed for Munster, where it seemed his best chance lay. Already he has sent some regiments over, to reinforce our old acquaintance Colonel, now Lieutenant-General Michael Jones, at present besieged in Dublin, and enable him to resist the Ormond Army there. But on the 2d of August an important Victory has turned up for Jones: surprisal, and striking into panic and total rout, of the said Ormond Army;[3] which fortunate event, warmly recognised in the following Letter, clears Dublin of siege, and opens new outlooks for the Lord Lieutenant there. He sails thitherward; from Milford Haven, Monday, August 13th. Ireton, who is Major-General, or third in command, Jones being second, follows with another

[1] Harris, p. 510: no. 8 of the Pusey seventeen.

[2] At Tenby, 2d August, Commons Journals, vi. 277.

[3] Rout at Rathmines or Bagatrath: Ormond's own Account of it, in Carte's Ormond Papers, ii. 403, 407-11: Jones's Account, in Cary's Memorials, ii. 159-62. Commons Journals, vi. 278 (14th August 1649).

division of the force, on Wednesday. Hugh Peters also went; and " Mr. Owen " also, for another chaplain.

The good ship John is still lying in Milford waters, we suppose, waiting for a wind, for a turn of the tide. " My Son " Richard Cromwell, and perhaps Richard's Mother, we may dimly surmise, had attended the Lord Lieutenant thus far, to wish him speed on his perilous enterprise?

' For my loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley : These.'

' Milford Haven,' From Aboard the John,
LOVING BROTHER, 13th August 1649.

I could not satisfy myself to omit this opportunity by my Son of writing to you; especially there being so late and great an occasion of acquainting you with the happy news I received from Lieutenant-General Jones yesterday.

The Marquis of Ormond besieged Dublin with Nineteen-thousand men or thereabouts; Seven-thousand Scots and Three-thousand more were coming to ' join him in ' that work. Jones issued out of Dublin with Four-thousand foot and Twelve-hundred horse; hath routed this whole Army; killed about Four-thousand upon the place; taken 2,517 prisoners, above Three-hundred ' of them ' officers, some of great quality.[1]

This is an astonishing mercy; so great and seasonable that indeed we are like them that dreamed. What can we say! The Lord fill our souls with thankfulness, that our mouths may be full of His praise,—and our lives too; and grant we may never forget His goodness to us. These things seem to strengthen our faith, and love, against more difficult times. Sir, pray for me, That I may walk worthy of the Lord in all that He hath called me unto!—

I have committed my Son to you; pray give him advice. I envy him not his contents; but I fear he should be swallowed up in them. I would have him mind and understand Business, read a little History, study the Mathematics and Cosmography: —these are good, with subordination to the things of God. Better than Idleness, or mere outward worldly contents. These fit for Public services,[2] for which a man is born.

Pardon this trouble. I am thus bold because I know you

[1] The round numbers of this account have, as is usual, come over greatly exaggerated (Carte, *ubi supra*).
[2] Services useful to all men.

love me; as indeed I do you, and yours. My love to my dear Sister, and my Cousin Ann your Daughter, and all Friends. I rest,

Sir,

Your loving brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' Sir, I desire you not to discommodate yourself because of the money due to me. Your welfare is as mine: and therefore let me know, from time to time, what will convenience you in any forbearance; I shall answer you in it, and be ready to accommodate you. And therefore do your other business; let not this hinder.[1]

Of Jones and his Victory, and services in Ireland, there was on the morrow much congratulating in Parliament: revival of an old Vote, which had rather fallen asleep, For settling Lands of a Thousand Pounds a-year on him; and straightway, more special speedy Vote of "Lands to the value of Five-hundred Pounds a-year for this last service";—which latter Vote, we hope, will not fall asleep as the former had done.[2]

LETTER CI

Same date, same conveyance.

To my beloved Daughter Dorothy Cromwell, at Hursley: These.

From Aboard the John, 13th August 1649.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

Your Letter was very welcome to me. I like to see anything from your hand; because indeed I stick not to say I do entirely love you. And therefore I hope a word of advice will not be unwelcome nor unacceptable to thee.

I desire you both to make it above all things your business to seek the Lord: to be frequently calling upon Him, that He would manifest Himself to you in His Son; and be listening what returns He makes to you,—for He will be speaking in your ear and in your heart, if you attend thereunto. I desire you to provoke your Husband likewise thereunto. As for the

[1] Forster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth, iv. 267: From certain MSS. of Lord Nugent's.

[2] Commons Journals, vi. 278, 81 (14th, 18th August 1649).

pleasures of this Life, and outward Business, let that be upon the bye. Be above all these things, by Faith in Christ; and then you shall have the true use and comfort of them,—and not otherwise.[1] I have much satisfaction in hope your spirit is this way set; and I desire you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that I may hear thereof. The Lord is very near: which we see by His wonderful works: and therefore He looks that we of this generation draw near to Him. This late great Mercy of Ireland is a great manifestation thereof. Your Husband will acquaint you with it. We should be much stirred up in our spirits to thankfulness. We much need the spirit of Christ, to enable us to praise God for so admirable a mercy.

The Lord bless thee, my dear Daughter.

I rest,
Thy loving Father,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I hear thou didst lately miscarry. Prithee take heed of a coach by all means; borrow thy Father's nag when thou intendest to go abroad.[2]

Is the last phrase ironical; or had the "coach," in those ancient roads, overset, and produced the disaster? Perhaps "thy Father's nag" is really safer? Oliver is not given to irony; nor in a tone for it at this moment. These gentle domesticities and pieties are strangely contrasted with the fiery savagery and iron grimness, stern as Doom, which meets us in the next set of Letters we have from him!

On the second day following, on the 15th of August,[3] Cromwell with a prosperous wind arrived in Dublin; "where," say the old Newspapers,[4] "he was received with all possible demonstrations of joy; the great guns echoing forth their welcome, and the acclamations of the people resounding in every street. The Lord Lieutenant being come into the City,—where the concourse of the people was very great, they all flocking to see him of whom before they had heard so much,—at a convenient place he made a stand," rising in his carriage we suppose, "and with his hat in his hand made a speech to them." Speech un-

[1] How true is this; equal, in its obsolete dialect, to the highest that man has yet attained to, in any dialect old or new!
[2] Forster, iv. 268: From certain MSS. of Lord Nugent's.
[3] Carte, ii. 83.
[4] In Kimber: Life of Cromwell (London, 1724), p. 126.

fortunately lost: it is to this effect; "That as God has brought him thither in safety, so he doubted not but by Divine Providence to restore them all to their just liberties and properties," much trodden down by those unblessed Papist-Royalist combinations, and the injuries of war: "and that all persons whose hearts' affections were real for the carrying on of this great work against the barbarous and bloodthirsty Irish and their confederates and adherents, and for propagating of Christ's Gospel and establishing of Truth and Peace, and restoring of this bleeding Nation of Ireland to its former happiness and tranquillity,—should find favour and protection from the Parliament of England and him, and withal receive such rewards and gratuities as might be answerable to their merits." "This Speech," say the old Newspapers, "was entertained with great applause by the people; who all cried out, 'We will live and die with you!'"

LETTER CII

SIR GEORGE AYSCOUGH, now vigilantly cruising on those coasts, "Vice-Admiral of the Irish Seas," who has done good service more than once,—he ought not to suffer in his private economics by absence on the Public Service.

'For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament: These.'

SIR, Dublin, 22d August 1649.

Before my coming for Ireland, I was bold to move the House on behalf of Sir George Ayscough; who then I thought had merited the favour of the Parliament, but since, much more, by his very faithful and industrious carriage in this place.

It seems, whilst he is attending your service, a Lease he holds of the Deanery of Windsor had like to be purchased over his head, he not coming to buy it himself by the time limited. He holds a very considerable part of his estate in Church-leases; one or more being in Impropriate Tithes, which he and his ancestors have held for a good time: all which is like to determine, and go from him and his, by your Orders.

I found the Parliament well to resent the motion I made on his behalf at that time. I desire you please to revive the

business; and to obtain the House's favour for him, which they intended and expressed. He will, I presume, herewith send his humble desires: for which I beg your furtherance; and rest,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Ayscough is a Lincolnshire man. Last year, in the time of the Revolted Ships, he stood true to the Parliament; and brought his own ship off to them, in spite of perils. Serves now under Blake; is fast rising as a Sea-officer. The Lord Lieutenant's request in behalf of him has already been complied with.[2]

A DECLARATION BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND

MICHAEL JONES's Dublin Army, like all Armies hitherto in Ireland, is of a quite unsatisfactory structure, of habits and practices quite unsatisfactory. The Lord Lieutenant is busy modelling it; rearranging it under new and more capable Officers; above all, clearing it of bad men: an Irish friend informs us, "There hath been an huge purge of the Army which we found here: it was an Army made up of dissolute and debauched men."[3] "The Officers reduced are not a little discontented," writes another friend: but the public service so requires it. Officers and men, and all Ireland are to know that henceforth it is on a new footing we proceed. Here is a Declaration, legible on such market-crosses, church-doors, and the like, as we have access to; well worth attending to in a distracted seat of war.

This DECLARATION *is appointed to be printed, and published throughout all Ireland: By special direction from*—OLIVER CROMWELL.

WHEREAS I am informed that, upon the marching out of the

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 163).

[2] Commons Journals, 8th August 1649 (vi. 276);—see *ib.* 9th July 1649 (on which day most probably, the day of Thomond's Letter too, Cromwell had been "moving the House" for him). Whitlocke (2d edition), p. 317.

[3] Newspaper Letter in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 439, § 7; another, *ib.* § 22.

Armies heretofore, or of parties from Garrisons, a liberty hath been taken by the Soldiery to abuse, rob and pillage, and too often to execute cruelties upon the Country People: Being resolved, by the grace of God, diligently and strictly to restrain such wickedness for the future,

I do hereby warn and require all Officers, Soldiers, and others under my command, henceforth To forbear all such evil practices as aforesaid; and Not to do any wrong or violence toward Country People, or persons whatsoever, unless they be actually in arms or office with the Enemy; and Not to meddle with the goods of such, without special order.

And I further declare, That it shall be free and lawful to and for all manner of persons dwelling in the country, as well gentlemen and soldiers, as farmers and other people (such as are in arms or office with or for the Enemy only excepted), to make their repair, and bring any provisions unto the Army, while in march or camp, or unto any Garrison under my command: Hereby assuring all such, That they shall not be molested or troubled in their persons or goods; but shall have the benefit of a free market, and receive ready money for goods or commodities they shall so bring and sell: And that they, behaving themselves peaceably and quietly; and paying such Contributions, proportionately with their neighbours, as have been, are, or shall be duly and orderly imposed upon them, for maintenance of the Parliament's forces and other public uses,—shall have free leave and liberty to live at home with their families and goods; and shall be protected in their persons and estates by virtue Hereof, until the 1st of January next: By or before which time, '1st of January next,' all such of them as are minded to reside, and plough and sow, in the 'Army's' quarters,—are to make their addresses, for now and further protections, to the Attorney-General, residing at Dublin, and to such other persons as shall be authorised for that purpose.

And hereof I require all Soldiers, and others under my command, diligently to take notice and observe the same: as they shall answer to the contrary at their utmost perils. Strictly charging and commanding all Officers and others, in their several places, carefully to see to it That no wrong or violence be done to any such person as aforesaid, contrary to the effect of the premises. Being resolved, through the grace of God, to punish all that shall offend contrary hereunto, very severely, according to Law or Articles of War; to displace, and otherwise punish, all such Officers as shall be found negligent in their places, and

not to see to the due observance hereof, or not to punish the offenders under their respective commands.

Given at Dublin, the 24th of August 1649.

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

IRISH WAR

THE history of the Irish War is, and for the present must continue, very dark and indecipherable to us. Ireland, ever since the Irish Rebellion broke out and changed itself into an Irish Massacre, in the end of 1641, has been a scene of distracted controversies, plunderings, excommunications, treacheries, conflagrations, of universal misery and blood and bluster, such as the world before or since has never seen. The History of it does not form itself into a picture; but remains only as a huge blot, an indiscriminate blackness; which the human memory cannot willingly charge itself with! There are Parties on the back of Parties; at war with the world and with each other. There are Catholics of the Pale, demanding freedom of religion; under my Lord This and my Lord That. There are Old-Irish Catholics, under Pope's Nuncios, under Abbas O'Teague of the excommunications, and Owen Roe O'Neil;—demanding not religious freedom only, but what we now call "Repeal of the Union"; and unable to agree with the Catholics of the English Pale. Then there are Ormond Royalists, of the Episcopalian and mixed creeds, strong for King without Covenant: Ulster and other Presbyterians, strong for King *and* Covenant: lastly, Michael Jones and the Commonwealth of England, who want neither King nor Covenant. All these plunging and tumbling, in huge discord, for the last eight years, have made of Ireland and its affairs the black unutterable blot we speak of.

At the date of Oliver's arrival, all Irish Parties are united in a combination very unusual with them; very dangerous for the incipient Commonwealth. Ormond, who had returned thither with new Commission, in hopes to co-operate with Scotch Hamilton during the Second Civil War, arrived too late for that object; but has succeeded in rallying Ireland into one mass of declared opposition to the Powers that now rule. Catholics of the Pale, and Old-Irish Catholics of the Massacre, will at length act together: Protestant English Royalism, which has fled hither

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 439, § 25.

for shelter; nay, now at last Royalist Presbyterianism, and the very Scots in Ulster,—have all joined with Ormond "against the Regicides." They are eagerly inviting the young Charles Second to come thither, and be crowned and made victorious. He as yet hesitates between that and Scotland;—may probably give Scotland the preference. But in all Ireland, when Cromwell sets foot on it, there remain only two Towns, Dublin and Derry, that hold for the Commonwealth; Dublin lately besieged, Derry still besieged. A very formidable combination. All Ireland kneaded together, by favourable accident and the incredible patience of Ormond, stands up in one great combination, resolute to resist the Commonwealth. Combination great in bulk; but made of iron and clay;—in meaning not so great. Oliver has taken survey and measure of it; Oliver descends on it like the hammer of Thor; smites it, as at one fell stroke, into dust and ruin, never to reunite against him more.

One could pity this poor Irish people; their case is pitiable enough! The claim they started with, in 1641, was for religious freedom. Their claim, we can now all see, was just: essentially just, though full of intricacy; difficult to render clear and concessible;—nay, at that date of the World's History, it was hardly recognisable to any Protestant man for just; and these frightful massacrings and sanguinary blusterings have rendered it, for the present, entirely unrecognisable. A just, though very intricate claim: but entered upon, and prosecuted, by such methods as were never yet available for asserting any claim in this world! Treachery and massacre: what could come of it? Eight years of cruel fighting, of desperate violence and misery, have left matters worse a thousand-fold than they were at first. No want of daring, or of patriotism so-called; but a great want of other things! Numerous large masses of armed men have been on foot; full of fiery vehemence and audacity, but without worth as Armies: savage hordes rather; full of hatred and mutual hatred, of disobedience, falsity and noise. Undrilled, unpaid,—driving herds of plundered cattle before them for subsistence; rushing down from hillsides, from ambuscadoes, passes in the mountains; taking shelter always "in bogs whither the cavalry cannot follow them." Unveracious, violent, disobedient men. False in speech;—alas, false in thought, first of all; who have never let the Fact tell its own harsh story to them; who have said always to the harsh Fact, "Thou art not that way, thou art this way!" The Fact, of course, asserts that it *is* that way: the Irish Projects end in perpetual discomfiture; have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow! There has

been no scene seen under the sun like Ireland for these eight years. Murder, pillage, conflagration, excommunication; wide-flowing blood, and bluster high as Heaven and St. Peter;—as if wolves or rabid dogs were in fight here; as if demons from the Pit had mounted up, to deface this fair green piece of God's Creation with *their* talkings and workings! It is, and shall remain, very dark to us. Conceive Ireland wasted, torn in pieces; black Controversy as of demons and rabid wolves rushing over the face of it so long; incurable, and very dim to us: till here at last, as in the torrent of Heaven's lightning descending liquid on it, we have clear and terrible view of its affairs for a time!—

Oliver's proceedings here have been the theme of much loud criticism and sibylline execration; into which it is not our plan to enter at present. We shall give these Irish Letters of his in their own natural figure, and without any commentary whatever. To those who think that a land overrun with Sanguinary Quacks can be healed by sprinkling it with rose-water, these Letters must be very horrible. Terrible Surgery this: but *is* it Surgery and Judgment, or atrocious Murder merely? That is a question which should be asked; and answered. Oliver Cromwell did believe in God's Judgments; and did not believe in the rose-water plan of Surgery;—which, in fact, is this Editor's case too! Every idle lie and piece of empty bluster this Editor hears, he too, like Oliver, has to shudder at it; has to think: "Thou, idle bluster, not true, thou also art shutting men's minds against the God's Fact; thou wilt issue as a cleft crown to some poor man some day; thou also wilt have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow!"—But in Oliver's time, as I say, there was still belief in the Judgments of God; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of "abolishing Capital Punishments," of Jean-Jacques Philanthropy, and universal rose-water in this world still so full of sin. Men's notion was, not for abolishing punishments, but for making laws just: God the Maker's Laws, they considered, had not yet got the Punishment abolished from them! Men had a notion, that the difference between Good and Evil was still considerable;—equal to the difference between Heaven and Hell. It was a true notion. Which all men yet saw, and felt in all fibres of their existence, to be true. Only in late decadent generations, fast hastening towards radical change or final perdition, can such indiscriminate mashing-up of Good and Evil into one universal patent-treacle, and most unmedical electuary, of Rousseau Sentimentalism, universal Pardon and Benevolence, with dinner and drink and one cheer more, take effect in our earth. Electuary very poisonous, as sweet as it is,

and very nauseous; of which Oliver, happier than we, had not yet heard the slightest intimation even in dreams.

The reader of these Letters, who has swept all that very ominous twaddle out of his head and heart, and still looks with a recognising eye on the ways of the Supreme Powers with this world, will find here, in the rude practical state, a Phenomenon which he will account noteworthy. An armed Soldier, solemnly conscious to himself that he is the Soldier of God the Just,—a consciousness which it well beseems all soldiers and all men to have always;—armed Soldier, terrible as Death, relentless as Doom; doing God's Judgments on the Enemies of God! It is a Phenomenon not of joyful nature; no, but of awful, to be looked at with pious terror and awe. Not a Phenomenon which you are called to recognise with bright smiles, and fall in love with at sight:—thou, art thou worthy to love such a thing; worthy to do other than hate it, and shriek over it? Darest thou wed the Heaven's lightning, then; and say to it, Godlike One? Is thy own life beautiful and terrible to thee; steeped in the eternal depths, in the eternal splendours? Thou also, art thou in thy sphere the minister of God's Justice; feeling that thou art here to do it, and to see it done, at thy soul's peril? Thou wilt then judge Oliver with increasing clearness; otherwise with increasing darkness, misjudge him.

In fact, Oliver's dialect is rude and obsolete; the phrases of Oliver, to him solemn on the perilous battlefield as voices of God, have become to us most mournful when spouted as frothy cant from Exeter Hall. The reader has, all along, to make steady allowance for that. And on the whole, clear recognition will be difficult for him. To a poor slumberous Canting Age, mumbling to itself everywhere, Peace, Peace, where there is no peace,—such a Phenomenon as Oliver, in Ireland or elsewhere, is not the most recognisable in all its meanings. But it waits there for recognition; and can wait an Age or two. The Memory of Oliver Cromwell, as I count, has a good many centuries in it yet; and Ages of very varied complexion to apply to, before all end. My reader, in this passage and others, shall make of it what he can.

But certainly, at lowest, here is a set of Military Despatches of the most unexampled nature! Most rough, unkempt; shaggy as the Numidian lion. A style rugged as crags; coarse, drossy: yet with a meaning in it, an energy, a depth; pouring on like a fire-torrent; perennial *fire* of it visible athwart all drosses and defacements: not uninteresting to see! This man has come into distracted Ireland with a God's Truth in the heart of him, though an unexpected one; the first such man they have seen for a great

while indeed. He carries Acts of Parliament, Laws of Earth and Heaven, in one hand; drawn sword in the other. He addresses the bewildered Irish populations, the black ravening coil of sanguinary blustering individuals at Tredah and elsewhere: "Sanguinary blustering individuals, whose word is grown worthless as the barking of dogs; whose very thought is false, representing not fact, but the contrary of fact,—behold, I am come to speak and to do the truth among you. Here are Acts of Parliament, methods of regulation and veracity, emblems the nearest we poor Puritans could make them of God's Law-Book, to which it is and shall be our perpetual effort to make them correspond nearer and nearer. Obey them, help us to perfect them, be peaceable and true under them, it shall be well with you. Refuse to obey them, I will not let you continue living! As articulate-speaking veracious orderly men, not as a blustering murderous kennel of dogs run rabid, shall you continue in this Earth. Choose!"—They chose to disbelieve him; could not understand that he, more than the others, meant any truth or justice to them. They rejected his summons and terms at Tredah: he stormed the place; and according to his promise, put every man of the Garrison to death. His own soldiers are forbidden to plunder, by paper Proclamation; and in ropes of authentic hemp they are hanged when they do it.[1] To Wexford Garrison the like terms as at Tredah; and, failing these, the like storm. Here is a man whose word represents a thing! Not bluster this, and false jargon scattering itself to the winds: what this man speaks out of him comes to pass as a fact; speech with this man is accurately prophetic of deed. This is the first King's face poor Ireland ever saw; the first Friend's face, little as it recognises him,—poor Ireland!

But let us take the Letters themselves; and read them with various emotions, in which wonder will not fail. What a rage, wide-sweeping, inexorable as Death, dwells in that heart;—close neighbour to pity, to trembling affection, and soft tears! Some readers know that softness *without* rigour, rigour as of adamant to rest upon, is but sloth and cowardly baseness; that without justice first, real pity is not possible, and only false pity and maudlin weakness is possible. Others, again, are not aware of that fact.—To our Irish friends we ought to say likewise that this Garrison of Tredah consisted, in good part, of Englishmen.[2] Perfectly certain this:—and therefore let "the bloody hoof of

[1] Two instances: King's Pamphlets, large 4to, no. 42, § 19, 6th-15th Sept. 1649.

[2] Ludlow, i. 301.

the Saxon," etc. forbear to continue itself on that matter. At its peril! Idle blustering, and untruth of every kind lead to the like terrible results in these days as they did in those.

LETTERS CIII—CVI

STORM OF TREDAH

THE first of this set, a Summons to Dundalk, will be fully understood so soon as the Two following it are read. The Two following it, on Tredah, or Drogheda as we now name it, contain in themselves, especially the Second and more deliberate of the two contains, materials for a pretty complete account of the Transaction there. It requires only to be added, what Cromwell himself has forborne to do, that on the repulse of the first attack, it was he, in person, who, "witnessing it from the batteries," hastened forward and led on the new attack: My pretty men, we must positively not be repulsed; we must enter here, we cannot do at all without entering!—The rest of these Irish Letters may, I hope, tell their own tale.

LETTER CIII

For the Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk: These.

SIR, 'Tredah,' 12th September 1649.

I offered mercy to the Garrison of Tredah,[1] in sending the Governor a Summons before I attempted the taking of it. Which being refused brought their evil upon them.

If you, being warned thereby, shall surrender your Garrison to the use of the Parliament of England, which by this I summon you to do, you may thereby prevent effusion of blood. If, upon refusing this Offer, that which you like not befalls you, you will know whom to blame. I rest,

Your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

[1] "Treedagh," he writes.

[2] Autograph, in the possession of the Earl of Shannon, at Castle-Martyr, in the County of Cork.

The Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk never received this Leter, I believe! What, in the interim, had become of Dundalk and its Chief and other Officers, will shortly appear.

LETTER CIV

'To the Honourable John Bradshaw, Esquire, President of the Council of State: These.'

SIR, 'Dublin,' 16th September 1649.

It hath pleased God to bless our endeavours at Tredah. After battery, we stormed it. The Enemy were about 3,000 strong in the Town. They made a stout resistance; and near 1,000 of our men being entered, the Enemy forced them out again. But God giving a new courage to our men, they attempted again, and entered; beating the Enemy from their defences.

The Enemy had made three retrenchments, both to the right and left 'of' where we entered; all which they were forced to quit. Being thus entered, we refused them quarter; having, the day before, summoned the Town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think Thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did, are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. Since that time, the Enemy quitted to us Trim and Dundalk. In Trim they were in such haste that they left their guns behind them.

This hath been a marvellous great mercy. The Enemy, being not willing to put an issue upon a field-battle, had put into this Garrison almost all their prime soldiers, being about 3,000 horse and foot, under the command of their best officers; Sir Arthur Ashton being made Governor. There were some seven or eight regiments, Ormond's being one, under the command of Sir Edmund Varney. I do not believe, neither do I hear, that any officer escaped with his life, save only one Lieutenant, who, I hear, going to the Enemy said, That he was the only man that escaped of all the Garrison. The Enemy upon this were filled with much terror. And truly I believe this bitterness will save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God.

I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this mercy belongs. 'As' for instruments, they were very inconsiderable the work throughout. * * * *

Captain Brandly did with forty or fifty of his men very gallantly storm the Tenalia; for which he deserves the thanks of the State. 'I rest,

Your most humble servant,'

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

"*Tenalia*," I believe, is now called *Tenaille* by engineers; a kind of advanced defensive-work, which takes its name from resemblance, real or imaginary, to the lip of a pair of *pincers*.

The "Sir Edmund Varney" who perished here was the son of the Standard-bearer at Edgehill. For Sir Arthur Ashton see Clarendon. Poor Sir Arthur had a wooden leg which the soldiers were very eager for, understanding it to be full of gold coin; but it proved to be mere timber: all his gold, 200 broad pieces, was sewed into his belt, and scrambled for when that came to light.[2] There is in Wood's Life [3] an old-soldier's account of the Storm of Tredah sufficiently emphatic, by Tom Wood, Anthony's brother, who had been there.

LETTER CV

'For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.'

SIR, Dublin, 17th September 1649.

Your Army being safely arrived at Dublin; and the Enemy endeavouring to draw all his forces together about Trim and Tecroghan, as my intelligence gave me,—from whence endeavours were made by the Marquis of Ormond to draw Owen Roe O'Neil with his forces to his assistance, but with what success I cannot yet learn,—I resolved, after some refreshment taken for our weather-beaten men and horses, and accommodations for a march, to take the field. And accordingly, upon Friday the 30th of August [4] last, rendezvoused with eight regi-

[1] Whitlocke, p. 412. [2] Ibid.

[3] Prefixed to the Athenæ Oxonienses.

[4] Friday is 31st; this error as to the day of the month continues through the Letter.

ments of foot, six of horse and some troops of dragoons, three miles on the north side of Dublin. The design was, To endeavour the regaining of Tredah; or tempting the Enemy, upon his hazard of the loss of that place, to fight.

Your Army came before the Town upon Monday following.[1] Where having pitched, as speedy course was taken as could be to frame our batteries; which took up the more time because divers of the battering guns were on shipboard. Upon Monday the 9th [2] of this instant, the batteries began to play. Whereupon I sent Sir Arthur Ashton, the then Governor, a summons, To deliver the Town to the use of the Parliament of England. To the which receiving no satisfactory answer, I proceeded that day to beat down the Steeple of the Church on the south side of the Town, and to beat down a Tower not far from the same place, which you will discern by the Chart enclosed.

Our guns not being able to do much that day, it was resolved to endeavour to do our utmost the next day to make breaches assaultable, and by the help of God to storm them. The place pitched upon was that part of the Town-wall next a Church called St. Mary's; which was the rather chosen because we did hope that if we did enter and possess that Church, we should be the better able to keep it against their horse and foot until we could make way for the entrance of our horse; and we did not conceive that any part of the Town would afford the like advantage for that purpose with this. The batteries planted were two: one was for that part of the Wall against the east end of the said Church; the other against the Wall on the south side. Being somewhat long in battering, the Enemy made six retrenchments: three of them from the said Church to Duleek Gate; and three of them from the east end of the Church to the Town-wall and so backward. The guns, after some two or three hundred shot, beat down the corner Tower, and opened two reasonable good breaches in the east and south Wall.

Upon Tuesday the 10th of this instant, about five o'clock in the evening, we began the Storm: and after some hot dispute we entered, about seven or eight hundred men; the Enemy disputing it very stiffly with us. And indeed, through the advantages of the place, and the courage God was pleased to give the defenders, our men were forced to retreat quite out of the breach, not without some considerable loss; Colonel Castle being there shot in the head, whereof he presently died; and divers officers and soldiers doing their duty killed and wounded. There was a Tenalia to flanker the south Wall of the Town, between Duleek

[1] 3d September. [2] 10th.

Gate and the corner Tower before mentioned;—which our men entered, wherein they found some forty or fifty of the Enemy, which they put to the sword. And this 'Tenalia' they held: but it being without the Wall, and the sally-port through the Wall into that Tenalia being choked up with some of the Enemy which were killed in it, it proved of no use for an entrance into the Town that way.

Although our men that stormed the breaches were forced to recoil, as is before expressed; yet, being encouraged to recover their loss, they made a second attempt: wherein God was pleased so to animate them that they got ground of the Enemy, and by the Goodness of God, forced him to quit his entrenchments. And after a very hot dispute, the Enemy having both horse and foot, and we only foot, within the Wall,—they gave ground, and our men became masters both of their retrenchments and 'of' the Church; which indeed, although they made our entrance the more difficult, yet they proved of excellent use to us; so that the Enemy could not 'now' annoy us with their horse, but thereby we had advantage to make good the ground, that so we might let in our own horse; which accordingly was done, though with much difficulty.

Divers of the Enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount: a place very strong and of difficult access; being exceedingly high, having a good graft, and strongly palisadoed. The Governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable Officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the Town: and, I think, that night they put to the sword about 2,000 men;—divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the Bridge into the other part of the Town, where about 100 of them possessed St. Peter's Church-steeple, some the west Gate, and others a strong Round Tower next the Gate called St. Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames: "God damn me, God confound me; I burn, I burn."

The next day, the other two Towers were summoned; in one of which was about six or seven score; but they refused to yield themselves: and we knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were come down. From one of the said Towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on

the head; and every tenth man of the soldiers killed; and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other Tower were all spared, as to their lives only; and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes.

I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future. Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret. The officers and soldiers of this Garrison were the flower of their army. And their great expectation was, that our attempting this place would put fair to ruin us; they being confident of the resolution of their men, and the advantage of the place. If we had divided our force into two quarters to have besieged the North Town and the South Town, we could not have had such a correspondency between the two parts of our Army, but that they might have chosen to have brought their Army, and have fought with which part 'of ours' they pleased, —and at the same time have made a sally with 2,000 men upon us, and have left their walls manned; they having in the Town the number hereafter specified, but some say near 4,000.

Since this great mercy vouchsafed to us, I sent a party of horse and dragoons to Dundalk;[1] which the Enemy quitted, and we are possessed of,—as also 'of' another Castle they deserted, between Trim and Tredah, upon the Boyne. I sent a party of horse and dragoons to a House within five miles of Trim, there being then in Trim some Scots Companies, which the Lord of Ardes brought to assist the Lord of Ormond. But upon the news of Tredah, they ran away; leaving their great guns behind them, which also we have possessed.

And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts, That a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God. And is it not so, clearly? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the Spirit of God, who gave your men courage, and took it away again; and gave the Enemy courage, and took it away again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory.

It is remarkable that these people, at the first, set up the Mass in some places of the Town that had been monasteries; but afterwards grew so insolent that, the last Lord's day before the storm, the Protestants were thrust out of the great Church

[1] Antea, Letter CIII.

called St. Peter's, and they had public Mass there: and in this very place near 1,000 of them were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety. I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, brother to the Lord Taaff, whom the soldiers took, the next day, and made an end of. The other was taken in the Round Tower, under the repute of a Lieutenant, and when he understood that the officers in that Tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a Friar; but that did not save him.

A great deal of loss in this business fell upon Colonel Hewson's, Colonel Castle's, and Colonel Ewer's regiments. Colonel Ewer having two Field-Officers in his regiment shot; Colonel Castle and a Captain of his regiment slain; Colonel Hewson's Captain-Lieutenant slain. I do not think we lost 100 men upon the place, though many be wounded.

I most humbly pray the Parliament may be pleased 'that' this Army may be maintained; and that a consideration may be had of them, and of the carrying on affairs here, 'such' as may give a speedy issue to this work. To which there seems to be a marvellous fair opportunity offered by God. And although it may seem very chargeable to the State of England to maintain so great a force; yet surely to stretch a little for the present, in following God's providence, in hope the charge will not be long—I trust it will not be thought by any (that have not irreconcilable or malicious principles) unfit for me to move, For a constant supply; which, in human probability as to outward things, is most likely to hasten and perfect this work. And indeed if God please to finish it here as He hath done in England, the War is like to pay itself.

We keep the field much; our tents sheltering us from the wet and cold. But yet the Country-sickness overtakes many: and therefore we desire recruits, and some fresh regiments of foot, may be sent us. For it's easily conceived by what the Garrisons already drink up, what our Field-Army will come to, if God shall give more Garrisons into our hands. Craving pardon for this great trouble, I rest,

Your most obedient servant,

Oliver Cromwell.

P.S. Since writing of my Letter, a Major who brought off forty-three horse from the Enemy told me that it's reported in their camp that Owen Roe and they are agreed.

The defendants in Tredah consisted of: The Lord of Ormond's

regiment (Sir Edmund Varney Lieutenant-Colonel), of 400; Colonel Byrn's, Colonel Warren's, and Colonel Wall's, of 2,000; the Lord of Westmeath's, of 200; Sir James Dillon's, of 200; and 200 horse.[1]

The report as to Owen Roe O'Neil is correct. Monk, who had lately in Ulster entered upon some negotiation with O'Neil and his Old-Irish Party, who, as often happened, were in quarrel with the others, found himself deserted by his very soldiers, and obliged to go to England; where this policy of his, very useful as Monk had thought, is indignantly disavowed by the Authorities, who will not hear of such a connexion.[2] Owen Roe O'Neil appears to have been a man of real ability: surely no able man, or son of Order, ever sank in a more dismal welter of confusions unconquerable by him! He did no more service or disservice henceforth; he died in some two months, of a disease in the foot, —poisoned, say some, by the gift of a "pair of russet-leather boots" which some traitor had bestowed on him.[3]

Such was the Storm of Tredah. A thing which, if one *wanted* good assurance as to the essential meaning of it, might well "work remorse and regret": for indisputably the outer body of it is emphatic enough! Cromwell, not in a light or loose manner, but in a very solemn and deep one, takes charge for himself, at his own peril, That it *is* a Judgment of God: and that it did "save much effusion of blood," we and all spectators can very readily testify. "The execrable policy of that Regicide," says Jacobite Carte on the occasion, "had the effect he proposed. It spread abroad the terror of his name; it cut"—In fact, it cut through the heart of the Irish War. Wexford Storm followed (not by forethought, it would seem, but by chance of war) in the same stern fashion; and there was no other storm or slaughter needed in that Country. Rose-water Surgeons might have tried it otherwise; but that was not Oliver's execrable policy, not the Rose-water one. And so we leave it, standing on such basis as it has.

Ormond had sent orders to "burn" Dundalk and Trim before quitting them; but the Garrisons, looking at Tredah, were in too much haste to apply the coal. They marched away at double-quick time; the Lord Lieutenant got possession of both Towns unburnt. He has put Garrisons there, we see, which "drink up" some of his forces. He has also despatched Colonel

[1] Newspapers; in Parliamentary History (London, 1763), xix. 201.
[2] 10th August 1649 (Commons Journals, vi. 277). [3] Carte, ii. 83.

Venables, of whom we shall hear again, with a regiment or two, to reduce Carlingford, Newry,—to raise what Siege there may be at Derry, and assist in settling distracted Ulster: of whose progress here are news.

LETTER CVI

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

MR. SPEAKER, Dublin, 27th September 1649.

I had not received any account from Colonel Venables,—whom I sent from Tredah to endeavour the reducing of Carlingford, and so to march Northward towards a conjunction with Sir Charles Coote,—until the last night.

After he came to Carlingford, having summoned the place, both the three Castles and the Fort commanding the Harbour were rendered to him. Wherein were about Forty Barrels of Powder, Seven Pieces of Cannon; about a Thousand Muskets, and Five-hundred Pikes wanting twenty. In the entrance into the Harbour, Captain Fern, aboard your man-of-war, had some danger; being much shot at from the Sea Fort, a bullet shooting through his main-mast. The Captain's entrance into that Harbour was a considerable adventure, and a good service;—as also was that of Captain Brandly,[1] who, with Forty seamen, stormed a very strong Tenalia at Tredah, and helped to take it; for which he deserves an owning by you.

Venables marched from Carlingford, with a party of Horse and Dragoons, to the Newry; leaving the Foot to come up after him. He summoned the place, and it was yielded before his Foot came up to him. Some other informations I have received from him, which promise well towards your Northern Interest; which, if well prosecuted, will, I trust God, render you a good account of those parts.

I have sent those things to be presented to the Council of State for their consideration. I pray God, as these mercies flow in upon you, He will give you an heart to improve them to His glory alone; because He alone is the author of them, and of all the goodness, patience and long-suffering extended towards you.

Your Army has marched; and I believe, this night lieth at

[1] Antea, p. 48.

Arklow, in the County of Wicklow, by the Sea-side, between thirty and forty miles from this place. I am this day, by God's blessing, going towards it.

I crave your pardon for this trouble; and rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. I desire the Supplies moved for may be hastened. I am verily persuaded, though the burden be great, yet it is for your service. If the Garrisons we take swallow up your men, how shall we be able to keep the field? Who knows but the Lord may pity England's sufferings, and make a short work of this? It is in His hand to do it, and therein only your servants rejoice. I humbly present the condition of Captain George Jenkins's Widow. He died presently after Tredah Storm. His Widow is in great want.

The following Officers and Soldiers were slain at the storming of Tredah:—Sir Arthur Ashton, Governor; Sir Edmund Varney, Lieutenant-Colonel to Ormond's Regiment; Colonel Fleming, Lieutenant-Colonel Finglass, Major Fitzgerald, with eight Captains, eight Lieutenants, and eight Cornets, all of Horse; Colonels Warren, Wall, and Byrn, of Foot, with their Lieutenants, Majors, etc.; the Lord Taaff's Brother, an Augustine Friar; forty-four Captains, and all their Lieutenants, Ensigns, etc.; 220 Reformadoes and Troopers; 2,500 Foot-soldiers, besides Staff-Officers, Surgeons, etc.[1]

Venables went on, rapidly accomplishing his service in the North; without much hurt; though not without imminent peril once,—by a camisado, or surprisal in the night-time, which is afterwards alluded to in these Letters. The Lord Lieutenant, we observe, still dates from Dublin, but is to quit it "this day"; his "Army has already marched": Southward now, on a new series of operations.

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 441, art. 7, "Letters from Ireland, printed by Authority" (p. 13). Parliamentary History (xix. 207-9) has copied this Letter from the old Pamphlet (as usual, giving no reference); and after the concluding "Surgeons, etc.," has taken the liberty of adding these words, "*and many inhabitants*," of which there is no whisper in the old Pamphlets;—a very considerable liberty indeed!

LETTER CVII

STORM OF WEXFORD

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

SIR, Wexford, 14th October 1649.

The Army marched from Dublin, about the 23d of September, into the County of Wicklow, where the Enemy had a Garrison about fourteen miles from Dublin, called Killincarrick; which they quitting, a Company of the Army was put therein. From thence the Army marched through almost a desolated country, until it came to a passage over the River Doro,[1] about a mile above the Castle of Arklow, which was the first seat and honour of the Marquis of Ormond's family. Which he had strongly fortified; but it was, upon the approach of the Army, quitted; wherein we left another Company of Foot.

From thence the Army marched towards Wexford; where in the way was a strong and large Castle, at a town called Limbrick, the ancient seat of the Esmonds; where the Enemy had a strong Garrison; which they burnt and quitted, the day before our coming thither. From thence we marched towards Ferns, an episcopal seat, where was a Castle; to which I sent Colonel Reynolds with a party to summon it. Which accordingly he did, and it was surrendered to him; where we having put a company,—advanced the Army to a passage over the River Slaney, which runs down to Wexford; and that night we marched into the fields of a Village called Enniscorthy, belonging to Mr. Robert Wallop;[2] where was a strong Castle very well manned and provided for by the Enemy; and, close under it, a very fair House belonging to the same worthy person,—a Monastery of Franciscan Friars, the considerablest in all Ireland: they ran away the night before we came. We summoned the Castle; and they refused to yield at the first; but upon better

[1] River Darragh;—a branch of what is now called the Avoca; well known to musical persons.

[2] Wallop is Member ("recruiter") for Andover; a King's-Judge; Member of the Council of State; now and afterwards a conspicuous rigorous republican man. He has advanced money, long since, we suppose, for the Public Service in Ireland; and obtained in payment this "fair House," and Superiority of Enniscorthy: properties the value or no-value of which will much depend on the Lord Lieutenant's success at present.—Wallop's representative, a Peer of the Realm, is still owner here, as it has proved.

consideration, they were willing to deliver the place to us: which accordingly they did; leaving their great guns, arms, ammunition and provisions behind them.

Upon Monday the First of October, we came before Wexford. Into which the Enemy had put a Garrison, consisting of 'part of' their Army; this Town having, until then, been so confident of their own strength as that they would not, at any time, suffer a Garrison to be imposed upon them. The Commander that brought in those forces was Colonel David Sinnott; who took upon him the command of the place. To whom I sent a Summons, a Copy whereof is this enclosed; between whom and me there passed Answers and Replies, Copies whereof these also are:

1. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"Sir, "Before Wexford, 3d October 1649.

"Having brought the Army belonging to the Parliament of England before this place, to reduce it to its due obedience: to the end effusion of blood may be prevented, and the Town and country about it preserved from ruin, I thought fit to summon you to deliver the same to me, to the use of the State of England.

"By this offer, I hope it will clearly appear where the guilt will lie, if innocent persons should come to suffer with the nocent. I expect your speedy answer; and rest,

"Sir,

"Your servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 3d October 1649.

"Sir,—I received your Letter of Summons for the delivery of this Town into your hands. Which standeth not with my honour to do of myself; neither will I take it upon me, without the advice of the rest of the Officers and Mayor of this Corporation; this Town being of so great consequence to all Ireland. Whom I will call together, and confer with; and return my resolution to you, to-morrow by twelve of the clock.

"In the mean time, if you be so pleased, I am content to forbear all acts of hostility, so you permit no approach to be made. Expecting your answer in that particular, I remain,—my Lord,—your Lordship's servant, D. Sinnott."

2. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"SIR, "Before Wexford, 3d October 1649.

"I am contented to expect your resolution by twelve of the clock to-morrow morning. Because our tents are not so good a covering as your houses, and for other reasons, I cannot agree to a cessation. I rest,—your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 4th October 1649.

"SIR,—I have advised with the Mayor and Officers, as I promised, and thereupon am content that Four, whom I shall employ, may have a Conference and Treaty with Four of yours, to see if any agreement and understanding may be begot between us. To this purpose I desire you to send mine a Safe-conduct, as I do hereby promise to send unto yours when you send me their names. And I pray that the meeting may be had to-morrow at eight of the clock in the forenoon, that they may have sufficient time to confer and debate together, and determine the matter; and that the meeting and place may be agreed upon, and the Safe-conduct mutually sent for the said meeting this afternoon. Expecting your answer hereto, I rest,—my Lord,—your servant, D. SINNOTT.

"Send me the names of your Agents, their qualities and degrees. Those I fix upon are: Major James Byrne, Major Theobald Dillon, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, Mr. William Stafford."

3. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"SIR, "Before Wexford, 4th October 1649.

"Having summoned you to deliver the Town of Wexford into my hands, I might well expect the delivery thereof, and not a formal Treaty; which is seldom granted but where the things stand upon a more equal foot.

"If therefore yourself or the Town have any desires to offer, upon which you will surrender the place to me, I shall be able to judge of the reasonableness of them when they are made known to me. To which end, if you shall think fit to send the Persons named in your last, entrusted by yourself and the Town, by whom I may understand your desires, I shall give you a

speedy and fitting Answer. And I do hereby engage myself, that they shall return in safety to you.

"I expect your answer hereunto within an hour; and rest,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 4th October 1649.

"SIR,—I have returned you a civil Answer, to the best of my judgment; and thereby, I find, you undervalue me and this place so much, that you think to have it surrendered without Capitulation or honourable Terms,—as appears by the hour's limitation in your last.

"Sir, had I never a man in this Town but the Townsmen, and Artillery here planted, I should conceive myself in a very befitting condition to make honourable conditions. And having a considerable party, 'along' with them, in the place, I am resolved to die honourably, or make such conditions as may secure my honour and life in the eyes of my own Party.

"To which reasonable terms if you hearken not,—or give me 'not' time to send my Agents till eight of the clock in the forenoon to-morrow, with my Propositions, with a further Safe-conduct,—I leave you to your better judgment, and myself to the assistance of the Almighty; and so conclude,—Your servant,

"D. SINNOTT."

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 5th October 1649.

"SIR,—My propositions being now prepared, I am ready to send my Agents with them unto you. And for their safe return, I pray you to send a Safe-conduct by the Bearer unto me,—in hope an honourable agreement may thereupon arise between your Lordship and,—my Lord,—your Lordship's servant,

"D. SINNOTT."

Whilst these papers were passing between us, I sent the Lieutenant-General [1] with a party of dragoons, horse and foot, to endeavour to reduce their Fort, which lay at the mouth of their harbour about ten miles distant from us. To which he sent a troop of dragoons; but the Enemy quitted their Fort,

[1] Michael Jones.

leaving behind them about seven great guns; betook themselves, by the help of their boats, to a Frigate of twelve guns lying in the harbour, within cannon-shot of the Fort. The dragoons possessed the Fort: and some seamen belonging to your Fleet coming happily in at the same time, they bent their guns at the Frigate, and she immediately yielded to mercy,—both herself, the soldiers that had been in the Fort, and the seamen that manned her. And whilst our men were in her, the Town, not knowing what had happened, sent another small vessel to her; which our men also took.

The Governors of the Town having obtained from me a Safe-conduct for the four persons mentioned in one of the papers, to come and treat with me about the surrender of the Town, I expected they should have done so. But instead thereof, the Earl of Castlehaven brought to their relief, on the north side of the river,[1] about five-hundred foot. Which occasioned their refusal to send out any to treat; and caused me to revoke my Safe-conduct, not thinking it fit to leave it for them to make use of it when they pleased:

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 5th October 1649.

"My Lord,—Even as I was ready to send out my Agents unto you, the Lord General of the horse came hither with a relief. Unto whom I communicated the proceedings between your Lordship and me, and delivered him the Propositions I intended to despatch unto your Lordship;—who hath desired a small time to consider of them, and to speed them unto me. Which, my Lord, I could not deny, he having a commanding power over me.

"Pray, my Lord, believe that I do not do this to trifle out time; but for his present consent;—and if I find any long delay in his Lordship's returning them back unto me, I will proceed of myself, according to my first intention. To which I beseech your Lordship give credit; at the request,—my Lord,—of your Lordship's ready servant,

D. Sinnott."

4. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"Sir, "Wexford, 6th October 1649.

"You might have spared your trouble in the account you give me of your transaction with the Lord General of

[1] Carte, ii. 92.

your horse, and of your resolution in case he answer not your expectation in point of time. These are your own concernments, and it behoves you to improve the relief you mention to your best advantage.

"All that I have to say is, To desire you to take notice, that I do hereby revoke my Safe-conduct from the persons mentioned therein. When you shall see cause to treat, you may send for another.—I rest,

"Sir,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Our cannon being landed,[1] and we having removed all our quarters to the south-east end of the Town, next the Castle, 'which stands without the Walls,'—it was generally agreed that we should bend the whole strength of our artillery upon the Castle; being persuaded that if we got the Castle, the Town would easily follow.

Upon Thursday the 11th instant (our batteries being finished the night before), we began to play betimes in the morning; and having spent near a hundred shot, the Governor's stomach came down; and he sent to me to give leave for four persons, intrusted by him, to come unto me, and offer terms of surrender:

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 11th October 1649.

"SIR,—In performance of my last, I desire your Lordship to send me a Safe-conduct for Major Theobald Dillon, Major James Byrne, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, and Captain James Stafford, whom I will send to your Lordship instructed with my desires. And so I rest,—my Lord,—your servant, D. SINNOTT."

Which I condescending to, two Field-Officers with an Alderman of the Town, and the Captain of the Castle, brought out the Propositions enclosed,—which for their abominableness, manifesting also the impudency of the men, I thought fit to present to your view;—together with my Answer:

[1] 6th October (ib.).

" *The Propositions of Colonel David Sinnott, Governor of the Town and Castle of Wexford, for and on the behalf of the Officers and Soldiers and Inhabitants in the said Town and Castle, unto General Cromwell.*

" 1. *In primis,* That all and every the Inhabitants of the said Town, from time to time and at all times hereafter, shall have free and uninterrupted liberty publicly to use, exercise and profess the Roman Catholic Religion, without restriction, mulct or penalty, any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding.

" 2. That the Regular and Secular Roman Catholic Clergy now possessed of the Churches, Church-livings, Monasteries, Religious-houses and Chapels in the said Town, and in the suburbs and franchises thereof, and their successors, shall have, hold and enjoy, to them and their successors forever, the said churches, church-livings, monasteries, religious-houses and chapels, and shall teach and preach in them publicly, without any molestation, any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding.

" 3. That Nicholas, now Lord Bishop of Ferns, and his successors, shall use and exercise such jurisdiction over the Catholics of his Diocese as since his consecration hitherto he used.

" 4. That all the Officers and Soldiers, of what quality or degree soever, in the said Town and Castle, and such of the Inhabitants as are so pleased, shall march with flying colours, and be conveyed safe, with their lives, artillery, ordnance, ammunition, arms, goods of all sorts, horses, moneys and what else belongs to them, to the Town of Ross, and there to be left safe with their own party; allowing each musketeer, towards their march, a pound of powder, four yards of match, and twelve brace of bullets; and a strong Convoy to be sent with the said soldiers, within four-and-twenty hours after the yielding up of the said Town.

" 5. That such of the Inhabitants of the said Town as will desire to leave the same at any time hereafter, shall have free liberty to carry away out of the said Town all their frigates, artillery, arms, powder, bullets, match, corn, malt, and other provision which they have for their defence and sustenance, and all their goods and chattels, of what quality or condition soever, without any manner of disturbance whatsoever, and have passes and safe-conducts and convoys for their lives and said goods to Ross, or where else they shall think fit.

" 6. That the Mayor, Bailiffs, Free Burgesses and Commons of

the said Town may have, hold and enjoy the said Town and Suburbs, their commons, their franchises, their liberties and immunities, which hitherto they enjoyed; and that the Mayor, Bailiffs and Free Burgesses may have the government of the said Town, as hitherto they enjoyed the same from the Realm of England, and that they may have no other government, they adhering to the State of England, and observing their orders, and the orders of their Governors in this Realm for the time being.

"7. That all and every the Burgesses and Inhabitants, either native or strangers, of the said Town, who shall continue their abode therein, or come to live there within three months, and their heirs, shall have, hold and enjoy all and singular their several castles, messuages, houses, lands, tenements and hereditaments within the land of Ireland, and all their goods and chattels, of what nature, quality or condition soever, to them and their heirs, to their own several uses forever, without molestation.

"8. That such Burgess or Burgesses, or other Inhabitant of the said Town, as shall at any time hereafter be desirous to leave the said Town, shall have free leave to dispose of their real and personal estates respectively to their best advantage; and further have full liberty and a safe-conduct respectively to go into England or elsewhere, according to their several pleasures who shall desire to depart the same.

"9. That all and singular the Inhabitants of the said Town, either native or strangers, from time to time and at all times hereafter, shall have, reap and enjoy the full liberty of free-born English subjects, without the least incapacity or restriction therein; and that all the Freemen of the said Town, from time to time, shall be as free in all the seaports, cities and towns in England, as the Freemen of all and every the said cities and towns; and all and every the Freemen of the said cities and towns to be as free in the said Town of Wexford as the Freemen thereof, for their greater encouragement to trade and commerce together on all hands.

"10. That no memory remain of any hostility or distance which was hitherto between the said Town and Castle on the one part, and the Parliament or State of England on the other part; but that all act and acts, transgressions, offences, depredations and other crimes, of what nature or quality soever, be they ever so transcendent, attempted or done, or supposed to be attempted or done, by the Inhabitants of the said Town or any other, heretofore or at present adhering to the said Town, either native or

stranger, and every of them,—shall pass in oblivion; without chastisement, challenge, recompense, demand or questioning for them, or any of them, now or at any time hereafter.

"D. SINNOTT."

"*For the Commander-in-Chief in the Town of Wexford.*

"SIR, "'Before Wexford,' 11th October 1649.

"I have had the patience to peruse your Propositions; to which I might have returned an Answer with some disdain. But, to be short,—

"I shall give the Soldiers and Noncommissioned Officers quarter for life, and leave to go to their several habitations, with their wearing-clothes;—they engaging themselves to live quietly there, and to take up arms no more against the Parliament of England. And the Commissioned Officers quarter for their lives, but to render themselves Prisoners. And as for the Inhabitants, I shall engage myself That no violence shall be offered to their goods, and that I shall protect the Town from plunder.

"I expect your positive Answer instantly; and if you will upon these terms surrender and quit, 'and' shall, in one hour, send forth to me Four Officers of the quality of Field-Officers, and Two Aldermen, for the performance thereof,—I shall thereupon forbear all acts of hostility.

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Which 'Answer' indeed had no effect. For whilst I was preparing of it; studying to preserve the Town from plunder, that it might be of the more use to you and your Army,—the Captain, who was one of the Commissioners, being fairly treated, yielded up the Castle to us. Upon the top of which our men no sooner appeared, but the Enemy quitted the Walls of the Town; which our men perceiving, ran violently upon the Town with their ladders, and stormed it. And when they were come into the market-place, the Enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces brake them; and then put all to the sword that came in their way. Two boatfuls of the Enemy attempting to escape, being overprest with numbers, sank; whereby were drowned near

[1] The rest of the Wexford Correspondence is in *Tanner* and elsewhere; this which completes it, being considered hopelessly lost, must be taken as a very interesting little Document, now that it has turned up. Autograph (or Facsimile Copy? much interlined and very hastily written), now (March 1846) in the possession of Edward Crawford, Esq., Solicitor, Wellington Quay, Dublin.

three-hundred of them. I believe, in all, there was lost of the Enemy not many less than Two-thousand; and I believe not Twenty of yours from first to last of the Siege. And indeed it hath, not without cause, been deeply set upon our hearts, That, we intending better to this place than so great a ruin, hoping the Town might be of more use to you and your Army, yet God would not have it so; but, by an unexpected providence, in His righteous justice, brought a just judgment upon them; causing *them* to become a prey to the soldier who in their piracies had made preys of so many families, and now with their bloods to answer the cruelties which they had exercised upon the lives of divers poor Protestants! Two 'instances' of which I have been lately acquainted with. About seven or eight score poor Protestants were by them put into an old vessel; which being, as some say, bulged by them, the vessel sank, and they were all presently drowned in the Harbour. The other 'instance' was thus: They put divers poor Protestants into a Chapel (which, since, they have used for a Mass-house, and in which one or more of their priests were now killed), where they were famished to death.

The soldiers got a very good booty in this place; and had not they[1] had opportunity to carry their goods over the River, whilst we besieged it, it would have been much more:—I could have wished for their own good, and the good of the Garrison, they had been more moderate.[2] Some things which were not easily portable, we hope we shall make use of to your behoof. There are great quantities of iron, hides, tallow, salt, pipe- and barrel-staves; which are under commissioners' hands, to be secured. We believe there are near a hundred cannon in the Fort, and elsewhere in and about the Town. Here is likewise some very good shipping: here are three vessels, one of them of thirty-four guns, which a week's time would fit to sea; there is another of about twenty guns, very near ready likewise. And one other Frigate of twenty guns, upon the stocks; made for sailing; which is built up to the uppermost deck: for her handsomeness' sake, I have appointed the workmen to finish her, here being materials to do it, if you or the Council of State shall approve thereof. The Frigate, also, taken beside the Fort, is a most excellent vessel for sailing. Besides divers other ships and vessels in the Harbour.

This Town is now so in your power, that of the former inhabitants, I believe scarce one in twenty can challenge any property

[1] The Townsfolk. [2] Not forced us to storm them.

in their houses. Most of them are run away, and many of them killed in this service. And it were to be wished, that an honest people would come and plant here;—where are very good houses, and other accommodations fitted to their hands, which may by your favour be made of encouragement to them. As also a seat of good trade, both inward and outward;—and of marvellous great advantage in the point of the herring and other fishing. The Town is pleasantly seated and strong, having a rampart of earth within the wall, near fifteen feet thick.

Thus it hath pleased God to give into your hands this other mercy. For which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory. Indeed your instruments are poor and weak, and can do nothing but through believing,—and that is the gift of God also.

I humbly take leave, and rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' A day or two before our Battery was planted, Ormond, the Earl of Castlehaven, the Lord of Ardes and Clanneboyes were on the other side of the Water, with about 1,800 horse 'and' 1,500 foot; and offered to put in four or five hundred foot more into the Town; which the Town refusing, he marched away in all haste. I sent the Lieutenant-General after him, with about 1,400 horse; but the Enemy made haste from him.[1]

Young Charles II., who has got to the Isle of Jersey, decidedly inclining towards Ireland as yet, will probably be staggered by these occurrences, when the news of them reaches him. Not good quarters Ireland at present! The Scots have proclaimed him King; but clogged it with such conditions about the Covenant, about Malignants, and what not, as nothing but the throat of an ostrich could swallow. The poor young King is much at a loss;[2]—must go somewhither, and if possible take some Mrs. Barlow with him! Laird Winram, Senator of the College of Justice, is off to deal with him;[3] to see if he cannot help him down with the Covenant: the Laird's best ally, I think, will be Oliver in Ireland. At Edinburgh these are the news from that quarter:

"In October and November this year there ran and were

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 65-7); completed by Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 168-185), and the Dublin Autograph given above at p. 68.

[2] Carte's Ormond Papers, i. 316, etc.

[3] 11th October 1649, Balfour's Historical Works (Edinb. 1825), iii. 432.

spread frequent rumours that Lieutenant-General Oliver Cromwell was routed in Ireland, yea killed; and again that he bore all down before him like ane impetuous torrent: how that he had taken Tradaffe and Washeford," Tredah and Wexford; " and there, neither sparing sex nor age, had exercised all the cruelties of a merciless inhuman and bloody butcher, even brutishly against Nature. On these rumours Will Douglas," no great shakes at metre, " did write these lines:

> ' Cromwell is dead, and risen; and dead again,
> And risen the third time after he was slain:
> No wonder! For he's messenger of Hell:—
> And now he buffets us, now posts to tell
> What's past: and for more game new counsel takes
> Of his good friend the Devil, who keeps the stakes.' " [1]

LETTERS CVIII—CXII

ROSS

Under date 5th November 1649, we read in the old Newspapers: " Our affairs here have made this progress: Wexford being settled under the command of Colonel Cooke, our Army stayed not long there; but hasted further unto Ross. Which is a walled Town, situated upon the river Barrow, a very pleasant and commodious river, bearing vessels of a very considerable burden. Upon Wednesday the 17th of this instant October, we sat down before Ross; and my Lord Lieutenant, the same day, sent in this following Summons: "

LETTER CVIII

For the Commander-in-Chief in Ross: These.

Sir, ' Before Ross,' 17th October 1649.

Since my coming into Ireland, I have this witness for myself, That I have endeavoured to avoid effusion of blood; having been before no place, to which such terms have not been first sent as might have turned to the good and preservation of those to whom they were offered; this being my

[1] 11th October 1649, Balfour's Historical Works (Edinb. 1825), iii. p. 433.

principle, that the people and places where I come may not suffer, except through their own wilfulness.

To the end I may observe the like course with this place and people therein, I do hereby summon you to deliver the Town of Ross into my hands, to the use of the Parliament of England. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

"The trumpeter that carried this summons was denied entrance into the Town. They received his paper at the gates; and told him that an answer should be returned thereunto by a drummer of their own. Hereupon we prepared our batteries, and made ready for a storm. Ormond himself, Ardes, and Castlehaven were on the other side of the River; and sent in supplies of 1,500 foot, the day before it was surrendered to us; 1,000 foot being in it before we came unto it. Castlehaven was in it that morning they delivered it, and Inchiquin too had been there not above two or three days before our advance thither. They boated over their men into the Town in our sight; and yet that did not discourage us in making ready all provisions fitting for a storm. On Friday the 19th of this instant, our great pieces began to play, and early in the morning the Governor sent out his Answer to my Lord Lieutenant's Summons:

"*For General Cromwell, or, in his absence, For the Commander-in-Chief of the Army now encamped before Ross.*

"Ross, 19th October 1649.

"SIR,—I received a Summons from you, the first day you appeared before this place; which should have been answered ere now, had not other occasions interrupted me. And although I am now in far better condition to defend this place than I was at that time, yet am I, upon the considerations offered in your Summons, content to entertain a Treaty; and to receive from you those conditions that may be safe and honourable for me to accept of. Which if you listen to, I desire that pledges on both sides may be sent, for performance of such Articles as shall be agreed upon; and that all acts of hostility may cease on both sides, and each party keep within their distance. To this your immediate resolution is expected by,—Sir, your servant,

"LUCAS TAAFF."

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 67).

"Hereunto my Lord immediately returned this Answer,"—which counts here as our Hundred-and-ninth Letter:

LETTER CIX

For the Governor of Ross: These.

SIR, 'Before Ross,' 19th October 1649.

If you like to march away with those under your command, with their arms, bag and baggage, and with drums and colours, and shall deliver up the Town to me,—I shall give caution to perform these conditions; expecting the like from you. As to the inhabitants, they shall be permitted to live peaceably, free from the injury and violence of the soldiers.

If you like hereof, you can tell how to let me know your mind, notwithstanding my *refusal* of a cessation. By these you will see the reality of my intentions to save blood, and to preserve the place from ruin. I rest,

Your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

"Our batteries still continued, and made a great breach in the Wall. Our men were drawn out in a readiness to storm, Lieutenant-Colonel Ingoldsby being by lot chosen to lead them; but the Governor being willing to embrace conditions, sent out this his Reply:

"For General Cromwell: These.

"Ross, 19th October 1649.

"SIR,—There wants but little of what I would propose;—which is, That such Townsmen as have a desire to depart, may have liberty within a convenient time to carry away themselves and goods; and liberty of conscience to such as shall stay: and that I may carry away such artillery and ammunition as I have in my command. If you be inclined to this, I will send, upon your honour as a safe-conduct, an Officer to conclude with you. To which your immediate answer is expected by,—Sir, your servant, LUCAS TAAFF."

"Hereunto my Lord gave this return,"—our Hundred-and-tenth Letter:

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 68).

LETTER CX

For the Governor of Ross: These.

SIR, 'Before Ross,' 19th October 1649.

To what I formerly offered, I shall make good. As for your carrying away any artillery or ammunition, that you brought not with you, or 'that' hath not come to you since you had the command of that place,—I must deny you that; expecting you to leave it as you found it.

'As' for that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience, you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, Where the Parliament of England have power, *that* will not be allowed of. As for such of the Townsmen who desire to depart, and carry away themselves and goods (as you express), I engage myself they shall have three months time so to do; and in the mean time shall be protected from violence in their persons and goods, as others under the obedience of the Parliament.

If you accept of this offer, I engage my honour for a punctual performance hereof. I rest,

Your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

"The Governor returned this Answer;"

"*For General Cromwell: These.*

"19th October 1649.

"SIR,—I am content to yield up this place upon the terms offered in your last and first Letters. And if you please to send your safe-conduct to such as I shall appoint to perfect these conditions, I shall on receipt thereof send them to you. In the interval,—To cease all acts of hostility, and that all parties keep their own ground, until matters receive a full end. And so remains,—Sir, your servant, LUCAS TAAFF."

"Hereunto my Lord replied thus:"

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 68).

LETTER CXI

For the Governor of Ross: These.

SIR, 19th October 1649.

You have my hand and honour engaged to perform what I offered in my first and last Letters; which I shall inviolably observe. I expect you to send me immediately four persons of such quality as may be hostages for your performance; for whom you have this Safe-conduct enclosed, into which you may insert their names. Without which I shall not cease acts of hostility. If any thing happen by your delay, to your prejudice, it will not be my fault. Those you send may see the conditions perfected. Whilst I forbear acts of hostility, I expect you forbear all actings within. I rest,

Your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

"This," says the old Newspaper, "was the last message between them: the Governor sending out his four hostages to compose and perfect the Agreement, our batteries ceased; and our intentions to storm the Town were disappointed. Thus within three days we had possession of this place without the effusion of blood. A very considerable place, and a very good quarter for the refreshment of our soldiers. The Enemy marched over to the other side of the River, and did not come out of that side of the Town where we had encamped,"—which I think was a judicious movement of theirs. What English were in the Garrison, some Five or Six hundred here, do, as their common custom is, "join us." Munster Royalist Forces, poor Ormond men, they had rather live, than be slain in such a Cause as this has grown.

LETTER CXII

HERE is Cromwell's official account of the same business, in a Letter to Lenthall.

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 69).

'For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.'

Ross, 25th October 1649.

SIR,

Since my last from Wexford, we marched to Ross; a walled Town, situated upon the Barrow; a port-town, up to which a ship of seven or eight hundred tons may come.

We came before it upon Wednesday the 17th instant, with three pieces of cannon. That evening I sent a Summons; Major-General Taaff, being Governor, refused to admit my Trumpet into the Town; but took the Summons in, returning me no answer. I did hear that near 1,000 foot had been put into this place some few days before my coming to it. The next day was spent in making preparations for our battery; and in our view there were boated over from the other side of the river, of English, Scots, and Irish, 1,500 more, Ormond, Castlehaven, and the Lord of Ardes, being on the other side of the water to cause it to be done.

That night we planted our battery; which began to play very early the next morning. The Governor immediately sent forth an Answer to my Summons; copies of all which I make bold herewith to trouble you 'with';[1] the rather because you may see how God pulls down proud stomachs. The Governor desired commissioners might treat, and that in the mean time there might be a ceasing of acts of hostility on both sides. Which I refused; sending in word, That if he would march away with arms, bag and baggage, and give me hostages for performance, he should. Indeed he might have done it without my leave, by the advantage of the River. He insisted upon having the cannon with him; which I would not yield unto, but required the leaving the artillery and ammunition; which he was content to do, and marched away, leaving the great artillery and the ammunition in the stores to me.—When they marched away, at least 500 English, many of them of the Munster forces, came to us.

Ormond is at Kilkenny, Inchiquin in Munster, Henry O'Neil, Owen Roe's son, is come up to Kilkenny, with near 2,000 horse and foot, with whom and Ormond there is now a perfect conjunction. So that now, I trust, some angry friends will think it high time to take off their jealousy[2] from those to whom they ought to exercise more charity.

[1] We have just read them.

[2] Jealousy of the Parliament's having countenanced Monk in his negotiations with Owen Roe and the Old-Irish of the Massacre.

The rendition of this Garrison was a seasonable mercy, as giving us an opportunity towards Munster; and is for the present a very good refreshment for our men. We are able to say nothing as to all this, but that the Lord is still pleased to own a company of poor worthless creatures; for which we desire His name to be magnified, and 'that' the hearts of all concerned may be provoked to walk worthy of such continued favours. This is the earnest desire of

Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. Colonel Horton is lately dead of the Country-disease, leaving a Son behind him. He was a person of great integrity and courage. His former services, especially that of the last summer, I hope will be had in remembrance.[1]

Poor Horton; he beat the Welsh at St. Fagan's, and did good service "last summer"; and now he is dead of the "Country-disease,"—a pestilence, raging in the rear of Famine and the Spoil of War. Famine has long reigned. When the War ended, Ludlow tells us, it was found necessary to issue a Proclamation that "no lambs or calves should be killed for one year," the stock of cattle being exhausted. Such waste had there been, continues he, in burning the possessions of the English, many of the Natives themselves were driven to starvation; "and I have been informed by persons deserving credit, that the same calamity fell upon them even in the first year of the Rebellion, through the depredations of the Irish; and that they roasted men, and ate them, to supply their necessities."[2] Such a War is worth ending at some cost!—In the Lord Lieutenant's Army, we learn elsewhere, there was an abundant supply, the country crowding in as to a good market, where sure prices were given, and fair dealing enforced; all manner of depredators being, according to the paper Proclamation, hanged in very authentic hemp. "Much better supplied than any of the Irish Armies had ever been."[3]

[1] Newspapers (in Parl. History, xix. 224-6).
[2] Ludlow, i. 338, 9. [3] Carte, ii. 90.

LETTERS CXIII—CXVIII

THE stroke that fell on Tredah, repeated at Wexford, at Ross not needing to be repeated, has, as we say, broken the brain of the Irish War; the body of which, over Ireland generally, here over the Southwest more especially, everywhere staggers falling, or already lies fallen, writhing in paralytic convulsions, making haste to die. Of its final spasms, wide-spread confused death-agonies, and general swift death, over this Munster region, through the winter months, and of the Lord Lieutenant's demeanour therein, these Six Letters give us indication such as may suffice.

LETTER CXIII

HERE is a small glimpse of domesticity again, due to the Pusey Seventeen; very welcome to us in these wild scenes. Mayor has endorsed it at Hursley, "Received 12th December 1649." "Cousin Barton," I suppose, is the Barton who boggled at some things in the Marriage-Contracts; a respectable man, though he has his crotchets now and then.

For my beloved Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

DEAR BROTHER, Ross, 13th November 1649.

I am not often at leisure, nor now, to salute my friends; yet unwilling to lose this opportunity. I take it, only to let you know that you and your Family are often in my prayers. As for Dick, I do not much expect it from him, knowing his idleness; but I am angry with my Daughter as a promise-breaker. Pray tell her so;—but I hope she will redeem herself.

It has pleased the Lord to give us (since the taking of Wexford and Ross) a good interest in Munster, by the accession[1] of Cork and Youghal, which are both submitted; their Commanders are now with me. Divers other lesser Garrisons are come in also. The Lord is wonderful in these things; it's His

[1] "access," *orig.*

hand alone does them: oh, that all the praise might be ascribed to Him!

I have been crazy in my health; but the Lord is pleased to sustain me. I beg your prayers. I desire you to call upon my Son to mind the things of God more and more: alas, what profit is there in the things of this world!—except they be enjoyed in Christ, they are snares. I wish he may enjoy his Wife so, and she him; I wish I may enjoy them both so.

My service to my dear Sister 'and' Cousin Ann; my blessing to my Children, and love to my Cousin Barton and the rest.

Sir, I am,

Your affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER CXIV

THE opportune Victory at Rathmines produced the revival of an old Vote, produced also a new special Vote, in favour of Lieutenant-General Jones;[2] which new Vote ought not to fall asleep again, as the old one had done. Thomas Scott, of the Council of State, whom we have already seen; "peppery Thomas" is not yet to vanish from this History. Of Broghil, "Munster Business," and the rest, there will be farther notice in next Letter, which is of the same date with this.

'*For the Hon. Thomas Scott, of the Council of State: These.*'

SIR, Ross, 14th November 1649.

I hope you will excuse this trouble. I understand the House did vote Lieutenant-General Jones Five-hundred pounds *per annum* of lands of inheritance from Irish Lands, upon the news of the Defeat given to the Enemy before Dublin, immediately before my coming over. I think it will be a very acceptable work, and very well taken at your hands, to move the House for an immediate settlement thereof: it will be very convenient at this time.

Another thing is this. The Lord Broghil is now in Munster; where he, I hope, will do very good offices: all his suit is for Two-hundred pounds to bring his Wife over: such a sum would not be cast away. He hath a great interest in the men that

[1] Harris, p. 511; one of the Pusey set, preserved by Dunch, as intimated above.

[2] Antea, pp. 34-6.

come from Inchiquin.[1] I have made him and Sir William Fenton, Colonel Blake, and Colonel Deane,—who I believe, 'at least' one of them, will be frequently in Cork Harbour; making that a victualling place for the Irish Fleet, instead of Milford Haven,—'I have made them' and Colonel Phayr, Commissioners for a temporary management of affairs there.

This Business of Munster will empty your Treasury: therefore you have need to hasten our money allotted us; lest you put us to stand with our fingers in our mouths!—I rest,

Sir,

Your servant,

Oliver Cromwell.[2]

LETTER CXV

The "General Blake" of this Letter, "Colonel Blake" of the last, is Admiral Blake; he, with Ayscough, Deane and vigilant Sea-officers, co-operating with Oliver on land, now dominates these waters. Prince Rupert, with the residue of the Revolted Ships, is lying close, for shelter from him, under the guns of Kinsale;—verging, poor Prince, to a fugitive roaming sea-life, very like Piracy in some of its features. He abandoned it as desperate, before long. Poor Prince Maurice, sea-roving in like fashion, went to the bottom; sank, in the West Indies, mouse and man; and ended, none knows exactly where, when, or how. Rupert invented, or helped to invent, "pinchbeck" in subsequent years, and did no other service to the public that I know of.

The defection of Cork and Youghal, full of English influences and complex distractions, followed naturally on Cromwell's successes. In *Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs* is a vivid account of the universal hurlyburly that took place at Cork, on the verge of this occurrence there: tremulous instant decision what you will do, which side you will join; swift packing in the dead of night; swift riding off, in any carriage, cart, or ass-cart you can bargain with for love or money! Poor Lady Fanshawe got to Galway, there to try it yet a little longer.

[1] That desert to us from Lord Inchiquin, the Ormond Chief in Munster.
[2] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 188).

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

SIR, Ross, 14th November 1649.

About a fortnight since, I had some good assurance that Cork was returned to its obedience; and had refused Inchiquin, who did strongly endeavour to redintegrate himself there, but without success.[1] I did hear also that Colonel Townsend was coming to me with their submission and desires, but was interrupted by a Fort at the mouth of Cork Harbour. But having sufficient grounds upon the former information, and other confirmation out of the Enemy's camp that it was true, I desired General Blake, who was here with me, that he would repair thither in Captain Mildmay's Frigate, called the Nonsuch. Who, when they came thither, received such entertainment as these enclosed will let you see.

In the mean time the Garland, one of your third-rate Ships, coming happily into Waterford Bay, I ordered her, and a great Prize lately taken in that Bay, to transport Colonel Phayr [2] to Cork; whitherward he went, having along with him near Five hundred foot, which I spared him out of this poor Army, and 1,500*l.* in money, giving him such instructions as were proper for the promoting of your interest there. As they went with an intention for Cork, it pleased God the wind coming cross, they were forced to ride off from Dungarvan. Where they met Captain Mildmay *returning* with the Nonsuch Frigate, with Colonel Townsend aboard, coming to me; who advertised them that Youghal had also declared for the Parliament of England. Whereupon they steered their course thither; and sent for Colonel Gifford, Colonel Warden, Major Purden (who with Colonel Townsend have been very active instruments for the return both of Cork and Youghal to their obedience, having some of them ventured their lives twice or thrice to effect it), and the Mayor of Youghal aboard them; who, accordingly, immediately came and made tender of some propositions to be offered to me. But my Lord Broghil being on board the Ship, assuring them it would be more for their honour and advantage to desire no conditions, they said they would submit. Whereupon my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, and Colonel Phayr, went to the Town; and were received,—I shall give you my Lord Broghil's own words,—"*with all the real demonstrations of gladness an overjoyed people were capable of.*"

[1] See Carte, ii. 91.

[2] He of the King's Death-Warrant.

Not long after, Colonel Phayr landed his foot. And by the endeavours of the noble person [1] afore mentioned, and the rest of the gentlemen, the Garrison is put in good order; and the Munster officers and soldiers in that Garrison in a way of settlement. Colonel Phayr intends, as I hear, to leave Two-hundred men there, and to march with the rest overland to Cork. I hear by Colonel Townsend, and the rest of the gentlemen that were employed to me, that Baltimore, Castlehaven, Cappoquin, and some other places of hard names, are come in,—I wish Foot come over seasonably to man them;—as also that there are hopes of other places.

From Sir Charles Coote, Lord President of Connaught, I had a Letter, about three or four days since, That he is come over the Bann, and hath taken Coleraine by storm; and that he is in conjunction with Colonel Venables,—who I hear hath besieged Carrickfergus; which if through the mercy of God it be taken, I know nothing considerable in the North of Ireland, but Charlemont, that is not in your hands.

We lie with the Army at Ross; where we have been making a bridge over the Barrow, and 'have' hardly yet accomplished 'it' as we could wish. The Enemy lies upon the Nore, on the land between the Barrow and it; having gathered together all the force they can get. Owen Roe's men, as they report them, are Six-thousand foot, and about Four-thousand horse, beside their own Army 'in this quarter'; and they give out they will have a day for it:—which we hope the Lord of His mercy will enable us to give them, in His own good time. In whom we desire our only trust and confidence may be.

Whilst we have lain here, we have not been without some sweet taste of the goodness of God. Your ships have taken some good prizes. The last was thus: There came-in a Dunkirk man-of-war with 32 guns; who brought-in a Turkish man-of-war whom she had taken, and another ship of 10 guns laden with poor-john and oil. These two your ships took. But the man-of-war whose prizes these two were, put herself under the Fort of Duncannon, so that your ships could not come near her. It pleased God we had two demi-cannon with the foot, on the shore; which being planted, raked her through, killing and wounding her men; so that after ten shot she weighed anchor,

[1] Lord Broghil. The somewhat romantic story of Cromwell's first visit to him, and chivalrous conquest of him, at his lodgings in London, "in the dusk of the evening," is in Collins's Peerage (London, 1741), iv. 253; and in many other Books;—copied from Morrice's *Life of Orrery*.

and ran into your Fleet, with a flag of submission, surrendering herself. She was well manned, the prisoners taken being Two-hundred-and-thirty.—I doubt the taking prisoners of this sort will cause the wicked trade of Piracy to be endless. They were landed here before I was aware: and a hundred of them, as I hear, are gotten into Duncannon, and have taken up arms there; and I doubt the rest, that are gone to Waterford, will do us no good. The seamen, being so full of prizes and unprovided of victual, knew not how otherwise to dispose of them.

Another 'mercy' was this. We, having left divers sick men, both horse and foot, at Dublin,—hearing many of them were recovered, sent them orders to march up to us; which accordingly they did. Coming to Arklow, on Monday the first of this instant, being about 350 horse and about 800 foot,—the Enemy, hearing of them (through the great advantage they have in point of intelligence), drew together a body of horse and foot near 3,000, which Inchiquin commanded. There went also, with this party, Sir Thomas Armstrong, Colonel Trevor, and most of their great ranters.[1] We sent fifteen or sixteen troops to their rescue, near eight hours too late. It pleased God we sent them word by a nearer way, To march close, and be circumspect, and to make what haste they could to Wexford, by the sea-side. They had marched near eighteen miles, and were come within seven miles of Wexford (the foot being miserably wearied), when the Enemy gave the scouts of the rearguard an alarm. Whereupon they immediately drew up in the best order they could upon the sands, the sea on the one hand, and the rocks on the other; where the Enemy made a very furious charge: 'and' overbearing our horse with their numbers, which, as some of their prisoners confess, were Fifteen-hundred of their best horse, forced them in some disorder back to the foot. Our foot stood; forbearing their firing till the Enemy was come almost within pistol-shot, and then let fly very full in the faces of them: whereby some of them began to tumble; the rest running off in a very great disorder;—and 'they' faced not about until they got above musket-shot off. Upon this our horse took encouragement; drawing up again; bringing up some foot to flank them. And a gentleman of ours, that had charged through before, being

[1] Braggarts, great guns. Trevor had given Venables, as above hinted, a dangerous camisado in the North lately; and was not far from ruining him, had the end corresponded with the beginning (see Carte, ii. 89). To which Cromwell alludes, by and by, in this Letter. Lord Inchiquin, a man of Royalist-Presbyterian tendencies, has fought long, on various sides. The name Armstrong is not yet much of a "ranter"; but a new Sir Thomas will become famous under Titus Oates.—Ludlow gives a curious account of this same running-fight on the sea-beach of Arklow (i. 309).

amongst them undiscerned, having put his signal into his hat as they did,—took his opportunity and came off; letting our men know, That the Enemy was in great confusion and disorder, and that if they could attempt another charge, he was confident good might be done on them. It pleased God to give our men courage: they advanced; and, falling upon the Enemy, totally routed them; took two colours and divers prisoners, and killed divers upon the place and in the pursuit. I do not hear that we have two men killed; and but one mortally wounded, and not five that are taken prisoners.

The quick march of our party made Inchiquin that he could reach them with nothing but his horse, hoping to put them to a stand until his foot came up; which if he had done, there had probably been no saving of a man of this party. Without doubt Inchiquin, Trevor, and the rest of those people, who are very good at this work, had swallowed up this party! And indeed it was, in human probability, lost; but God, that defeated Trevor in his attempt upon Venables (which Trevor, as I hear this night from the Enemy's camp, was shot through the belly in this service, and is carried to Kilkenny,—and Sir Thomas Armstrong is also wounded), hath disappointed them, and poured shame upon them in this defeat; giving us the lives of a company of our dear friends, which I hope will be improved to His glory and their Country's good.

Sir, having given you this account, I shall not trouble you much with particular desires. Those I shall humbly present to the Council of State. Only, in the general, give me leave humbly to offer what in my judgment I conceive to be for your service, with a full submission to you. We desire recruits may be speeded to us. It is not fit to tell you how your Garrisons will be unsupplied, and no Field marching Army considerable, if but three Garrisons more were in our hands.[1] It is not well not to follow providences.[2] Your recruits, and the forces desired will not raise your charge, if your assignments already for the forces here do come to our hands in time. I should not doubt 'but' by the addition of assessments here, to have your charge in some reasonable measure borne; and the soldier upheld, without too much neglect or discouragement,—which sickness, in this country so ill agreeing with their bodies, puts upon them; and 'which' this Winter's-action, I believe not heretofore known by English in this country, subjects them to. To the praise of God I speak it, I scarce know one officer of forty amongst us that

[1] Sentence omitted in the Newspaper.
[2] Beckonings of Providence.

hath not been sick. And how many considerable ones we have lost, is no little thought of heart to us.[1]

Wherefore I humbly beg, that the moneys desired may be seasonably sent over; and those other necessaries, clothes, shoes and stockings, formerly desired; that so poor creatures may be encouraged: and, through the same blessed Presence that has gone along with us, I hope, before it be long, to see Ireland no burden to England, but a profitable part of its Commonwealth. And certainly the extending your help in this way, at this time, is the most profitable means speedily to effect it. And if I did not think it your best thrift, I would not trouble you at all with it.

I have sent Sir Arthur Loftus with these Letters. He hath gone along with us, testifying a great deal of love to your Service. I know his sufferings are very great; for he hath lost near all: his Regiment was reduced to save your charge, not out of any exceptions to his person. I humbly therefore present him to your consideration.[2]

Craving pardon for this trouble, I rest,

Your most humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

LETTER CXVI

Commons Journal, 12° *Decembris* 1649: "A Letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was this day read. *Ordered*, That the said Letter be forthwith printed and published;"—Lord Mayor to be sure and send it to all the Ministers next Lord's Day, who are to be, as they best may, the voice of our devout thankfulness for "these great mercies." Here is the Letter still extant for posterity,—with or without the thankfulness.

We cannot give the exact day or date. The Letter exists, separate, or combined with other matter, in various old Pamphlets; but is nowhere dated; and in fact, as the Entry in the Commons Journals may indicate, was never dated either as to place or time. The place we learn by the context: the time was after Saturday November 24th,[4] and before December had yet begun;—probably enough, Sunday, November 25th.

[1] Sentence omitted in the Newspaper. [2] Paragraph omitted.
[3] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 69-71); Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 189-97).
[4] See postea, p. 83; and Whitlocke, 2d edition, p. 433.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

MR. SPEAKER, 'Before Waterford,—Nov. 1649.'

The Enemy being quartered between the two rivers of Nore and Barrow, and masters of all the passages thereupon; and giving out their resolutions to fight us, thereby, as we conceived, labouring to get reputation in the countries, and occasion more strength,—it was thought fit our Army should march towards them. Which accordingly upon Thursday the 15th instant was done. The Major-General and Lieutenant-General[1] (leaving me very sick at Ross behind them), with two battering guns, advanced towards Inistioge; a little walled Town about five miles from Ross, upon the Nore, on the south side thereof, which was possessed by the Enemy. But a party of our men under the command of Colonel Abbot, the night before, approaching the gates, and attempting to fire the same, the Enemy ran away through the River, leaving good store of provisions behind them.

Our Commanders hoped by gaining this Town to have gained a pass.[2] But indeed there fell so much sudden wet as made the River unpassable, by that time the Army was come up. Whereupon, hearing that the Enemy lay about two miles off upon the River, near Thomastown, a pretty large walled Town upon the Nore, on the north side thereof, having a bridge over the River,—our Army marched thither. But the Enemy had broken the bridge, and garrisoned the Town; and in the view of our Army, marched away to Kilkenny,—seeming, though I believe they were double our number, to *decline* an engagement. Which they had the power to have necessitated us unto; but 'which it' was noways in our power, if they would stand upon the advantage of the Passes, to engage them unto;—nor indeed 'was it in our power' to continue out two days longer, having almost spent all the bread they[3] carried with them.

Whereupon, seeking God for direction, they resolved to send a good party of horse and dragoons under Colonel Reynolds to Carrick; and to march the residue of the Army back towards Ross,—to gain more bread for the prosecution of that design, if by the blessing of God it should take. Colonel Reynolds, marching with twelve troops of horse, and three troops of

[1] Ireton and Jones.

[2] A ford over the River.

[3] "they" and "them" mean *we* and *us:* the swift-rushing sentence here alters its personality from first person to third, and so goes on.

dragoons, came betimes in the morning to Carrick. Where, dividing himself into two parties,—whilst they were amazed with the one, he entered one of the Gates with the other. Which their soldiers perceiving, divers of them and their officers escaped over the River in boats: about an hundred officers and soldiers 'were' taken prisoners, without the loss of one man on our part. In this place is a very good Castle, and one of the ancientest seats belonging to the Lord of Ormond, in Ireland: the same was rendered without any loss also, where were good store of provisions for the refreshing of our men.

The Colonel giving us speedy intelligence of God's mercy in this, we agreed to march, with all convenient speed, the residue of the Army up thither. Which accordingly was done, upon Wednesday and Thursday the 21st and 22nd of this instant; and, through God's mercy, I was enabled to bear them company. Being come hither, we did look at it as an especial good hand of Providence to give us this place; inasmuch as it gives us a passage over the River Suir to the City of Waterford, and indeed into Munster to our shipping and provisions, which before were beaten from us out of Waterford Bay by the Enemy's guns. It hath given us also opportunity to besiege or block up Waterford; and we hope our gracious God will therein direct us also. It hath given us also the opportunity of our guns, ammunition, and victual; and indeed quarter for our horse, which could not have subsisted much longer: so sweet a mercy was the giving of this little place unto us.

Having rested there a night, and by noon of the next day gotten our Army over the River;—leaving Colonel Reynolds with about One-hundred-and-fifty foot, his own six troops of horse, and one troop of dragoons, with a very little ammunition according to the smallness of our marching store;—we marched away towards Waterford, upon Friday the 23d; and on Saturday about noon came before the City. The Enemy, being not a little troubled at this unsuspected business (which indeed was the mere guidance of God), marched down with great fury towards Carrick, with their whole Army, resolving to swallow it up; and upon Saturday the 24th, assault the place round, thinking to take it by storm. But God had otherwise determined. For the troopers and the rest of the soldiers, with stones [1] did so pelt them, they 'were forced to draw off; after' continuing near four hours under the walls; 'after' having burnt the Gates, which our men barricaded up with stones; and likewise

[1] Having only "a very little ammunition" and small use of guns (see Whitlocke, p. 418; Ludlow, etc.).

'having' digged under the walls, and sprung a small mine, which flew in their own faces. But they left about forty or fifty men dead under the Walls; and have drawn off, as some say, near four-hundred more, which they buried up and down the fields; besides what are wounded. And, as Inchiquin himself confessed in the hearing of some of their soldiers lately come to us, 'this' hath lost him above a thousand men.—The Enemy was drawing off his dead a good part of the night. They were in such haste upon the assault, that they killed their own trumpeter as he was returning with an Answer to the Summons sent by them. Both in the taking and defending of this place Colonel Reynolds his carriage was such as deserves much honour.[1]

Upon our coming before Waterford,[2] I sent the Lieutenant-General with a regiment of horse, and three troops of dragoons, to endeavour the reducing of the Passage Fort: a very large Fort with a Castle in the midst of it, having five guns planted in it, and commanding the River better than Duncannon; it not being much above musket-shot over, where this Fort stands; and we can bring up hither ships of three-hundred tons, without any danger from Duncannon. Upon the attempt, though our materials were not very apt for the business, yet the Enemy called for quarter,—and had it, and we the place. We also possessed the guns which the Enemy had planted to beat our ships out of the Bay, two miles below. By the taking of this Fort, we shall much straiten Duncannon from provisions by water, as we hope they are not in a condition to get much by land; besides the advantage it is to us to have provisions to come up the River.

It hath pleased the Lord, whilst these things have been thus transacting here, to add to your interest in Munster, Bandon Bridge; the town, as we hear, upon the matter, thrusting out young Jephson,[3] who was their Governor; or else he deserting it upon that jealousy. As also Kinsale, and the Fort there:—out of which Fort Four-hundred men marched upon articles, when it was surrendered. So that now, by the good hand of the Lord, your interest in Munster is near as good already as ever it was since this War began. I sent a party about two days ago to my Lord of Broghil; from whom I expect to have an account of all.

[1] We shall hear of Reynolds again.

[2] Letters to and from the Mayor of Waterford on this occasion: Appendix, No. 14.

[3] "Young Jephson," I suppose, is the son of Jephson, Member for Stockbridge, Hants; one of those whom Pride purged away;—not without reason, as is here seen.

Sir, what can be said in these things? Is it an arm of flesh that hath done these things? Is it the wisdom, and counsel, or strength of men? It is the Lord only. God will curse that man and his house that dares to think otherwise! Sir, you see the work is done by a Divine leading. God gets into the hearts of men, and persuades them to come under you. I tell you, a considerable part of your Army is fitter for an hospital than the field: if the Enemy did not know it, I should have held it impolitic to have writ this. They know it, yet they know not what to do.

I humbly beg leave to offer a word or two. I beg of those that are faithful, that they give glory to God. I wish it may have influence upon the hearts and spirits of all those that are now in place of Government, in the greatest trust,—that they may all in heart draw near to God; giving Him glory by holiness of life and conversation; 'and' that these unspeakable mercies may teach dissenting brethren on all sides to agree, at least, in praising God. And if the Father of the family be so kind, why should there be such jarrings and heart-burnings amongst the children? And if it will not be received That these are the seals of God's approbation of your great Change of Government,—which indeed are no more yours than these victories and successes are ours,—yet let them with us say, even the most unsatisfied heart amongst them, That both are the righteous judgments and mighty works of God. That He hath pulled the mighty from his seat, and calls to an account 'for' innocent blood. That He thus breaks the enemies of His Church in pieces. And let them not be sullen, but praise the Lord,—and think of us as they please; and we shall be satisfied, and pray for them, and wait upon our God. And we hope we shall seek the welfare and peace of our native Country; and the Lord give them hearts to do so too. Indeed, Sir, I was constrained in my bowels to write thus much. I ask your pardon; and rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

An Able Editor in the old Newspapers has been inexpressibly favoured with the sight of a Letter to "an Honourable Member of the Council of State"; Letter dated "Cork, 18th December 1649"; wherein this is what we still read: "Yesterday my Lord Lieutenant came, from Youghal the head-quarter, unto Cork; my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, and divers other Gentlemen and Commanders attending his Excellency. Who hath

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 71-73).

received here very hearty and noble entertainment. To-morrow the Major-General " Ireton " is expected here:—both in good health, God be praised. This week, I believe, they will visit Kinsale, Bandon Bridge, and other places in this Province that have lately declared for us, and that expect a return of his affection and presence, which joys many. Some report here that the Enemy burns towns and provisions near our quarters: but the example may at length turn to their own greatest prejudice. Colonel Deane and Colonel Blake, our Sea-Generals, are both riding in Cork Harbour." [1]

Dated on the morrow is this Letter:

LETTER CXVII

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England; These.

MR. SPEAKER, Cork, 19th December 1649.

Not long after my last to you from before Waterford,—by reason of the tempestuousness of the weather, we thought fit, and it was agreed, To march away to Winter-quarters, to refresh our men until God shall please to give further opportunity for action.

We marched off, the 2d of this instant; it being so terrible a day as ever I marched in all my life. Just as we marched off in the morning,—unexpected to us, the Enemy had brought an addition of near Two-thousand horse and foot to the increase of their Garrison: which we plainly saw at the other side of the water. We marched that night some ten or twelve miles through a craggy country, to Kilmac Thomas; a Castle some eight miles from Dungarvan. As we were marching off in the morning from thence, the Lord Broghil,—I having sent before to him to march up to me,—sent a party of horse, to let me know, He was, with about Twelve or Thirteen hundred of the Munster horse and foot, about ten miles off, near Dungarvan, which was newly rendered to him.

In the midst of these good successes, wherein the kindness and mercy of God hath appeared, the Lord, in wisdom, and for gracious ends best known to Himself, hath interlaced some things which may give us cause of serious consideration what

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 73).

His mind therein may be. And we hope we wait upon Him, desiring to know, and to submit to His good pleasure. The noble Lieutenant-General,[1]—whose finger, to our knowledge, never ached in all these expeditions,—fell sick; we doubt, upon a cold taken upon our late wet march, and ill accommodation: and went to Dungarvan, where, struggling some four or five days with a fever, he died; having run his course with so much honour, courage, and fidelity, as his actions better speak than my pen. What England lost hereby, is above me to speak. I am sure, I lost a noble friend, and companion in labours. You see how God mingles out the cup unto us. Indeed we are at this time a crazy company:—yet we live in His sight; and shall work the time that is appointed us, and shall rest after that in peace.[2]

But yet there hath been some sweet at the bottom of the cup; —of which I shall now give you an account. Being informed that the Enemy intended to take-in the Fort of Passage, and that Lieutenant-General Ferral with his Ulsters [3] was to march out of Waterford, with a considerable party of horse and foot, for that service,—I ordered Colonel Zanchy, who lay on the north side of the Blackwater, To march with his regiment of horse, and two pieces of two troops of dragoons to the relief of our friends. Which he accordingly did; his party consisting in all of about Three-hundred-and-twenty. When he came some few miles from the place, he took some of the Enemy's stragglers in the villages as he went; all which he put to the sword: seven troopers of his killed thirty of them in one house. When he came near the place, he found the Enemy had close begirt it, with about Five-hundred Ulster foot under Major O'Neil; Colonel Wogan also, the Governor of Duncannon, with a party of his, with two great battering guns and a mortar-piece, and Captain Browne, the Governor of Ballihac, were there. Our men furiously charged them; and beat them from the place. The Enemy got into a place where they might draw up; and the Ulsters, who bragged much of their pikes, made indeed for the time a good resistance: but the horse, pressing sorely upon them, broke them; killed near an Hundred upon the place; took Three-hundred-and-fifty prisoners,—amongst whom, Major O'Neil, and the Officers of Five-hundred Ulster foot, all but those which were killed; the renegado Wogan, with twenty-four of Ormond's kurisees, and the Governor of Ballihac, etc. Concerning some of these, I hope I shall not trouble your justice.

This mercy was obtained without the loss of one on our part,

[1] Michael Jones: Ludlow (i. 304) is a little misinformed.
[2] Yes, my brave one; even so!
[3] Ulster-men.

only one shot in the shoulder. Lieutenant-General Ferral was come up very near, with a great party to their relief; but our handful of men marching toward him, he shamefully hasted away, and recovered Waterford. It is not unworthy taking notice, That having appointed a Day of public Thanksgiving throughout our territories in Ireland, as well as a week's warning would permit, for the recovery of Munster,—which proves a sweet refreshment to us, even prepared by God for us, after our weary and hard labour,—That that very day, and that very time, while men were praising God, was this deliverance wrought.

Though the present state of affairs bespeaks a continuance of charge, yet the same good hand of Providence, which hath blessed your affairs hitherto, is worthy to be followed to the uttermost. And who knows, or rather who hath not cause to hope, that He may, in His goodness, put a short period to your whole charge? Than which no worldly thing is more desired and endeavoured by

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Ormond witnessed this defeat at Passage, from some steeple, or "place of prospect" in Waterford; and found the "Mayor," whom he sent for, a most unreasonable man.[2]

"The renegado Wogan;" Captain Wogan, once in the Parliament service, joined himself to Hamilton and the Scots in 1648; "bringing a gallant troop along with him." His maraudings, pickeerings, onslaughts, and daring chivalries became very celebrated after that. He was not slain or hanged here at Passage;[3] there remained for him yet, some four years hence, his grand feat which has rendered all the rest memorable: "that of riding right through England, having rendezvoused at Barnet, with a Party of Two-hundred horse," to join Middleton's new Scotch Insurrection in the Highland Hills; where he, soon after, died of consumption and some slight hurt.[4]—What "kurisees" are, I do not know; may be *cuirassiers*, in popular locution: some nickname for Ormond's men,—whom few loved; whom the Mayor of Waterford, this very day, would not admit into his Town even for the saving of Passage Fort.[5] With certain of these "*your* justice" need not be troubled.

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 73, 74).
[2] Carte, ii. 103; whose account is otherwise very deficient.
[3] Appendix, No. 15.
[4] Clarendon, iii. 679; Whitlocke, Heath's Chronicle, etc.
[5] Carte, ii. 103.

This Letter, with two others, one from Ireton and one from Broghil, all dated Cork, 19th December, were not received in the Commons House till Tuesday 8th January; such were then the delays of the winter post. On which same day it is resolved, That the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland be desired to come over, and give his attendance here in Parliament.[1] Speaker is ordered to write him a letter to that effect.

"The ground of this resolution," says Whitlocke, "was That the news of the King's coming to Scotland became more probable than formerly." Laird Winram's dealings with him, and Cromwell's successes, and the call of Necessity are proving effectual! "And," continues Whitlocke, "the proceedings of the Scots in raising of new forces gave an alarm to the Parliament: and some of their Members who had discoursed with the Lord General Fairfax upon those matters, and argued how necessary it would be to send an Army into Scotland to divert the war from England,—had found the General wholly averse to any such thing; and, by means of his Lady, who was a strict Presbyterian, to be more a friend to the Scots than they," those Members, "wished. Therefore they thought this a fit time to send for the Lieutenant of Ireland, the rather as his Army was now drawn into winter-quarters."[2]

The Lord Lieutenant thought, or was supposed to think, of complying straightway, as the old Newspapers instruct us; but on better counsel, the Scotch peril not being very imminent as yet, decided "to settle Ireland in a safe posture" first. Indeed the Letter itself is long in reaching him; and the rumour of it, which arrives much sooner, has already set the Enemy on false schemes, whereof advantage might be taken.[3]

Meanwhile, in Munster, in Ireland generally, there is much to be done, on the great scale and on the small. Some days before the last Letter gets into the Speaker's hands, here is another, a private one, travelling towards Philip Lord Wharton, whom we transiently saluted last year at Knaresborough.[4]

[1] Commons Journals, vi. 343, 4.
[2] Whitlocke, p. 422. [3] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 77).
[4] Appendix, No. 16: Letter, of 31st December, recommending a Chief-Justice for Munster.

LETTER CXVIII

Lord Wharton, when we last saw him, was of the Derby-House Committee, a busy man and manager; but he is not now of the Council of State; having withdrawn from all management, into a painful inquiring condition. One of our zealous Puritans and Patriots, but much troubled with cautious dubitations; involved in "reasonings," in painful labyrinths of constitutional and other logic, for the present. Of which sort there are now many. Who indignantly drew the sword, and long zealously fought and smote with it, nothing doubting; and are now somewhat astonished at the issue that has come of it! Somewhat uncertain whether these late high actings, executing judgment on your King, abolition of your House of Lords, and so forth, are owned by the Eternal Powers or not owned. Of Temporal Powers there is clearly none that will own them; and unless the other do—? The Lord Lieutenant intimates, in his friendliest way, that surely it is indispensable to have "satisfaction" on that score; also that it is perilous not to get it; and furthermore that labyrinths of constitutional and other logic are by no means the course towards that.

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These.

My dear Friend, my Lord, Cork, 1st Jan. 1649.

If I know my heart, I love you in truth: and therefore if, from the jealousy of unfeigned love, I play the fool a little, and say a word or two at guess, I know you will pardon it.

It were a vain thing, by Letter, to dispute-over your doubts, or undertake to answer your objections. I have heard them all; and *I* have rest from the trouble of them, and 'of' what has risen in my own heart; for which I desire to be humbly thankful. I do not condemn your reasonings; I doubt them. It's easy to object to the glorious Actings of God, if we look too much upon Instruments! I have heard computations made of the Members in Parliament: "The good kept out, the worst left in,"[1] etc.:—it has been so these nine years: yet what hath God wrought? The greatest works *last;* and still is at work! Therefore take heed of this scandal.

[1] Original has, "most bad remaining": "these nine years" means, ever since the Parliament first met.

Be not offended at the manner ' of God's working '; perhaps no other way was left. What if God accepted *their* zeal, ' even ' as He did that of Phinehas,[1] whom *reason* might have called before a jury! What if the Lord have witnessed His approbation and acceptance to this ' zeal ' also,—not only by signal outward acts, but to the heart ' of good men ' too? What if I fear, my Friend should withdraw his shoulder from the Lord's work,—Oh, it's grievous to do so!—through scandals, through false mistaken reasonings—?

" There's difficulty, there's trouble; here, in the other way, there's safety, ease, wisdom: in the one no clearness,"—this is an objection indeed,—" in the other satisfaction."— —" Satisfaction ": it's well if we thought of that first, and ' as ' severed from the other considerations,[2] which do often bias, if not bribe the mind. Whereby mists are often raised in the way we should walk in, and we call it darkness or " dissatisfaction ": Oh, our deceitful hearts! Oh, this flattering world! How great is it to be the Lord's servant in any drudgery[3]— —(I thought not to have written near ' so far as ' the other side: love will not let me alone; I have often been provoked ' to it by you ')— —in all hazards His worst is far above the world's best! He makes us able, in truth, to say so; we cannot of ourselves. How hard a thing is it to *reason* ourselves up to the Lord's service, though it be so honourable; how easy to put ourselves out there, where the flesh has so many advantages!—

You were desired to go along with us: I wish it still.[4] Yet we are not triumphing;—we may, for aught flesh knoweth, *suffer* after all this: the Lord prepare us for His good pleasure! You were with us in the Power of things: why not in the Form? I am persuaded your heart hankers after the hearts of your poor Friends; and will, until you can find others to close with: which, I trust, though we in ourselves be contemptible, God will not let you do!

[1] " And behold, one of the Children of Israel came, and brought unto his brethren a Midianitish woman; in the sight of Moses, and in the sight of all the Congregation of the Children of Israel, who were weeping before the door of the Tabernacle of the Congregation,"—by reason of those very sins. " And when Phinehas the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron the Priest, saw it, he rose up from among the Congregation, and took a javelin in his hand; and he went after the man of Israel into the tent, and thrust both of them through, the man of Israel and the woman, through the belly. So the plague was stayed from the Children of Israel." (*Numbers*, xxv. 6-8.)

[2] of " safety," profit, etc.

[3] Turns the leaf, we perceive.

[4] Shadow of condescension, implied in this, strikes his Excellency; which he hastens to retract.

My service to the dear little Lady: I wish you make her not a greater temptation 'to you, in this matter,' than she is! Take heed of all relations. Mercies should not be temptations: yet we too oft make them so. The Lord direct your thoughts into the obedience of His will, and give you rest and peace in the Truth. Pray for

Your most true and affectionate
Servant in the Lord,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I received a Letter from Robert Hammond, whom truly I love in the Lord with most entire affection: it much grieved me, not because I judged, but feared the whole spirit of it was from temptation;—indeed I thought I perceived a proceeding in that; which the Lord will, I trust, cause him to unlearn. I would fain have written to him, but am straitened in time. Would he would be with us a little! Perhaps it would be no hurt to him.[1]

Of Wharton and his dubitations, which many share in, we shall again hear. Of Wharton, young Colonel Hammond, young Colonel Montague, Tom Westrow, Henry Lawrence, idle Dick, men known to us, and men unknown;—of them and their abstruse "reasonings," and communings with the Lord Lieutenant in St. James's Park, we shall have a hint by and by. Some of whom received full "satisfaction," and others never could.

Here is a kind of Epistle General, in a quite other tone, intended to give "satisfaction" to a quite other class, if they are capable of it.

[1] Gentleman's Magazine (London, 1814), lxxxiv. p. 418. Given there without editing; no notice whence: clearly genuine.——*Note to Third Edition.* Original, in autograph, endorsed by Wharton, "rec: 30th January 1649, from my Lord Leefetennant of Ireland, from Ireland," is now (1848) in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; *Postscript* here is added from the Original. This Letter, and two others to be given by and by (CXLVI. and CLXXXI.), came to the Fitzwilliam Museum, some thirty years ago; discovered "among the Court-rolls of the Manor of Wymondham Cromwell, Norfolk."

DECLARATION

OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, FOR THE UNDECEIVING OF DELUDED PEOPLE

THE "Supreme Council of Kilkenny," still more the Occult "Irish Hierarchy" which was a main element thereof, remains, and is like to remain, a very dark entity in History: little other, after all one's reading, than a featureless gaunt shadow; extinct, and the emblem to us of huge noises that are also extinct. History can know that it *had* features once:—of fierce dark-visaged Irish Noblemen and Gentlemen; dark-visaged Abbases O'Teague, and an Occult Papist Hierarchy; earnestly planning, perorating, excommunicating, in a high Irish tone of voice: alas, with general result which Nature found *untrue*. Let there be noble pity for them in the hearts of the noble. Alas, there was withal some glow of real Irish Patriotism, some light of real human valour, in those old hearts: but it had parted company with Fact; came forth enveloped in such huge embodiment of headlong ferocity, of violence, hatred, noise, and general unveracity and incoherency, as—as brought a Cromwell upon it at last! These reflections might lead us far.—

What we have to say here is, that in the present expiring condition of the Irish Rebellion, nearly trodden to destruction now, it has been judged very fitting, That there be an end of excommunication for the present, and a real attempt at union instead. For which object there has, with much industry, been brought-about a "Conventicle," or general Meeting of the Occult Hierarchy, at a place called Clonmacnoise, in the month of December last. Clonmacnoise, "Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise"; some kind of Abbey then; now a melancholy tract of ruins, "on some bare gravelly hills," among the dreary swamps of the Shannon; nothing there but wrecks and death,—for the bones of the Irish Kings lie there, and burial there was considered to have unspeakable advantages once:—a Ruin now, and dreary Golgotha among the bogs of the Shannon; but an Abbey then, and fit for a Conventicle of the Occult Hierarchy, "which met on the 4th of December 1649," for the purpose above-said. There, of a certainty, in the cold days of December 1649, did the Occult Hierarchy meet,—warmed, we hope, by good log-fires and abundant turf,—and "for somewhat less than three weeks" hold consultation. The real issue of which has now, after Two-

hundred years, come to be very different from the then apparent one!

The then apparent issue was a "Union"; worthless "superficial Union," as Carte[1] calls it; skin-deep, which was broken again within the month, and is of no interest to us here. But it chanced also that, to usher-in this worthless "Union," the Occult Hierarchy published in print a Manifesto, or general Injunction and Proclamation to the Irish People; which Manifesto coming under the eye of the Lord Lieutenant, provoked an Answer from him. And this Answer, now resuscitated, and still fit to be read by certain earnest men, Irish and other: this we may define as the real issue for us, such as it is. One of the remarkablest State-Papers ever issued by any Lord Lieutenant; which, if we could all completely *read* it, as an earnest Editor has had to try if he could do, till it became completely luminous again, and glowed with its old veracity and sacred zeal and fire again, might do us all some good perhaps!—

The Clonmacnoise Manifesto exists also, as a small brown Pamphlet of six leaves, "printed at Kilkenny and reprinted at London in January 1649";[2] but is by no means worth inserting here. It is written in a very smooth, indeed vague and faint style, the deeply discrepant humours at Clonmacnoise not admitting of any other for their "superficial Union"; and remains, in the perusal, mostly insignificant, and as if obliterated into dim-gray,—till once, in the Lord Lieutenant's fiery illumination, some traits of it do come forth again. Here is our short abstract of it, more than sufficient for present purposes.

"The Kilkenny Pamphlet starts by a preamble, in the form of Public Declaration; setting forth, with some brevity, That whereas various differences had existed in the Catholic Party, said differences do now and shall, blessed be Heaven, all reconcile themselves into a real 'Union'; real Union now, by these presents, established, decreed, and bound to exist and continue: —signed duly by all the Occult Hierarchy, twenty Bishops more or less, *Antonius Clonmacnosensis* among the rest. This is the *first* part of the Clonmacnoise Manifesto: this is to be read in every Church for certain Sundays; and do what good it can.— Follows *next*, similarly signed, a short set of 'Acts,' special Orders to Priests and People at large, as to what they are to do by way of furthering said Union, and bringing good success to

[1] Life of Ormond, ii. 105-110.

[2] King's Pamphlets, large 4to, no. 43, § 5; the London Reprint, or the day of purchasing it by the old Collector, is dated with the pen "31st January" 1649-50.

the Cause. Among which Orders we recognise one for masses, universal prayers (not wholly by machinery, we hope); and, with still more satisfaction, another for decisively putting down, or at least in every way discountenancing, those bands called 'Idle-Boys' (ancestors of Captain Rock, one perceives), who much infest the country at present.

"Our Manifesto then, *thirdly*, winds up with an earnest admonition, or Exhortation General, to the People of Ireland high and low, Not to be deceived with any show of clemency, or 'moderate usage,' exercised upon them hitherto; inasmuch as it is the known intention of the English Parliament to exterminate the whole of them; partly by slaughter, partly by banishment 'to the Tobacco Islands' and hot West-India localities, whither many have already been sent. Known intention; as can be deduced by the discerning mind from clear symptoms, chiefly from these two: *First*, that they, the English Parliament, have passed an 'Act of Subscription,' *already* disposing of Irishmen's estates to English Money-lenders: and then *second*, That they have decided to extirpate the Catholic Religion,—which latter fact, not to speak of their old Scotch Covenant and the rest, may be seen with eyes, even from this Lord Lieutenant's own expressions in his Letter to the Governor of Ross;[1] which are quoted. To extirpate the Catholic Religion: how can they effect this but by extirpating the professors thereof? Let all Irishmen high and low, therefore, beware; and stand upon their guard, and adhere to the superficial Union: slaughter, or else banishment to the Tobacco Islands, being what they have to expect."— —It is by this *third* or concluding portion of the Clonmacnoise Manifesto that the Lord Lieutenant's wrath has been chiefly kindled: but indeed he blazes athwart the whole Document, athwart it and along it, as we shall see, like a destroying sword, and slashes in pieces it and its inferences, and noxious delusions and deludings, in a very characteristic style.

What perhaps will most strike the careless modern reader, in the Clonmacnoise Manifesto with its "inferences" of general extermination, is that "show of moderate usage at present"; and the total absence of those "many Inhabitants" butchered at Drogheda lately: total absence of those; and also of the "Two-hundred Women in the Marketplace of Wexford," who in modern times have even grown "Two-hundred beautiful Women" (all young, and in their Sunday clothes for the occasion), and figure still, in the Irish Imagination, in a very horrid manner. They are known to Abbé Macgeohegan, these interest-

[1] Antea, p. 70.

ing Martyrs, more or less; to Philopater Irenæus, to my Lord Clarendon, Jacobite Carte, and other parties divided by wide spaces and long centuries from them; but not to this Occult Hierarchy sitting deliberative close at hand, and doing their best in the massacre way, who are rather concerned to guard us against shows of clemency exercised hitherto! This circumstance, and still more what Cromwell himself says on the subject of "massacring," will strike the modern reader; and the "Two-hundred Women," and some other things, I persuade myself, will profitably vanish from the Marketplace henceforth!

So soon as convenient, that wretched chimera will do well to vanish;—and also, I think, a certain terrible fact, which the Irish Imagination pretends to treat sometimes as a chimera, might profitably return, and reassert itself there. The Massacre of 1641 was not, we will believe, premeditated by the Leaders of the Rebellion; but it is an awful truth, written in sun-clear evidence, that it did happen;—and the noble-minded among the men of Ireland are called to admit it, and to mourn for it, and to learn from it! To the ear of History those "ghosts" still shriek from the Bridge of Portnadown,[1] if not now for just vengeance on their murderers, yet for pity on them, for horror at them: and no just man, whatever his new feelings may be, but will share more or less the Lord Lieutenant Cromwell's old feelings on that matter. It must not be denied, it requires to be admitted! As an act of blind hysterical fury, very blind and very weak and mad, and at once quite miserable and quite detestable, it remains on the face of Irish History; and will have to remain till Ireland cease, much more generally than it has yet done, to mistake loud bluster for inspired wisdom, and spasmodic frenzy for strength;—till, let us say, Ireland *do an equal act* of magnanimous forbearance, of valour in the silent kind! Of which also we have by no means lost hope. No:—and if among the true hearts of Ireland there chanced to be found one who, across the opaque angry whirlwind in which all Cromwell matters are enveloped for him, could recognise, in this thunder-clad figure of a Lord Lieutenant now about to speak to him, the veritable Heaven's Messenger clad in thunder; and accept the stern true message *he* brings—!— Who knows? That too, we believe, is coming; and with it many hopeful things. But to our Declaration, however that may be.

[1] Affidavits, taken in 1641-44: in Sir John Temple's History of the Irish Massacre and Rebellion (Maseres's edition, London, 1812), pp. 85-123; May's History of the Long Parliament, and the contemporary Books *passim*.

A Declaration of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, For the Undeceiving of Deluded and Seduced People: which may be satisfactory to all that do not wilfully shut their eyes against the light. In answer to certain late Declarations and Acts, framed by the Irish Popish Prelates and Clergy, in a Conventicle at Clonmacnoise.

HAVING lately perused a Book printed at Kilkenny in the year 1649, containing divers Declarations and Acts of the Popish Prelates and Clergy, framed in a late Conventicle at Clonmacnoise, the 4th day of December in the year aforesaid,—I thought fit to give a brief Answer unto the same.

And first to the first;—which is a Declaration, wherein (having premised the reconciliation of some differences among themselves, 'and the hearty "Union" they have now attained to') they come to state 'the reasons of' their War, 'grounding it' upon "the interest of their Church, of his Majesty and the Nation," and their resolution to prosecute the same with unity. All which will deserve a particular survey.

The Meeting of the Archbishops, Bishops and other Prelates at Clonmacnoise is by them said to be *proprio motu*. By which term they would have the world believe that the Secular Power hath nothing to do to appoint, or superintend, their Spiritual Conventions, as they call them;—although in the said meetings they take upon them to intermeddle in all Secular Affairs; as by the sequel appears.—But first for their "Union" they so much boast of. If any wise man shall seriously consider what they pretend the grounds of their "differences" to have been, and the way and course they have taken to reconcile the same; and their expressions thereabout, and the ends for which, and their resolutions how to carry on their great Design declared for: he must needs think slightly of their said "union."[1] And also for this, That they resolve all other men's consent 'and reconciliation' into their own; without consulting *them* at all.

The subject of this reconciliation was, as they say, "the Clergy and Laity." The discontent and division itself was grounded on the late difference of opinion happening amongst the "Prelates and Laity."—I wonder not at differences in opinion, at discontents and divisions, where so Antichristian and dividing a term as "Clergy and Laity" is given and received. A term unknown to any save the Antichristian Church, and such as derive themselves from her: *ab initio non fuit sic*. The most pure and primitive

[1] "it" in *orig.*

Times, as they best know what true *union* was, so in all addresses to the several Churches they wrote unto, not one word of this. The members of the Churches are styled " Brethren, and Saints of the same household of Faith ": ' and ' although they had orders and distinctions amongst them for administration of ordinances, —of a far different use and character from yours,—yet it nowhere occasioned them to say, *contemptim*, and by way of lessening in contradistinguishing, " Laity and Clergy." It was your pride that begat this expression. And it is for filthy lucre's sake that you keep it up: that by making the People believe that they are not so holy as yourselves, they might for their penny purchase some sanctity from you; and that you might bridle, saddle and ride them at your pleasure; and do (as is most true of you) as the Scribes and Pharisees of old did by their " Laity,"—keep the knowledge of the Law from them, and then be able in their pride to say, " This people, that know not the Law, are cursed."

And no wonder,—to speak more nearly to your " differences " and " union,"—if it lie in the Prelates' power to make the Clergy and the Laity go together by the ears when they please, but that they may as easily make a simple and senseless reconciliation! Which will last until the next Nuncio comes from Rome with supermandatory advices; and then this Gordian knot must be cut, and the poor " Laity " forced to dance to a new tune.

I say not this as being troubled at your " union." By the grace of God, we fear not, we care not for it. Your covenant, ' if you understood it,' is with Death and Hell! Your union is like that of Simeon and Levi: " Associate yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; take counsel together, and it shall come to naught! "—For though it becomes us to be humble in respect of ourselves, yet we can say to you: God is not with you. You say, Your union is " against a common enemy ": and to this, if you will be talking of " union," I will give you some wormwood to bite on; by which it will appear God is not with you.

Who is it that created this " common enemy " (I suppose you mean Englishmen)? The English? Remember, ye hypocrites, Ireland was once united to England. ' That was the original " union." ' Englishmen had good inheritances which many of them purchased with their money; they and their ancestors, from you and your ancestors. They had good Leases from Irishmen, for long times to come; great stocks thereupon; houses and plantations erected at their own cost and charge. They lived peaceably and honestly amongst you. You had generally equal benefit of the protection of England with them; and equal justice from the Laws,—saving what was necessary for the State,

out of reasons of State, to put upon some few people, apt to rebel upon the instigation of such as you. You broke *this* " union ! " You, unprovoked, put the English to the most unheard-of and most barbarous Massacre (without respect of sex or age) that ever the Sun beheld. And at a time when Ireland was in perfect Peace. And when, through the example of English Industry, through commerce and traffic, that which was in the Natives' hands was better to them than if all Ireland had been in their possession, and not an Englishman in it. And yet then, I say, was this unheard-of villany perpetrated,—by your instigation, who boast of " peace-making " and " union against this common enemy." What think you: by this time, is not my assertion true? Is God, will God be, with you?

I am confident He will not! And though you would comprehend Old English, New English, Scotch, or whom else you will, in the bosom of your catholic charity, yet shall not this save you from breaking. I tell you and them, You will fare the *worse* for their sakes. Because I cannot but believe some of them go against, some stifle, their consciences. And it is not the fig-leaf of pretence " that they fight for their King," will serve their turn; when really they fight in protection of men of so much prodigious ' guiltiness of ' blood; and with men who have declared the ground of their " union " and fighting, as you have stated it in this your Declaration, to be *Bellum Prælaticum et Religiosum*, in the first and primary intention of it. Especially when they shall consider your principles: ' and ' that except what fear makes you comply with,—viz. that alone without their concurrence you are not able to carry on your work of War,—you are ready, whenever you shall get the power into your hands, to kick them off too, as some late experiences have sufficiently manifested!—And thus we come to the Design, you being thus wholesomely " united," which is intended to be prosecuted by you.

Your words are these: " That all and every of us the above Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates, are now, by the blessing of God, as one body united. And that we will, as becometh charity and our pastoral charge, stand all of us as one entire body, for the interests and immunities of the Church, and of every the Bishops and Prelates thereof; and for the honour, dignity, estate, right and possessions of all and every of the said Archbishops, Bishops and other Prelates. And we will, as one entire and united body, forward by our counsels, actions and devices, the advancement of his Majesty's Rights, and the good of this Nation, in general and in particular occasions, to our power.

And that none of us, in any occasion whatsoever concerning the Catholic religion, or the good of this Kingdom of Ireland, will in any respect single himself; or be or seem opposite to the rest of us; but will hold firm and entire in one sense, as aforesaid, etc."

And now, if there were no other quarrel against you but this, which you make to be the principal and first ground of your Quarrel:—to wit, As so standing for the rights of your "Church," falsely so called, and for the rights of your "Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates," as to engage People and Nations into blood therefor:—this alone would be your confusion. I ask you, Is it for the "Lay-fee," as you call it, or for the Revenue belonging to your Church, that you will after this manner contend? Or is it your Jurisdiction, or the exercise of your Ecclesiastical Authority? Or is it for the Faith of your Church? Let me tell you, Not for all or any of these is it lawful for the Ministers of Christ, as you would be thought to be, thus to contend. And therefore we will consider them apart.

For the first, if it were "St. Peter's Patrimony," as you term it,—that would be somewhat that you lawfully came by! But I must tell you, Your predecessors cheated poor seduced men in their weakness on their deathbeds; or otherwise *un*lawfully came by most of this you pretend to. 'Not St. Peter's Patrimony, therefore, whosoever it may be!' And Peter, though he was somewhat too forward to draw the sword in a better cause,—yet if that weapon, not being proper to the business in hand, was to be put up in *that* case,—he must not, nor would he, have drawn it in *this*. And that blessed Apostle Paul, who said, "the labourer was worthy of his hire," chose rather to make tents than be burdensome to the Churches. I would you had either of those Good Men's spirits; on condition your Revenues were doubled to what the best times ever made them to your predecessors!—The same answer may be given to that of your "Power and Jurisdiction"; and to that pre-eminence of Prelacy you so dearly love. Only consider what the Master of these same Apostles said to them: "So it shall not be amongst *you*. Whoever will be chief shall be servant of all!" For He himself came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. And by this he that runs may read of what tribe you are.

And 'now' surely if these, that are outward things, may not thus be contended for; how much less may the Doctrines of Faith, which are the works of Grace and the Spirit, be endeavoured by so unsuitable means! He that bids us "contend for the Faith once delivered to the Saints," tells us that we should do it by "avoiding the spirit of Cain, Corah, and Balaam";

and by " building up *ourselves* in the most holy Faith," not pinning it upon other men's sleeves. Praying " in the Holy Ghost "; not mumbling over Matins. Keeping " ourselves in the love of God "; not destroying men because they will not be of our Faith. " Waiting for the mercy of Jesus Christ; " not cruel, but merciful!—But, alas, why is this said? Why are these pearls cast before you? You are resolved not to be charmed from " using the instrument of a foolish shepherd! " You are a part of Antichrist, whose Kingdom the Scripture so expressly speaks should be " laid in blood "; yea " in the blood of the Saints." You have shed great store of that already:—and ere it be long, you must all of you have " blood to drink "; " even the dregs of the cup of the fury and the wrath of God, which will be poured out unto you! " [1]—

In the next place, you state the " interest of his Majesty," as you say, ' for a ground of this War.' And this you hope will draw some English and Scotch to your party. But what " Majesty " is it you mean? Is it France, or Spain, or Scotland? Speak plainly! You have, some of you lately, been harping,—or else we are misinformed,—upon his Majesty of *Spain* to be your Protector. Was it because his Majesty of Scotland was too little a Majesty for your purpose? We know you love great Majesties! Or is it because he is not fully come over to you in point of religion? If he be short in that, you will quickly find out, upon that score, another " Majesty." His Father, who complied with you too much, you rejected; and now would make the world believe you would make the Son's interest a great part of the state of your Quarrel.—How can we but think there is some reserve in this? And that the Son has agreed to do somewhat more for you than ever his Father did? Or else tell us, Whence this new zeal is? That the Father did too much for you, in all Protestant judgments,—instead of many instances let this be considered: what one of your own Doctors, Dr. Enos of Dublin ' says '; who, writing against the Agreement made between the Lord of Ormond and the Irish Catholics, finds fault with it, and says it was " nothing so good as that ' which ' the Earl of Glamorgan had warrant from the King to make; but exceeding far short of what the Lord George Digby had warrant to agree ' to,' with the Pope himself at Rome, in favour of the Irish Catholics." [2]— —I intend not this to you; but to such Protestants as may incline to you, and join with you upon *this* single account, which is the only appearing inducement to them. ' To them I intend it,' seeing there is so much probability of

[1] Read in your Bibles, and consider that! [2] Antea, vol. i. p. 204.

ill in this abstracted;—and so much certainty of ill in fighting for the Romish Religion against the Protestant; and fighting 'along' with men under the guilt of so horrid a Massacre. From participating in which guilt, whilst they take part with them, they will never be able to assoil themselves, either before God or good men.

In the last place, you are pleased,—having, after your usual manner, remembered yourselves *first*, and "his Majesty," as you call him, next; like a man of your tribe, with his *Ego et Rex meus*,—you are pleased to take the People into consideration. Lest they should seem to be forgotten; or rather you would make me believe they are much in your thoughts. Indeed I think they are! Alas, poor "Laity!" That you and your King might ride them, and jade them, as your Church hath done, and as your King hath done by your means, almost in all ages!—But it would not be hard to prophesy, That the beasts being stung and kicking, this world will not last always. Arbitrary power 'is a thing' men begin to be weary of, in Kings and Churchmen; their juggle between them mutually to uphold Civil and Ecclesiastical Tyranny begins to be transparent. Some have cast off *both;* and hope by the grace of God to keep so. Others are at it! Many thoughts are laid up about it, which will have their issue and vent.[1] This principle, That People are for Kings and Churches, and Saints are for the Pope or Churchmen, as you call them, begins to be exploded;—and therefore I wonder not to see the Fraternity so much enraged. I wish "the People" wiser than to be troubled at you; or solicitous for what you say or do.

But it seems, notwithstanding all this, you would fain have them believe it is their good you seek. And to cozen them, in deed and in truth, is the scope of your whole Declaration, and of your Acts and Decrees in your foresaid Printed Book. Therefore to discover and unveil those falsities, and to let them, 'the People,' know what they are to trust to from me, is the principal end of this my Declaration. That if I be not able to do good upon them, which I most desire,—and yet in that I shall not seek to gain them by flattery; but tell them the worst, in plainness, and that which I am sure will not be acceptable to *you;* and if I *cannot* gain them, 'I say,'—I shall have comfort in this, That I have freed my own soul from the guilt of the evil that shall ensue. And on this subject I hope to leave nothing unanswered in all your said Declarations and Decrees at Clonmacnoise.

[1] Paris City A.D. 1789-95!

And because you carry on your matter somewhat confusedly, I shall therefore bring all that you have said into some order; that so we may the better discern what everything signifies, and give answer thereunto.

You forewarn the People of their danger; which you make to consist: First, " in the extirpation of the Catholic Religion; " Secondly, " in the destruction of their Lives; " Thirdly, " in the ruin of their Fortunes."—To avoid all which evils you forewarn them: *First,* That they be not deceived by the Commander-in-Chief of the Parliament Forces: And in the *next* place,—having stated ' the ground of ' your War, as aforesaid,—you give them your positive advice and counsel To engage in blood: And ' then ' *lastly* ' you ' bestow upon them a small collation in Four Ecclesiastical Decrees or Orders,—which will signify as little, being performed by your spirit, as if you had said nothing. And the obligation ' that lay on you ' to all this you make to be your Pastoral relation to them, " over your Flocks."

To which last a word or two.[1] I wonder how this relation was brought about! If they *be* " Flocks," and you ambitious of the relative term? ' Yes,' you are *Pastors:* but it is by an antiphrasis,—*a minime pascendo!* You either teach the People not at all; or else you do it, as some of you came to this Conventicle who were sent by others, *tanquam Procuratores,*—' teach them,' as your manner is, by sending a company of silly ignorant Priests, who can but say the Mass, and scarcely that intelligibly; or with such stuff as these your senseless Declarations and Edicts!—But how dare you assume to call these men your " Flocks," whom you have plunged into so horrid a Rebellion, by which you have made them and the Country almost a ruinous heap? And whom you have fleeced and polled and peeled hitherto, and make it your business to do so still. You cannot feed them! You poison them with your false, abominable and antichristian doctrine and practices. You keep the Word of God from them; and instead thereof give them your senseless Orders and Traditions. You teach them " implicit belief ": —he that goes amongst them may find many that do not understand anything in the matters of your Religion. I have had few better answers from any since I came into Ireland that are of your Flocks than this, " That indeed they did not trouble themselves about matters of Religion, but left that to the Church." Thus are your " Flocks " fed; and such credit have you of them. But they must take heed of " losing their Religion." Alas, poor creatures, what have they to " lose "?

[1] The Lord Lieutenant is very impatient with " this last "; flies at it *first.*

Concerning this, 'of losing their Religion,' is your grand caveat, 'however.' And to back this, you tell them of "Resolutions and Covenants to extirpate the Catholic Religion out of all his Majesty's Dominions." And you instance in "Cromwell's Letter of the 19th October 1649, to the then Governor of Ross," [1] repeating his words, which are as follows, viz. "For that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience, you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, Where the Parliament of England have power, *that* will not be allowed of." And this you call a "tyrannical Resolution"; which you say hath been put in execution in Wexford, Ross and Tredah.

Now let us consider. First, you say, The design is, to extirpate the Catholic Religion. Let us see your honesty herein. Your word "extirpate" is as ill collected from these grounds, and as senseless as the word "Catholic," ordinarily used by you when you mention Catholic Roman Church. The word "extirpate" means 'ruin of' a thing already *rooted* and established: which word 'is' made good by the proof of "Covenants," by that Letter expressing the non-toleration of the Mass (wherein, it seems, you place all the "Catholic Religion," and *there* you show some ingenuity [2]), and 'by' your instance of what was practised in the three Towns aforementioned: do these prove, either considered apart or all together, the "extirpation" of the Catholic Religion?

By what Law was the Mass 'ever *rooted*, or' exercised in these places, or in any the Dominions of England or Ireland, or Kingdom of Scotland? You were *intruders* herein; you were open violators of the known Laws! And yet you call the "Covenant," and that 'refusal' in the Letter, and these practices 'at Wexford, Ross and Tredah,' "extirpation" of the Catholic Religion,—'which had' thus again 'been' set on foot by you, by the advantage of your Rebellion, and shaking-off the just Authority of the State of England over you! Whereas, I dare be confident to say, You durst not own the saying of one Mass, 'for' above these eighty years in Ireland. And 'only' through the troubles you made, and through the miseries you brought on this Nation and the poor People thereof,—your numbers, which is very ominous, increasing with the 'numbers of the' *wolves*, through the desolations you made in the Country;—'only by all this' did you recover again the public exercise of your Mass! And for the maintenance of this, thus gained, you would make the

[1] Antea, p. 70.

[2] Means "ingenuousness," as usual.

poor People believe that it is ghostly counsel, and given in love to them as your "Flocks," That they should run into Wars, and venture lives, and all upon such a ground as this! But if God be pleased to unveil you of your sheeps-clothing, that they, 'the People,' may see how they have been deluded, and by whom, I shall exceedingly rejoice; and indeed for their sakes only have I given you these competent characters,—for *their* good, if God shall so bless it.

And now for them, 'the People of Ireland,' I do particularly declare what they may expect at my hands in this point. Wherein you will easily perceive that, as I neither have 'flattered' nor shall flatter you, so neither shall I go about to delude them with specious pretences, as you have ever done.

First, therefore: I shall not, where I have power, and the Lord is pleased to bless me, suffer the exercise of the Mass, where I can take notice of it. 'No,' nor 'in any way' suffer you that are Papists, where I can find you seducing the People, or by any overt act violating the Laws established; but if you come into my hands, I shall cause to be inflicted the punishments appointed by the Laws,—to use your own term, *secundum gravitatem delicti*,[1]—upon you; and 'shall try' to reduce things to their former state on this behalf.[2] As for the People, what thoughts they have in matters of Religion in their own breasts I cannot reach; but shall think it my duty, if they walk honestly and peaceably, Not to cause them in the least to suffer for the same. And shall endeavour to walk patiently and in love towards them, to see if at any time it shall please God to give them another or a better mind. And all men under the power of England, within this Dominion, are hereby required and enjoined strictly and religiously to do the same.

To the *second* 'danger threatened'; which is "the destruction of the Lives of the Inhabitants of this Nation":—to make it good that this is designed, they[3] give not one reason. Which is either because they have none to give; or else for that they believe the People will receive everything for truth they say,—which they have too well taught them, and God knows the People are too apt, to do. But I will a little help them. They speak indeed of "rooting out the Common-People"; and also, by way of consequent, that the extirpating the Catholic Religion is not to be effected without the "massacring, destroying or

[1] A phrase in their Pamphlet.
[2] No cozening here!
[3] Is now addressing the People; has unconsciously turned away from the Priests, and put them into the third person.

banishing the Catholic Inhabitants." Which how analogical an argument this is, I shall easily make appear by and by.

Alas, the generality of "the Inhabitants" are poor "Laity," as you call them, and ignorant of the grounds of the "Catholic Religion."[1] Are they then so interwoven with your Church Interest as that the absence of *them* makes your "Catholic Religion" fall to the ground? We know you think not so. You reckon yourselves, and yourselves only, the pillars and supporters thereof; and the Common-People 'useful' as far as they have the exercise of club-law, and, like the ass you ride on, obey your commands. But concerning these relations of your Religion, 'and your right to practise it,' enough has been spoken in another place;—only you love to mix things for your advantage.

But 'now' to your logic. Here is your argument: The design is to extirpate the Catholic Religion; but this is not to be done but by the massacring, banishing or otherwise destroying the Catholic Inhabitants: *ergo* it is designed to massacre, banish and destroy the Catholic Inhabitants.—To try this no-concluding argument,—'nothing-concluding,' but yet well enough agreeing with your learning,—I give you this dilemma; by which it will appear That, whether your Religion be true or false, this will not follow:

If your Religion be the true Religion, yet if a Nation may degenerate from the true Religion, and apostatise, as too many have 'evidently' *done*,—(through the seducements of your Roman Church, 'say *we*'),—then it will not follow that men must be "massacred, banished or otherwise destroyed," necessarily; no, not as to the change of the *true* Religion in a Nation or Country![2] Only, this argument doth wonderfully well agree with your principles and practice; you having chiefly made use of fire and sword, in all the changes in Religion that you have made in the world. 'But I say,' if it be change of your Catholic Religion so-called, it will not follow: because there may be found out another means than "massacring, destruction and banishment"; to wit, the Word of God; which is able to convert. A means which you as little know as practise; which indeed you deprive the People of! 'That means may be found;' together with humanity, good life, equal and honest dealing with men of

[1] Unimportant they, to the vigour or decline of it.

[2] A subtle "dilemma," and very Oliverian; seems to *eat* itself like a Serpent-of-eternity, and be very *circular* reasoning; yet grounds itself, if examined, upon sharp just insight, and has real logical validity. "Call your Religion true, men *have* changed from it without being massacred: admit it to be false, will you say they need massacring? Whatever Religion you may have, I think you have not much Logic to spare!"—

a different opinion;—which we desire to exercise towards this poor People, if you, by your wicked counsel, make them not incapable to receive it, by putting them into blood!

And therefore, by this also 'which you talk of massacring,' your false and twisted dealing may be a little discovered. Well; your words are, "massacre, destroy and banish."—Good now: *give us an instance of one man since my coming into Ireland, not in arms, massacred, destroyed or banished; concerning the massacre or the destruction of whom justice hath not been done, or endeavoured to be done.*[1] As for the other of banishment, I must now speak unto the People, whom you would delude, and whom this most concerns; that they may know in this also what to expect at my hands.

The question is of the destruction of life; or of that which is but little inferior to it, to wit, of banishment. 'Now *First:*' I shall not willingly take or suffer to be taken away the life of any man not in arms, but by the trial to which the People of this Nation are subject by Law, for offences against the same. And '*Secondly*,' as for the banishment, it hath not hitherto been inflicted on any but such who, being in arms, might justly, upon the terms they were taken 'under,' have been put to death:—as 'might' those who are instanced in your Declaration to be "sent to the Tobacco Islands." And therefore I do declare, That if the People be ready to run to arms by the instigation of their Clergy or otherwise, such as God by His providence shall give into my hands may expect that or worse measure from me; but not otherwise.

Thirdly, as to that of "the ruin of their Fortune." You instance the Act of Subscription,[2] "whereby the estates of the Inhabitants of this Nation are sold, so as there remaineth now no more but to put the Purchasers in possession;" and that

[1] "Concerning the two first of which," in *orig.* The italics, in this passage, are mine; and can be removed so soon as Macgeohegan, Carte, Clarendon and Company, have got to be well understood.

[2] At the first breaking-out of the Irish Rebellion into an Irish Massacre, the King's Exchequer being void, and the case like a case of conflagration, an Act was passed, engaging the Public Faith, That whoever would "subscribe" money towards suppressing the said Rebellion in Ireland, and detestable and horrible Massacre of Protestants there, should, with liberal interest, be repaid from the forfeited Estates of the Rebels,—so soon as they were got. This is the "Act of Subscription" spoken of here. His Majesty said: "How will that answer? It is like selling the bear's skin before you have caught your bear." A bargain, nevertheless, which hundreds and thousands entered into, with free purse and overflowing heart; "above a Quarter of a Million" raised by it; generous emotion, and tragic terror and pity, lending sanction to doubtful profit-and-loss. A very wise and just Act of Parliament, the Lord Lieutenant thinks; which did also fulfil its engagements by and by.

for this cause are the Forces drawn out of England. And that you might carry the Interest far, 'so as' to engage the Common sort of People with you, you further say to them, That "the moderate usage 'hitherto' exercised to them is to no other end but to our private advantage, and for the better support of our Army:" 'we' intending at the close of our "conquest," as you term it, "to root out the Common-People also, and to plant the land with Colonies to be brought hither out of England." This, consisting of divers parts, will ask distinct answers.

And first, to the Act of Subscription. It's true there is such an Act:—and it was a just one. For when, by your execrable Massacre and Rebellion, you had not only raised a bloody War to justify the same; and thereby occasioned the exhausting the Treasure of England in the prosecution of so just a War against you,—was it not a wise and just act in the State to raise money by escheating the Lands of those who had a hand in the Rebellion? Was it not fit to make their Estates to defray the charge, who had caused the trouble? The best therefore that lies in this argument is this,—and that only reaching to them who have been in arms, for further it goes not: "You have forfeited your Estates, and it is likely they will be escheated to make satisfaction; and therefore you had better fight it out than repent or give-off now;—or 'else,' see what mercy you may find from the State of England. And seeing holy Church is engaged in it, we will, by one means or another, hook-in the Commons, and make them sensible that they are as much concerned as you, though they were never in arms, or come quickly off!"—And for this cause doubtless are these two coupled together; by which your honest dealing is manifest enough.

But what? Was the English Army brought over for *this* purpose, as you allege? Do you think that the State of England will be at Five or Six Millions charge merely to procure Purchasers to be invested in that for which they did disburse little above a Quarter of a Million? Although there be a Justice in that also, which ought, and I trust will be seasonably performed toward them.—No, I can give you a better reason for the Army coming over than this. England hath had experience of the blessing of God in prosecuting just and righteous Causes, whatever the cost and hazard be![1] And if ever men were engaged in a righteous Cause in the world, this will scarce be a second to it. We are come to ask an account of the innocent blood that hath been shed; and to endeavour to bring to an account,—by the blessing and presence of the Almighty, in whom alone is our hope and strength,

[1] Hear this Lord Lieutenant!

—all who, by appearing in arms, seek to justify the same. We come to break the power of a company of lawless Rebels, who having cast off the Authority of England, live as enemies to Human Society; whose principles, the world hath experience, are, To destroy and subjugate all men not complying with them. We come, by the assistance of God, to hold forth and maintain the lustre and glory of English Liberty [1] in a Nation where we have an undoubted right to do it;—wherein the People of Ireland (if they listen not to such seducers as you are) may equally participate in all benefits; to use 'their' liberty and fortune equally with Englishmen, if they keep out of arms.

And now, having said this to you, I have a word to *them;* that in this point, which concerns them in their estates and fortunes, they may know what to trust to. Such as have been formerly in arms, may, submitting themselves, have their cases presented to the State of England;—where no doubt the State will be ready to take into consideration the nature and quality of their actings, and deal mercifully with them. As for those now in arms, who shall come in, and submit, and give Engagements for their future quiet and honest carriage, and submission to the State of England, I doubt not but they will find like merciful consideration;—except only the Leading Persons and principal Contrivers of this Rebellion, whom I am confident they will reserve to make examples of Justice, whatsoever hazards they incur thereby.—And as for such Private Soldiers as lay down their arms, and shall live peaceably and honestly at their several homes, they shall be permitted so to do.—And, 'in general,' for the first two sorts, 'for such as have been or as now are in arms and shall submit,' I shall humbly and effectually represent their cases to the Parliament, as far as becomes the duty and place I bear. But as for those who, notwithstanding all this, persist and continue in arms, they must expect what the Providence of God, in that which is falsely called the Chance of War, will cast upon them.

For such of the Nobility, Gentry and Commons of Ireland as have not been actors in this Rebellion, they shall and may expect the protection in their Goods, Liberties and Lives which the Law gives them; and in their husbandry, merchandising, manufactures and other trading whatsoever, the same. They behaving

[1] "Liberty," here, which much astonishes our Irish friends, is very far from meaning what in most modern dialects it now does. "Liberty," with this Lord Lieutenant, means "rigorous settled Obedience to Laws that are just." Which it is very noble indeed to settle, "and hold forth and maintain" against all men. Laws grounded on the eternal Fact of Things,—which is a much preferable "ground" to the temporary Fiction of Things, as set forth at any Clonmacnoise, Kilkenny, or other Supreme Centre-of-Jargon, there or elsewhere, that has been or that can be!

themselves as becomes honest and peaceable men; testifying their good affections, upon all occasions, to the service of the State of England, equal justice shall be done them with the English. They shall bear proportionably with them in taxes. And if the Soldiery be insolent upon them, upon complaint and proof, it shall be punished with utmost severity, and they protected equally with Englishmen.

And having said this, and purposing honestly to perform it,—if this People shall headily run on after the counsels of their Prelates and Clergy and other Leaders, I hope to be free from the misery and desolation, blood and ruin that shall befall them; and shall rejoice to exercise utmost severity against them.

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'[1]

'Given at Youghal,—January 1649.'

This Declaration, as appears here, does not date or even expressly sign itself: but by search, chiefly in a certain Manuscript Fragment, which will by and by concern us farther,[2] we find that it was drawn up at Youghal after the 15th, and came forth printed at Cork before the 29th of January; on which latter day the Army took the field again. And so we leave this Declaration;—one of the remarkablest State-Papers ever published in Ireland since Strongbow, or even since St. Patrick, first appeared there.

LETTERS CXIX—CXXI

THE Speaker's Letter of Recall has never yet reached Ireland; and the rumour of it already has; which, as we intimated, sets the Enemy on fresh schemes, whereof advantage might be taken. The unwearied Lord Lieutenant, besides his labours known to us, has been rehabilitating Courts of Justice in Dublin, settling contributions, and doing much other work; and now, the February

[1] *Declaration*, etc. as above given. *Licensed by the Secretary of the Army. Printed at Cork: and reprinted at London, by E. Griffin, and are to be sold in the Old Bailey; March 21st*, 1649. King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 462, § 6. In Ayscough MSS. no. 4769 (a Fragment of an anonymous Contemporary Narrative, which will by and by be more specially referred to), are some two pages of this *Declaration*, transcribed from the Cork Edition: the concluding words are not, "exercise utmost severity against them," but "act severity against them," which probably is the true reading.

[2] Ayscough MSS. no. 4769 (Fragment of a Narrative, referred to in the previous Note), pp. 100 *et seqq.*

or even January weather being unusually good, he takes the field again, in hopes of perhaps soon finishing. The unhappy Irish are again about excommunicating one another; the Supreme Council of Kilkenny is again one wide howl; and Ormond is writing to the King to recall him. Now is the Lieutenant's time; the February weather being good!

LETTER CXIX

HERE is another small excerpt from Bulstrode, which we may take along with us; a small speck of dark Ireland and its affairs rendered luminous for an instant. To which there is reference in this Letter. We saw Enniscorthy taken on the last day of September, the "Castle and Village of Enniscorthy," "which belongs to Mr. Robert Wallop"; a Garrison was settled there; and this in some three months' time is what becomes of it.

9th January 1649, Letters reach Bulstrode, perhaps a fortnight after date, "That the Enemy surprised Enniscorthy Castle in this manner: Some Irish Gentlemen feasted the Garrison Soldiers; and sent in women to sell them strong-water, of which they drank too much; and then the Irish fell upon them, took the Garrison, and put all the Officers and Soldiers to the sword." Sharp practice on the part of the Irish Gentlemen; and not well advised! Which constrained the Lord Lieutenant, when he heard of it, to order "that the Irish," Papist or suspected Irish, "should be *put out* of such Garrisons as were in the power of Parliament,"[1]—sent to seek quarters elsewhere.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

MR. SPEAKER, Castletown, 15th Feb. 1649.

Having refreshed our men for some short time in our Winter-quarters,[2] and health being pretty well recovered, we thought fit to take the field; and to attempt such things as God by His providence should lead us to upon the Enemy.

Our resolution was to fall into the Enemy's quarters two ways. The one party, being about fifteen or sixteen troops of horse and dragoons and about two-thousand foot, were ordered to go up by the way of Carrick into the County of Kilkenny under the command of Colonel Reynolds; whom Major-General Ireton was to

[1] Whitlocke, p. 421.

[2] Youghal had been the head-quarter.

follow with a reserve. I myself was to go by the way of Mallow,[1] over the Blackwater, towards the County of Limerick and the County of Tipperary, with about twelve troops of horse, and three troops of dragoons, and between two and three hundred foot.

I began my march upon Tuesday the Nine - and - twentieth of January, from Youghal: and upon Thursday the One-and-thirtieth, I possessed a Castle called Kilkenny, upon the edge of the County of Limerick; where I left thirty foot. From thence I marched to a Strong-house belonging to Sir Richard Everard (called Clogheen),[2] who is one of the Supreme Council; where I left a troop of horse and some dragoons. From thence I marched to Roghill Castle, which was possessed by some Ulster foot, and a party of the Enemy's horse; which upon summons (I having taken the Captain of horse prisoner before) was rendered to me. These places being thus possessed gave us much command (together with some other holds we have) of the White-Knights' and Roche's Country; and of all the land from Mallow to the Suir-side;—especially by 'help of' another Castle, called Old Castle-town, 'which,' since my march, 'was' taken by my Lord of Broghil. Which I had sent to his Lordship to endeavour; as also a Castle of Sir Edward Fitzharris, over the Mountains in the County of Limerick;—I having left his Lordship at Mallow, with about six or seven hundred horse, and four or five hundred foot, to protect those parts, and your interest in Munster; lest while we were abroad, Inchiquin, whose forces lay about Limerick and the County of Kerry, should fall in behind us. His Lordship drew two cannon to the aforesaid Castle; which having summoned, they refused. His Lordship, having bestowed about ten shot upon it, which made their stomachs come down,—he gave all the soldiers quarter for life; and shot all the Officers, being six in number, to death. Since the taking of these Garrisons, the Irish have sent their commissioners to compound for their contribution as far as the walls of Limerick.

I marched from Roghill Castle over the Suir, with very much difficulty; and from thence to Fethard, almost in the heart of the County of Tipperary; where was a Garrison of the Enemy. The Town is most pleasantly seated; having a very good Wall with round and square bulwarks, after the old manner of fortifications. We came thither in the night, and indeed were very much distressed by sore and tempestuous wind and rain. After a long march, we knew not well how to dispose of ourselves; but

[1] "Muyallo" he writes, and "Mayallo."

[2] "Cloghern" in the old Newspaper; but it seems to be misprinted, as all these names are. "Roghill" I find nowhere now extant.

finding an old Abbey in the suburbs, and some cabins and poor houses,—we got into them, and had opportunity to send 'the Garrison' a summons. They shot at my trumpet; and would not listen to him, for an hour's space: but having some Officers in our party whom they knew, I sent them, To let them know I was there with a good part of the Army. We shot not a shot at them; but they were very angry, and fired very earnestly upon us; telling us, It was not a time of night to send a summons. But yet in the end, the Governor was willing to send out two commissioners,—I think rather to see whether there was a force sufficient to force him, than to any other end. After almost a whole night spent in treaty, the Town was delivered to me the next morning, upon terms which we usually call honourable; which I was the willinger to give, because I had little above Two-hundred foot, and neither ladders nor guns, nor any thing else to force them. That night, there being about Seventeen companies of the Ulster foot in Cashel, above five miles from thence, they quit it in some disorder; and the Sovereign and the Aldermen sent to me a petition, desiring that I would protect them. Which I have also made a quarter.

From thence I marched towards Callan; hearing that Colonel Reynolds was there, with the Party before mentioned. When I came thither, I found he had fallen upon the Enemy's horse, and routed them (being about a hundred), with his forlorn; 'he' took my Lord of Ossory's Captain-Lieutenant, and another Lieutenant of horse, prisoners;—and one of those who betrayed our Garrison of Enniscorthy; whom we hanged. The Enemy had possessed three Castles in the Town; one of them belonging to one Butler, very considerable; the other two had about a hundred or hundred-and-twenty men in them,—which 'latter' he attempted; and they, refusing conditions, seasonably offered, were put all to the sword. Indeed some of your soldiers did attempt very notably in this service:—I do not hear there were six men of ours lost. Butler's Castle was delivered upon conditions, for all to march away, leaving their arms behind them. Wherein I have placed a company of foot, and a troop of horse, under the command of my Lord Colvil; the place being six miles from Kilkenny. From hence Colonel Reynolds was sent with his regiment to remove a Garrison of the Enemy's from Knocktofer (being the way of our communication to Ross); which accordingly he did.

We marched back with the rest of the body to Fethard [1] and

[1] Letter, "Fethard, 9th February," to Colonel Phayr, Governor of Cork, for reinforcements: Appendix, No. 17.

Cashel: where we are now quartered,—having good plenty both of horse meat and man's meat for a time; and being indeed, we may say, even almost in the heart and bowels of the Enemy; ready to attempt what God shall next direct. And blessed be His name only for this good success; and for this 'also,' That we do not find our men are at all considerably sick upon this expedition, though indeed it hath been very blustering weather.—

I had almost forgot one business: The Major-General was very desirous to gain a Pass over the Suir; where indeed we had none but by boat, or when the weather served. Wherefore, on Saturday in the evening, he marched with a party of horse and foot to Ardfinnan; where was a Bridge, and at the foot of it a strong Castle. Which he, about four o'clock the next morning, attempted;—killed about thirteen of the Enemy's outguard; lost but two men, and eight or ten wounded: the Enemy yielded the place to him, and we are possessed of it,—being a very considerable Pass, and the nearest to our Pass at Cappoquin over the Blackwater, whither we can bring guns, ammunition, or other things from Youghal by water, and 'then' over this Pass to the Army. The County of Tipperary have submitted to 1,500*l.* a-month contribution, although they have six or seven of the Enemy's Garrisons yet upon them.

Sir, I desire the charge of England as to this War may be abated as much as may be, and as we know you do desire, out of your care to the Commonwealth. But if you expect your work to be done, if the marching Army be not constantly paid, and the course taken that hath been humbly represented,—indeed it will not be for the thrift of England, as far as England is concerned in the speedy reduction of Ireland. The money we raise upon the Counties maintains the Garrison forces; and hardly that. If the active force be not maintained, and all contingencies defrayed, how can you expect but to have a lingering business of it? Surely we desire not to spend a shilling of your treasury, wherein our consciences do not prompt us. We serve you; we are willing to be out of[1] our trade of war; and shall hasten, by God's assistance and grace, to the end of our work, as the labourer doth to be at his rest. This makes us bold to be earnest with you for necessary supplies:—that or money is one. And there be some other things,—which indeed I do not think for your service to speak of publicly, which I shall humbly

[1] to have done with.

represent to the Council of State,—wherewith I desire we may be accommodated.

Sir, the Lord, who doth all these things, gives hopes of a speedy issue to this business; and, I am persuaded, will graciously appear in it. And truly there is no fear of the strength and combination of enemies round about, nor of slanderous tongues at home. God hath hitherto fenced you against all those, to wonder and amazement; they are tokens of your prosperity and success:—only it will be good for you, and us that serve you, to fear the Lord; to fear unbelief, self-seeking, confidence in an arm of flesh, and opinion of any instruments that they are other than as dry bones. That God be merciful in these things, and bless you, is the humble prayer of, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Commons Journals, 25th February 1649-50: "A Letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from Castletown, 15° *Februarii* 1649, was this day read; and ordered to be forthwith printed and published. *Ordered*, That a Letter of Thanks be sent to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and that Mr. Scott do prepare the Letter; and that Mr. Speaker do sign the same. *Resolved*, That the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland have the use of the Lodgings called the Cockpit, of the Spring Garden and St. James's House, and the command of St. James's Park."

This Letter of Thanks, and very handsome *Resolution* did, as we shall find, come duly to hand. The Cockpit was then and long afterwards a sumptuous Royal "Lodging" in Whitehall; Henry the Eighth's place of cock-fighting:—stood till not very long ago, say the Topographers, where the present Privy-Council Office is. The Cromwell Family hereupon prepared to remove thither; not without reluctance on Mrs. Cromwell's part, as Ludlow intimates.

LETTER CXX

DEEP sunk among the Paper-Masses of the British Museum is an anonymous Fragment of a *Narrative of Oliver's Campaign in Ireland;* Fragment copied, as would seem, several generations ago, from an earlier Original, the beginning and end of which

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 77); see also Commons Journals, 25th February 1649-50.

were already lost,—torn off by careless hands, and consumed as waste paper. The Copyist, with due hopeful punctuality, has left blank leaves at the beginning and end: but to no purpose; they are and continue blank leaves. In this mutilated obscure state, it lies among the Manuscripts of the British Museum;—will perhaps be printed by some Dryasdust Society, in time.[1] It is by no means a Narrative of much merit: entirely anonymous, as we say, without specific date or outward indication of any kind; but written as if by a contemporary or even a fellow-actor, in a flat, diffuse, but authentic and exact manner. In obscure cases, as we have already found, it is worth consulting, here and there;—contains, in particular, the following and some other unimportant Cromwell Letters, not found elsewhere, which we make a duty of preserving.

For the Governor of Cahir Castle: These.

SIR, 'Before Cahir,' 24th February 1649.

Having brought the Army and my cannon near this place,—according to my usual manner in summoning places, I thought fit to offer you Terms, honourable for soldiers: That you may march away, with your baggage, arms and colours; free from injury or violence. But if I be necessitated to bend my cannon upon you, you must expect the extremity usual in such cases.

To avoid blood, this is offered to you by,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

What became of Cahir Castle, of it and of others, will appear in the next Letter.

[1] It is already printed, and has been for a hundred years,—though the sleepy Catalogues give no sign! As Appendix to the Reprint of [Borlace's] *History of the Irish Rebellion* (Dublin, 1743), the Piece is given entire, with "Mr. Cliffe, Ireton's Secretary," specified as Author. The Museum Copy "wants only some three lines at one end and fifteen at the other"; and has "insignificant verbal variations" from the Printed Copy, where they have been collated. Our sole authority here is still the Manuscript. (*Note to Third Edition.*)

[2] Narrative Fragment (in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769, cited above).

LETTER CXXI

'*For the Honourable John Bradshaw, Esquire, President of the Council of State: These.*'

'SIR,' Cashel, 5th March 1649.

* * * It pleaseth God still to enlarge your interest here. The Castle of Cahir, very considerable, built upon a rock, and seated in an island in the midst of the Suir, was lately rendered to me. It cost the Earl of Essex, as I am informed, about eight weeks siege with his army and artillery.[1] It is now yours without the loss of one man. So also is the Castle of Kiltinan; a very large and strong Castle of the Lord of Dunboyne's; this latter I took-in with my cannon, without the loss of a man.

We have taken the Castle of Golden Bridge, another pass upon the Suir; as also the Castle of Dundrum, at which we lost about six men,—Colonel Zanchy, who commanded the party, being shot through the hand. We have placed another strong Garrison at Ballynakill, upon the edge of King's and Queen's Counties. We have divers Garrisons in the County of Limerick; and by these we take away the Enemy's subsistence, and diminish their contributions. By which in time, I hope they will sink.

* * *

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

LETTERS CXXII—CXXXII

HENRY CROMWELL, "Colonel Henry," and the Lord Broghil are busy with Inchiquin in Limerick County, to good purpose; as other Colonels are with other rebels elsewhere, everywhere; and our Enemies will not stand, but have marched to Kilkenny."

[1] In 1599 (Camden; in Kennet, ii. 614); but the "eight weeks" are by no means mentioned in Camden! The Castle, a rather extensive building, overlooking from its rock "the left bank of the main stream of the River," is now a barrack for soldiers. Anciently, and still, a chief place of the *Butler* Family.

[2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 77): see also Commons Journals (vi. 381), 12th March 1649-50.

Kilkenny once taken, "it is not thought they will be able to recruit their Army, or take the field again this summer." On Friday 22d March, the Lord Lieutenant comes in view of Kilkenny: here, out of dim old pamphlets and repositories, readjusted into some degree of clearness, is sufficient record of what befell there. The first Summons goes on Friday evening:

LETTER CXXII

To the Governor, and Mayor and Aldermen, of the City of Kilkenny: These.

'Before Kilkenny,' 22d March 1649.

GENTLEMEN,

My coming hither is to endeavour, if God so please to bless me, the reduction of the City of Kilkenny to their obedience to the State of England;—from which, by an unheard-of Massacre of the innocent English, you have endeavoured to rend yourselves. And as God hath begun to judge you with His sore plagues, so will He follow you until He hath destroyed you, if you repent not. Your Cause hath been judged already in England upon them who did abet your evils:[1] what may the Principals then expect?—

By this free dealing, you see I entice you not to a compliance. You may have Terms 'such as' may save you in your lives, liberties and estates, according to what may be fitting for me to grant and you to receive. If you choose for the worst, blame yourselves. In confidence of the gracious blessing and presence of God with His own Cause, which by many testimonies this is —I shall hope for a good issue upon my endeavours.

Expecting a return from you, I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

In Kilkenny are two military Governors, one of the City, one of the Castle; a Mayor with his citizens and civic Functionaries;

[1] Connor Lord Macguire (*State Trials*, iv. 654-754, 7th Feb. 1644-5), he and others have had public trial, doom and death, long since, for that: by the Law of England, well ascertained, known, and acted on, this long while, it is death to have been concerned in that.

[2] Narrative Fragment (in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769): found likewise, with date 23d March, in King's Pamphlets, sm. 4to, no. 464, art. 2; where the rest of these Kilkenny Letters are.

not to speak of Priests, miscellaneous clerical or other wreck of the once Supreme Council of Kilkenny, now hastily exploded: all of whom this Letter of Friday evening throws into the natural agitation,—into the necessity of some swift resolution conjunct or several. On the morrow morning, Butler, "Sir Walter Butler," Governor of the City, answers with lion heart, or at least with lion voice and face, laconically in the name of all:

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 23 Martii 1649.

"SIR,—Your Letter I have received; and in answer thereof:—I am commanded to maintain this City for his Majesty; which, by the power of God, I am resolved to do.—Sir,—your servant,

"WALTER BUTLER."

So that we have nothing for it but to "take the best view we can where to plant our batteries";—send in the mean while another Letter with more precise explanation of our terms,—Letter now lost,—which probably occupies the Governor and Civic Authorities during Saturday and Sunday; and on Monday morning, by which time our batteries too are about ready, produces from the Governor new emphatic refusal:

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1649 [*should be* 1650].

"SIR,—Your last Letter I received, and in answer:—I have such confidence in God to maintain this place as I will not lose it upon such terms as you offer, but will sooner lose my life and the lives of all that are here rather than submit to such dishonourable conditions. So I rest,—Sir,—your servant,

"WALTER BUTLER."

Whereupon, "on Monday the 25th, our batteries," unhappily only consisting of three guns, will have to open; and for the lion-voiced Governor there goes off this Answer:

LETTER CXXIII

For the Governor of Kilkenny.

'Before Kilkenny,' 25th March 1650.

SIR,

If you had been as clear as I was in my last,[1] I might perhaps have understood you so as to give you some farther answer: but, you expressing nothing particularly what you have to except-against in mine, I have nothing more to return save this, That for some reasons I cannot let your Trumpeter suddenly come back, but have sent you this by a Drummer of my own.

I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Your Trumpeter cannot suddenly come back, "for some reasons," chiefly for this,—that our poor batteries are about to begin to play, and that in fact we have a thought of storming you.—Governor Butler, hearing the batteries begin to play, makes haste to specify his conditions; which still seem rather high:

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1650.

"SIR,—Yours of this instant I received; the particulars which you would have me express are these:

"That the Mayor and Citizens and all the other inhabitants and others now resident in the City and liberties thereof, with their servants, shall be secured with their lives, liberties, estates and goods, and live in their own habitations with all freedom: And that our Clergymen and all others here residing, of what degree, condition or quality soever, that shall be minded to depart, shall be permitted to depart safely hence with their goods and whatsoever they have, to what place soever they please within this realm, and in their departure shall be safely convoyed: And that the said Inhabitants shall have free trade and traffic with all places under the Parliament of England's command and elsewhere: And that the foresaid Inhabitants

[1] Second Letter, now lost.
[2] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, p. 13.

shall have their arms, ammunition and artillery for their own defence, the Town and liberties thereof paying such reasonable contribution as shall be agreed upon, and not to be otherwise charged: And that the Governors, Commanders, Officers and Soldiers, both horse and foot, now garrisoned as well in the Castle as in the City, without exception of any of them, shall safely march hence," whither they list, " with their arms, ammunition, artillery, bag and baggage, and whatsoever else belongs to them; with their drums beating, colours flying, matches burning, and bullet in bouch " (musketeer's " bouch," *bouche* or *cheek*, in which at this epoch he keeps his bullets for immediate use); " and that they have a competent time for their departure and carrying away their goods, with a sufficient and safe convoy. And that Major Nicholas Wall, and all other Commanders, Officers and Soldiers who came out of the English Quarters, now residing here, shall have the benefit of this Agreement. Without which, I am resolved to maintain this place, with God's help.

" Thus expecting your answer, and that during this treaty there shall be a cessation of arms, I rest,—Sir,—your servant,

" WALTER BUTLER."

These terms are still somewhat lion-voiced; but our batteries, such as they are, continue playing; the tone, before next morning, abates a little, and this other Note has gone;—accompanied by one from the Mayor, which is now lost, but of which we can still guess the purport.

" *For General Cromwell.*

" Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1650.

" SIR,—Although I may not doubt, with God's help, to maintain this place, as I have formerly written,—yet I do send the Bearer to let you know, That I am content to treat with you of the Proposals to be made on either side, so that there be a cessation of arms and all acts of hostility during that treaty. So, expecting your answer, I rest,—your servant,

" WALTER BUTLER."

Meanwhile, having spent " about a hundred shot " upon it, a breach discloses itself, which we hope is stormable. Storming party, on Tuesday the 26th, is accordingly drawn out, waiting the signal; and on another side of the City, " Colonel Ewer with 1,000 men " is to assault the quarter called the Irish Town. These Answers go, to their respective destinations.

LETTER CXXIV

For the Governor of Kilkenny.

'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

SIR,

Except the conditions were much bettered, and we in a worse posture and capacity to reduce you than before the last Letters I sent you,—I cannot imagine whence those high Demands of yours arise. I hope in God, before it be long you may have occasion to think other thoughts; to which I leave you.

I shall not so much as treat with you on those Propositions. You desire some articles for honour's sake; which out of honesty, I do deny:—viz. that of marching in the equipage you mention, 'muskets loaded, matches burning, etc.' I tell you my business is to reduce you *from* arms, and the country to quietness and due subjection; to put an end to the War, and not to lengthen it;—wishing, if it may stand with the will of God, this People may live as happily as they did before the bloody Massacre, and better too. If you and the company with you be of those who resolve to continue to hinder this, we know Who is able to reach you, and, I believe, will.

For the Inhabitants of the Town, of whom you seem to have a care, you know your retreat[1] to be better than theirs; and therefore it's not impoliticly done to speak for them, and to engage them to keep us as long from you as they can. If they be willing to expose themselves to ruin for you, you are much beholding unto them.

As for your "Clergymen" as you call them, in case you agree for a surrender, they shall march away safely, with their goods and what belongs to them: but if they fall otherwise into my hands, I believe they know what to expect from me.—If upon what I proposed formerly, with this addition concerning *them*, you expect things to be cleared, I am content to have Commissioners for that purpose. I rest, Sir,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

[1] means of surety and withdrawal.
[2] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 17, 18.

LETTER CXXV

To the Mayor of Kilkenny.

'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

SIR,

Though I could have wished you and the Citizens had been indeed more sensible of your own interests and concernments,—yet since you are minded to involve it so much with that of soldiers, I am glad to understand you, which will be some direction to me what to think and what to do. I rest,

Your friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

On signal given, the storming party at the breach, and Colonel Ewer at the Irish Town fall on: Colonel Ewer with good success; the storming party with indifferent or bad,—finding, after the breach is got, interior retrenchments, counterworks, palisadoes, hot fire; and drawing back, with the loss of "Captain Frewen, and 20 or 30 men." Ewer, however, is master of the Irish Town; the breach is still there,—*more* stormable than Tredah was, it may be hoped! Here in the interim is new anxious response from the Mayor:

"*For the Right Honourable General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 26th March 1650.

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,—I received your Honour's Letter in answer to mine, which I wrote unto your Honour in pursuance of the Propositions sent by our Governor unto your Honour, for obtaining of the said conditions,—which seemed unto us almost befitting to be granted; the military part having exposed themselves for our defence; which obligeth us not to accept of any conditions but such as may be befitting them. I desire your Honour to grant a Cessation of arms, and that Hostages on both sides be sent, and Commissioners appointed to treat of the conditions. I rest,—your Honour's servant,

"JAMES ARCHDAKIN, Mayor of Kilkenny."

To which we answer:

[1] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, p. 14.

LETTER CXXVI

For the Mayor of Kilkenny.

SIR, 'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

Those whom God hath brought to a sense of His hand upon them, and to amend, submitting themselves thereto and to the Power to which He hath subjected them, I cannot but pity and tender: and so far as that effect appears in you and your fellow-citizens, I shall be ready, without capitulation, to do more and better for you and them upon that ground, than upon the high Demands of your Governor, or his capitulations for you.

I suppose he hath acquainted you with what I briefly offered yesterday, in relation to yourself and the Inhabitants;—otherwise he hath the more to answer for to God and man. And notwithstanding the advantages (as to the commanding and entering the Town) which God hath given us since that offer, more than we were possessed of before,—yet I am still willing, upon your surrender, to make good the same to the City, and that with advantage.

Now in regard of that temper which appears amongst you by your Letters,—though I shall not engage for more upon the Governor's demands for you, whose power I conceive is now greater to prejudice and endanger the City than to protect it; 'nevertheless,' to save it from plunder and pillage, I 'have' promised the Soldiery that, if we should take it by storm, the Inhabitants shall give them a reasonable Gratuity in money, in lieu of the pillages; and so made it death for any man to plunder. Which I shall still keep them to, by God's help, although we should be put to make an entry by force,—unless I shall find the Inhabitants engaging still with the Governor and 'his' Soldiery to make resistance. You may see also the way I chose for reducing the place was such as tended most to save the Inhabitants from pillage, and from perishing promiscuously the innocent with the guilty:—to wit, by attempting places which being possessed might bring it to a surrender, rather than to enter the City itself by force.

If what is here expressed may beget resolution in you which

would occasion your safety and be consistent with the end of my coming hither, I shall be glad; and rest,

Your friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Urged by the Mayor, by Colonel Ewer, and the course of destiny, the Governor's lion-voice has abated; he writes:

"*For General Cromwell.*

"Kilkenny, 26 Martii 1650.

"SIR,—In answer of your Letter:—If you be pleased to appoint Officers for a Treaty for the surrender of the Castle and City upon soldierlike conditions, I will also appoint Officers of such quality as are in the Garrison;—provided that Hostages of equality be sent on both sides, and a Cessation of arms be also granted during the Treaty. Assuring a performance, on my side, of all that will be agreed upon, I rest,—Sir,—your servant,

"WALTER BUTLER.

"P.S. I desire to know what's become of my Trumpeter I employed two days ago."

LETTER CXXVII

To the Governor of Kilkenny.

'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

SIR,

That no extremity may happen for want of a right understanding, I am content that Commissioners on each side do meet, in the Leaguer at the South side of the City; authorised to treat and conclude. For which purpose, if you shall speedily send me the names and qualities of the Commissioners you will send out, I shall appoint the like number on my part, authorised as aforesaid, to meet with them; and shall send-in a Safe-conduct for the coming out and return of yours. As for Hostages, I conceive it needless and dilatory. I expect that the Treaty begin by 8 of the clock this evening, and end by 12; during which time only will I grant a Cessation. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest, Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

[1] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 15, 16.
[2] Ibid.

Governor answers, at a late hour: Time is too short; impossible to end so soon; " your Trumpeter did not arrive till *nine :* " —Commissioners are " Major John Crawford, Captain David Turnbull, James Cowley Esq. Recorder of this City, and Edward Rothe Merchant "; these will meet yours, where specified, at six to-morrow morning,—" so as Hostages be sent for their safe return; for without Hostages the Gentlemen will not go."

LETTER CXXVIII

To the Governor of Kilkenny.

SIR, ' Before Kilkenny,' 27th March 1650.

The reason of the so late coming of my answer was because my Trumpeter was refused to be received at the North end of the Town; and where he was admitted, was kept long upon the Guard.

I have sent you a Safe-conduct for the Four Commissioners named by you; and if they be such as are unwilling to take my word, I shall not, to humour them, agree to Hostages. I am willing to a Treaty for four hours, provided it be begun by 12 of the clock this morning: but for a Cessation, the time last appointed for it being past, I shall not agree unto ' it,' to hinder my own proceedings.

Your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

After which straightway, with official Warrant, signed both by the City Governor and by the Castle one (" Ja. Welsh "), come the Four Commissioners; and then speedily the Treaty perfects itself: City and Garrison surrender wholly; City to pay ransom of 2,000*l.* at specified short dates, Recorder Cowley and Merchant Rothe remaining " hostages till it be paid ": Soldiers to march out, " bullet in bouch," with all the honours of war; but at the end of two miles to put bullet out of bouch, arms and war-honours wholly down, and, " except 100 muskets and 100 pikes allowed them for defence against the Tories," go off in an entirely pacific form. Thus go they;—and the Siege of Kilkenny, happily for all parties, for us here among others, terminates.

[1] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2, pp. 15, 16.

LETTER CXXIX

A ROUGH brief Note, on accidental business, " concerning Cork House "; more interesting to the Boyle Genealogists and Dublin Antiquaries than to us.

The " Commissioners at Dublin are Parliamentary Commissioners, of whom there have been various successive sets, the last set just appointed,[1] for various administrative objects,—chiefly, just now, for " Advancement of the Gospel " by " Sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands," to pay fit Preachers with, and provide right Churches for them. " Cork House " is not Lismore, but the Family Mansion in Dublin; it stood on Cork Hill then, and has quite vanished now: the " Dean at Dublin " has or had some interest in it, which might advance the Gospel if bestowed well.

' To the Commissioners at Dublin : These.'

GENTLEMEN, ' Carrick-on-Suir,' 1st April 1650.

Being desired by the Countess of Cork that nothing may be done by way of disposal of such part of Cork House as is holden of the Dean in Dublin (in case my Lord of Cork's interest be determined therein); and that my Lord of Cork may have the refusal thereof before any other, in regard his Father has been at great charge in building thereof, and some part of the same House is [2] my Lord's inheritance, and in that respect the other part would not be so convenient for any other:

Which motion I conceive to be very reasonable. And therefore I desire you not to dispose of any part of the said House to any person whatsoever, until you hear further from me; my Lady having undertaken, in a short time, as soon as she can come at the sight of her writings ' so as ' to be satisfied what interest my Lord of Cork hath yet to come therein, my Lord will renew his term in the said House, or give full resolution therein. I rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

[1] 8th March 1649-50 (Commons Journals, vi. 379): " Colonel John Hewson Governor of Dublin, Sir Robert King, William Hawkins, Daniel Hutchinson, William Lawrence, Esqrs., or any three of them with the consent of the Lord Lieutenant."

[2] " being " *in orig.*

[3] Old Copy, " The Coppie of my Lord Lieutenant's Letter to the Commissioners at Dublin concerninge Corke House," now in the possession of Sir W. Betham, Ulster King of Arms.

"My Lady of Cork," the second Earl's Wife, Lord Broghil's sister-in-law, has good access to the Lord Lieutenant at present: —will find her business drag, nevertheless.[1]

LETTER CXXX

OFFICIAL Despatch, briefly recapitulating that affair of Kilkenny and some others;—points also towards return to England.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

MR. SPEAKER, Carrick, 2d April 1650.

I think the last Letter I troubled you with, was about the taking of Cahir, since which time there were taken, by beating-up their quarters, two Colonels, a Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, and divers Captains, all of horse: Colonel Johnson,[2] Lieutenant-Colonel Laughern, and Major Simes, were shot to death, as having served under the Parliament, but now taken up arms with the Enemy.

Hearing that Castlehaven and Lieutenant-General Ferral were about Kilkenny, with their Army lying there quartered, and about Carlow and Leighlin Bridge; and hearing also that Colonel Hewson, with a good Party from Dublin, was come as far as Ballysonan,[3] and had taken it,—we thought fit to send an express to him, To march up towards us for a conjunction. And because we doubted the sufficiency of his Party to march with that security that were to be wished, Colonel Shilbourn was ordered to go with some troops of horse out of the County of Wexford, which was his station, to meet him. And because the Enemy was possessed of the fittest places upon the Barrow for our conjunction, we sent a Party of seven or eight hundred horse and dragoons, and about five-hundred foot, to attempt upon Castlehaven in the rear, if he should have endeavoured to defend the places against Colonel Hewson.

Our Party, being a light nimble Party, was at the Barrow-side before Colonel Hewson could be heard of; and possessed a

[1] Commons Journals, vi. 434; Lodge's Peerage (Archdall's), i. 170; etc.
[2] The other Colonel, Randall Claydon, was tried and condemned with the others; but pardoned. See Letter in Appendix, No. 21; and Whitlocke. (*Note of* 1857.)
[3] See Whitlocke, p. 430; Carte, ii. 113.

House, by the Graigue: they marched towards Leighlin, and faced Castlehaven at a pretty distance; but he showed no forwardness to engage. Our Party not being able to hear of Colonel Hewson, came back as far as Thomastown, a small walled Town, and a pass upon the Nore, between Kilkenny and Ross. Which our men attempting to take, the Enemy made no great resistance; but, by the advantage of the bridge, quitted the Town, and fled to a Castle about half a mile distant off, which they had formerly possessed. That night the President of Munster[1] and myself came up to the Party. We summoned the Castle; and, after two days, it was surrendered to us; the Enemy leaving their arms, drums, colours and ammunition behind them, and engaging never to bear arms more against the Parliament of England.

We lay still after this about two or three days. The President went back to Fethard, to bring up some great guns, with a purpose to attempt upon the Granny,[2] and some Castles thereabouts, for the better blocking-up of Waterford; and to cause to advance up to us some more of our foot. In the end we had advertisement that Colonel Hewson was come to Leighlin; where was a very strong Castle and pass over the Barrow. I sent him word that he should attempt it; which he did; and, after some dispute, reduced it. By which means we have a good pass over the Barrow, and intercourse between Munster and Leinster. I sent Colonel Hewson word that he should march up to me; and we, advancing likewise with our Party, met 'him,'—near by Gowran; a populous Town, where the Enemy had a very strong Castle, under the command of Colonel Hammond; a Kentishman, who was a principal actor in the Kentish Insurrection,[3] and did manage the Lord Capel's business at his Trial. I sent him a civil invitation to deliver up the Castle unto me; to which he returned me a very resolute answer, and full of height. We planted our artillery; and before we had made a breach considerable, the Enemy beat a parley for a treaty; which I, having offered so fairly to him, refused; but sent him in positive conditions, That the soldiers should have their lives, and the Commission Officers to be disposed of as should be thought fit; which in the end was submitted to. The next day, the Colonel, the Major, and the rest of the Commission Officers were shot to death; all but one, who, being a very earnest instrument to have the Castle delivered, was pardoned. In the same Castle also we took a Popish Priest, who was chap-

[1] Ireton (Commons Journals, 4th December 1649).
[2] Now a ruin near Waterford; he spells it "Gramo."
[3] In 1648. None of our Hammonds.

lain to the Catholics in this regiment; who was caused to be hanged. I trouble you with this the rather, because this regiment was the Lord of Ormond's own regiment. In this Castle was good store of provisions for the Army.

After the taking of this Castle, it was agreed amongst us to march to the City of Kilkenny. Which we did upon Friday the 22d of March: and coming with our body within a mile of the Town, we advanced with some horse very near unto it; and that evening I sent Sir Walter Butler and the Corporation a Letter. We took the best view we could where to plant our batteries; and upon Monday the 25th, our batteries, consisting of three guns, began to play. After near a hundred shot, we made a breach, as we hoped stormable. Our men were drawn out ready for the attempt; and Colonel Ewer 'was' ordered, with about one-thousand foot, to endeavour to possess the Irish Town, much about the time of our storming;—which he accordingly did, with the loss of not above three or four men. Our men upon the signal fell on upon the breach: which indeed was not performed with usual courage nor success; for they were beaten off, with the loss of one Captain, and about twenty or thirty men killed and wounded. The Enemy had made two retrenchments or counterworks, which they had strongly palisadoed: and both of them did so command our breach, that indeed it was a mercy to us we did not farther contend for an entrance there; it being probable that, if we had, it would have cost us very dear.

Having possessed the Irish Town; and there being another Walled Town on the other side of the River, eight companies of foot were sent over the River to possess that. Which accordingly was effected, and not above the like number lost that were in possessing the Irish Town. The Officer that commanded this party in chief attempted to pass over the Bridge into the City, and to fire the Gate; which indeed was done with good resolution;—but, lying too open to the Enemy's shot, he had forty or fifty men killed and wounded; which was a sore blow to us. We made our preparations for a second battery; which was well near perfected; 'but' the Enemy, seeing himself thus begirt, sent for a Treaty; and had it; and, in some hours, agreed to deliver up the Castle upon the Articles enclosed. Which, 'accordingly,' we received upon Thursday the 28th of March. —We find the Castle exceeding well fortified by the industry of the Enemy; being also very capacious: so that if we had taken the Town, we must have had a new work for the Castle, which

might have cost much blood and time. So that, we hope, the Lord hath provided better for us; and we look at it as a gracious mercy that we have the place for you upon these terms.

Whilst these affairs were transacting, a Lieutenant-Colonel, three Majors, eight Captains, being English, Welsh and Scotch, with others, possessed of Cantwell Castle,[1]—a very strong Castle, situated in a bog, well furnished with provisions of corn,—were ordered by Sir Walter Butler to come to strengthen the Garrison of Kilkenny. But they sent two Officers to me, to offer me the place, and their service,—that they might have passes to go beyond sea to serve foreign states, with some money to bear their charges: the last whereof 'likewise' I consented to; they promising to do nothing to the prejudice of the Parliament of England. Colonel Abbot also attempted Ennisnag: where were gotten a company of rogues which 'had' revolted from Colonel Jones.[2] The Soldiers capitulated for life, and their two Officers were hanged for revolting. Adjutant-General Sadler was commanded with two guns to attempt some Castles in the County of Tipperary and Kilkenny; which being reduced 'would' exceedingly tend to the blocking-up of two considerable Towns. He summoned Pulkerry, a Garrison under Clonmel; battered it; they refusing to come out, stormed it; put thirty or forty of them to the sword, and the rest remaining obstinate were fired in the Castle. He took Ballopoin; the Enemy marching away, leaving their arms behind them. He took also the Granny and Donkill, two very considerable places to Waterford, upon the same terms.—We have advanced our quarters towards the Enemy, a considerable way above Kilkenny; where we hope, by the gaining of ground, to get subsistence; and still to grow upon the Enemy, as the Lord shall bless us.

Sir, I may not be wanting to tell you, and renew it again, That our hardships are not a few; that I think in my conscience, if moneys be not supplied, we shall not be able to carry on your work:—I would not say this to you, if I did not reckon it my duty so to do. But if it be supplied, and that speedily, I hope, through the good hand of the Lord, it will not be long before England will be at an end of this charge;—for the saving of which, I beseech you help as soon as you can! Sir, our horse have not had one month's pay of five. We strain what we can

[1] "Cantwell," still known among the peasantry by that name, is now called Sandford's Court; close upon Kilkenny: "Donkill" seems to be Donhill, a ruined Strength not far from Waterford. Of Pulkerry and Ballopoin, in this paragraph, I can hear no tidings.

[2] The late Michael Jones.

that the foot may be paid, or else they would starve. Those Towns that are to be reduced, especially one or two of them, if we should proceed by the rules of other states, would cost you more money than this Army hath had since we came over. I hope, through the blessing of God, they will come cheaper to you: but how we should be able to proceed in our attempts without reasonable supply, is humbly submitted and represented to you. I think I need not say, that a speedy period put to this work will break the expectation of all your enemies. And seeing the Lord is not wanting to you, I most humbly beg it, that you would not be wanting to yourselves.

In the last place, it cannot be thought but the taking of these places, and keeping but what is necessary of them, must needs swallow up our Foot: and I may humbly repeat it again, That I do not know of much above Two-thousand of your Five-thousand recruits come to us.—Having given you this account concerning your affairs, I am now obliged to give you an account concerning myself, which I shall do with all clearness and honesty.

I have received divers private intimations of your pleasure to have me come in person to wait upon you in England; as also copies of Votes of the Parliament to that purpose. But considering the way they came to me was but 'by' private intimations, and the Votes did refer to a Letter to be signed by the Speaker,—I thought it would have been too much forwardness in me to have left my charge here, until the said Letter came; it being not fit for me to prophesy whether the Letter would be an absolute command, or having limitations with a liberty left by the Parliament to me, to consider in what way to yield my obedience. Your Letter came to my hands upon Friday the 22d of March, the same day that I came before the City of Kilkenny, and when I was near the same. And I understood by Dr. Cartwright, who delivered it to me, that reason of cross winds, and the want of shipping in the West of England where he was, hindered him from coming with it sooner; it bearing date the 8th of January, and not coming to my hands until the 22d of March.

The Letter supposed your Army in Winter-quarters, and the time of the year not suitable for present action; making this as the reason of your command. And your Forces have been in action ever since the 29th of January; and your Letter, which was to be the rule of my obedience, coming to my hands after our having been so long in action,—with respect had to the reasons you were pleased to use therein, 'I knew not what to

do.' And having received a Letter signed by yourself, of the 26th of February,[1] which mentions not a word of the continuance of your pleasure concerning my coming over, I did humbly conceive it much consisting with my duty, humbly to beg a positive signification what your will is; professing (as before the Lord) that I am most ready to obey your commands herein with all alacrity; rejoicing only to be about that work which I am called to by those whom God hath set over me, which I acknowledge you to be; and fearing only in obeying you, to disobey you.

I most humbly and earnestly beseech you to judge for me, Whether your Letter doth not naturally allow me the liberty of begging a more clear expression of your command and pleasure. Which, when vouchsafed unto me, will find most ready and cheerful obedience from,

Sir,
Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

LETTER CXXXI

HERE, of the same date, is a Letter to Mayor; and then a Letter to Richard; which concludes what we have in Ireland.

For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley in Hampshire: These.

DEAR BROTHER, Carrick, 2d April 1650.

For me to write unto you the state of our affairs here were more indeed than I have leisure well to do; and therefore I hope you do not expect it from me; seeing when I write to the Parliament I usually am, as becomes me, very particular with them; and usually from thence the knowledge thereof is spread.

Only this let me say, which is the best intelligence to Friends that are truly Christian: The Lord is pleased still to vouchsafe us His presence, and to prosper His own work in our hands;—which to us is the more eminent because truly we are a company

[1] Antea, p. 115.

[2] King's Pamphlets, no. 464, art. 2; Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 78-81). Printed, this Letter with the others on Kilkenny, by order of Parliament; messenger, "Richard Lehunt" (Colonel Lehunt, I believe, *antea*, vol. i. p. 269), gets 50*l.* (Commons Journals, vi. 397, 13th April 1650).

of poor weak worthless creatures. Truly our work is neither from our own brains nor from our courage and strength: but we follow the Lord who goeth before, and gather what He scattereth, that so all may appear to be from Him.

The taking of the City of Kilkenny hath been one of our last works; which indeed I believe hath been a great discomposing the Enemy,—it's so much in their bowels. We have taken many considerable places lately, without much loss. What can we say to these things! If God be for us, who can be against us? Who can fight against the Lord and prosper? Who can resist His will? The Lord keep us in His love.

I desire your prayers; your Family is often in mine. I rejoice to hear how it hath pleased the Lord to deal with my Daughter.[1] The Lord bless her, and sanctify all His dispensations to them and us. I have committed my Son to you; I pray counsel him. Some Letters I have lately had from him have a good savour: the Lord treasure up grace there, that out of that treasury he may bring forth good things.

Sir, I desire my very entire affection may be presented to my dear Sister, my Cousin Ann and the rest of my Cousins,—and to idle Dick Norton when you see him. Sir, I rest,

Your most loving brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

LETTER CXXXII

For my beloved Son Richard Cromwell, Esquire, at Hursley in Hampshire: These.

DICK CROMWELL, Carrick, 2d April 1650.

I take your Letters kindly; I like expressions when they come plainly from the heart, and are not strained nor affected.

I am persuaded it's the Lord's mercy to place you where you are: I wish you may own it and be thankful, fulfilling all relations to the glory of God. Seek the Lord and His face continually:—let this be the business of your life and strength, and let all things be subservient and in order to this! You cannot

[1] In a hopeful way, I conclude! Richard's first child, according to Noble's registers, was not born till 3d November 1652 (Noble, i. 189); a boy, who died within three weeks. Noble's registers, as we shall soon see, are very defective.

[2] Harris, p. 512.

find nor behold the face of God but in Christ; therefore labour to know God in Christ; which the Scripture makes to be the sum of all, even Life Eternal. Because the true knowledge is not literal or speculative; 'no,' but inward; transforming the mind to it. It's uniting to, and *participating of*, the Divine Nature (*Second Peter*, i. 4): 'That by these ye might be partakers of the Divine Nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through *lust*.' It's such a *knowledge* as Paul speaks of (*Philippians*, iii. 8-10): 'Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. For whom I have suffered the loss of all things; and do count them but dung that I may win Christ, and be found in Him,—not having mine own righteousness which is of the Law, but that which is through the Faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by Faith;—that I may know Him, and the power of His Resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings; being made conformable unto His Death.'[1] How little of this knowledge is among us! My weak prayers shall be for you.

Take heed of an unactive vain spirit! Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Raleigh's History: it's a Body of History; and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of Story. —Intend[2] to understand the Estate I have settled: it's your concernment to know it all, and how it stands. I have heretofore suffered much by too much trusting others. I know my Brother Mayor will be helpful to you in all this.

You will think, perhaps, I need not advise you To love your Wife! The Lord teach you how to do it;—or else it will be done ill-favouredly. Though Marriage be no instituted Sacrament, yet where the undefiled bed is, and love, this union aptly resembles 'that of' Christ and His Church. If *you* can truly love your Wife, what 'love' doth Christ bear to His Church and every poor soul therein,—who "gave Himself" for it and to it!— —Commend me to your Wife; tell her I entirely love her, and rejoice in the goodness of the Lord to her. I wish her everyway fruitful. I thank her for her loving Letter.

I have presented my love to my Sister and Cousin Ann, etc. in my Letter to My Brother Mayor. I would not have him alter his affairs because of my debt. My purse is as his: my present thoughts are but To lodge such a sum for my two little Girls;—

[1] These sentences,—well known to Oliver; familiar to him in their phraseology, and in their sense too; and never to be *finally* forgotten by the earnest-hearted of the Sons of Men,—are not quoted in the Original, but merely indicated.

[2] Old word for "endeavour."

it's in his hand as well as anywhere. I shall not be wanting to accommodate him to his mind; I would not have him solicitous. —Dick, the Lord bless you every way. I rest,

Your loving Father,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

In the end of this month, " the President Frigate," President Bradshaw Frigate, sails from Milford Haven " to attend his Excellency's pleasure," and bring him home if he see good to come. He has still one storm to do there first; that of Clonmel, where " Two-thousand foot, all Ulster men," are gathered for a last struggle;—the death-agony of this War, after which it will fairly die, and be buried. A very fierce storm, and fire-whirlwind of last agony; whereof take this solid account by an eye-witness and hand-actor; and so leave this part of our subject. The date is 10th May 1650; " a Letter from Clonmel in Ireland: "

" Worthy Sir,—Yesterday," Thursday 9th May, " we stormed Clonmel: in which work both officers and soldiers did as much and more than could be expected. We had, with our guns, made a breach in their works;—where, after an hot fight, we gave back a while; but presently charged up to the same ground again. But the Enemy had made themselves exceeding strong, by double-works and traverse, which were worse to enter than the breach; when we came up to it, they had cross-works, and were strongly flanked from the houses within their works. The Enemy defended themselves against us that day, until towards the evening, our men all the while keeping up close to their breach; and many on both sides were slain." The fierce death-wrestle, in the breaches here, lasted four hours: so many hours of hot storm and continuous tug of war, " and many men were slain." " At night, the Enemy drew out, on the other side, and marched away undiscovered to us; and the inhabitants of Clonmel sent out for a parley. Upon which, Articles were agreed on, before we knew the Enemy was gone. After signing of the Conditions, we discovered the Enemy to be gone; and, very early this morning, pursued them; and fell upon their rear of stragglers, and killed above 200,—besides those we slew in the storm. We entered Clonmel this morning, and have kept our Conditions with them. The place is considerable; and very advantageous

[1] *Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell*, by Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, a Descendant of the Family (London, 1822), i. 369. An incorrect, dull, insignificant Book; contains this Letter, and one or two others, " in possession of the Cromwell Family."—Another Descendant, Thomas Cromwell Esquire's *Oliver Cromwell and his Times* (London, 1821), is of a vaporous, gesticulative, dull-*aerial*, still more insignificant character; and contains nothing that is not common elsewhere.

to the reducing of these parts wholly to the Parliament of England." [1] Whitlocke has heard by other Letters, "That they found in Clonmel the stoutest Enemy this Army had ever met in Ireland; and that there was never seen so hot a storm of so long continuance, and so gallantly defended, either in England or Ireland." [2]

The Irish Commander here was Hugh O'Neil, a kinsman of Owen Roe's: vain he too, this new brave O'Neil! It is a lost Cause. It is a Cause he has not yet seen into the secret of, and cannot prosper in. Fiery fighting cannot prosper in it; no, there needs something other first, which has never yet been done! Let the O'Neil go elsewhither, with his fighting talent; here it avails nothing, and less. To the surrendered Irish Officers the Lord Lieutenant granted numerous permissions to embody regiments, and go abroad with them into any country not at war with England. Some "Five-and-forty Thousand" *Kurisees*, or whatever name they had, went in this way to France, to Spain, and fought there far off: and their own land had peace.

The Lord Lieutenant would fain have seen Waterford surrender before he went: but new Letters arrive from the Parliament; affairs in Scotland threaten to become pressing. He appoints Ireton his Deputy, to finish the business here; rapidly makes what survey of Munster, what adjustment of Ireland, military and civil, is possible;—steps on board the President Frigate, in the last days of May, and spreads sail for England. He has been some nine months in Ireland; leaves a very handsome spell of work done there.

At Bristol, after a rough passage, the Lord Lieutenant is received with all the honours and acclamations, "the great guns firing thrice"; hastens up to London, where, on Friday 31st May, all the world is out to welcome him. Fairfax, and chief Officers, and Members of Parliament, with solemn salutation, on Hounslow Heath: from Hounslow Heath to Hyde Park, where are Trainbands and Lord Mayors; on to Whitehall and the Cockpit, where are better than these,—it is one wide tumult of salutation, congratulation, artillery-volleying, human shouting;—Hero-worship after a sort, not the best sort. It was on this occasion that Oliver said, or is reported to have said, when some sycophantic person observed, "What a crowd come out to see your Lordship's triumph!"—"Yes, but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there be!" [3]—

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 81). [2] Whitlocke, p. 441.
[3] Newspapers (in Kimber, p. 148); Whitlocke, p. 441.

Such is what the Irish common people still call the "Curse of Cromwell"; this is the summary of his work in that country. The remains of the War were finished out by Ireton, by Ludlow: Ireton died of fever, at Limerick, in the end of the second year;[1] and solid Ludlow, who had been with him for some ten months, succeeded. The ulterior arrangements for Ireland were those of the Commonwealth Parliament and the proper Official Persons; not specially Oliver's arrangements, though of course he remained a chief authority in that matter, and nothing could well be done which he with any emphasis deliberately condemned.

There goes a wild story, which owes its first place in History to Clarendon, I think, who is the author of many such: How the Parliament at one time had decided to "exterminate" all the Irish population; and then, finding this would not quite answer, had contented itself with packing them all off into the Province of Connaught, there to live upon the moorlands; and *so* had pacified the Sister Island.[2] Strange rumours no doubt were afloat in the Council of Kilkenny, in the Conventicle of Clonmacnoise, and other such quarters, and were kept up for very obvious purposes in those days; and my Lord of Clarendon at an after date, seeing Puritanism hung on the gallows and tumbled in heaps in St. Margaret's, thought it safe to write with considerable latitude respecting its procedure. My Lord had, in fact, the story all his own way for about a hundred-and-fifty years; and, during that time, has set afloat through vague heads a great many things. His authority is rapidly sinking; and will now probably sink deeper than even it deserves.

The real procedure of the Puritan Commonwealth towards Ireland is not a matter of conjecture, or of report by Lord Clarendon; the documentary basis and scheme of it still stands in black-on-white, and can be read by all persons.[3] In this Document the reader will find, set forth in authentic business-form, a Scheme of Settlement somewhat different from that of "extermination"; which, if he be curious in that matter, he ought to consult. First, it appears by this Document, "all husbandmen, ploughmen, labourers, artificers and others of the meaner sort" of the Irish nation are to be,—not exterminated; no, but rendered exempt from punishment and question, as to these Eight Years of blood and misery now ended; which is a very considerable exception from the Clarendon Scheme! Next, as

[1] 26th November 1651 (Wood *in voce*): Ludlow had arrived in January of the same year (Memoirs, i. 322, 332, etc.).

[2] Continuation of Clarendon's Life (Oxford, 1761), pp. 119, etc. etc.

[3] Scobell, Part ii. p. 197 (12th August 1652); see also p. 317 (27th June 1656).

to the Ringleaders, the rebellious Landlords, and Papist Aristocracy; as to these also, there is a carefully graduated scale of punishments established, that punishment and guilt may in some measure correspond. All that can be proved to have been concerned in the Massacre of Forty-one; for these, and for certain other persons of the turncoat species, whose names are given, there shall be no pardon:—"extermination," actual death on the gallows, or perpetual banishment and confiscation for these; but not without legal inquiry and due trial first had, for these, or for any one. Then certain others, who have been in arms at certain dates against the Parliament, but not concerned in the Massacre: these are declared to have forfeited their estates; but lands to the value of one-third of the same, as a modicum to live upon, shall be assigned them, where the Parliament thinks safest,—in the moorlands of Connaught, as it turned out. Then another class, who are open Papists and have *not* manifested their good affection to the Parliament: these are to forfeit one-third of their estates; and continue quiet at their peril. Such is the Document; which was regularly acted on; fulfilled with as much exactness as the case, now in the hands of very exact men, admitted of. The Catholic Aristocracy of Ireland have to undergo this fate, for their share in the late miseries; this and no other: and as for all "ploughmen, husbandmen, artificers and people of the meaner sort," they are to live quiet where they are, and have no questions asked.

In this way, not in the way of "extermination," was Ireland settled by the Puritans. Five-and-forty thousand armed "kurisees" are fighting, not without utility we hope, far off in foreign parts. Incurably turbulent ringleaders of revolt are sent to the moorlands of Connaught. Men of the Massacre, where they can be convicted, of which some instances occur, are hanged. The mass of the Irish Nation lives quiet under a *new* Land Aristocracy; new, and in several particulars very much improved indeed: under these lives now the mass of the Irish Nation; ploughing, delving, hammering; with their wages punctually paid them; with the truth spoken to them, and the truth done to them, so as they had never before seen it since they were a Nation! Clarendon himself admits that Ireland flourished, to an unexampled extent, under this arrangement. One can very well believe it. What is to hinder poor Ireland from flourishing, if you will do the truth to it and speak the truth, instead of doing the falsity and speaking the falsity?

Ireland, under this arrangement, would have grown up gradu-

ally into a sober diligent drabcoloured population; developing itself, most probably, in some form of Calvinistic Protestantism. For there was hereby a Protestant *Church* of Ireland, of the most irrefragable nature, preaching daily in all its actions and procedure a real Gospel of veracity, of piety, of fair dealing and good order, to all men; and certain other "Protestant Churches of Ireland," and unblessed real-imaginary Entities, of which the human soul is getting weary, would of a surety never have found footing there! But the Ever-blessed Restoration came upon us. All that arrangement was torn up by the roots; and Ireland was appointed to develop itself as we have seen. Not in the drabcoloured Puritan way;—in what other way is still a terrible dubiety, to itself and to us! It will be by some Gospel of Veracity, I think, when the Heavens are pleased to send such. This "Curse of Cromwell," so-called, is the only Gospel of that kind I can yet discover to have ever been fairly afoot there.

PART VI

WAR WITH SCOTLAND

1650–1651

WAR WITH SCOTLAND

The Scotch People, the first beginners of this grand Puritan Revolt, which we may define as an attempt to bring the Divine Law of the Bible into actual practice in men's affairs on the Earth, are still one and all resolute for that object; but they are getting into sad difficulties as to realising it. Not easy to realise such a thing: besides true will, there need heroic gifts, the highest that Heaven gives, for realising it! Gifts which have not been vouchsafed the Scotch People at present. The letter of their Covenant presses heavy on these men; traditions, formulas, dead letters of many things press heavy on them. On the whole, they too are but what we call Pedants in conduct, not Poets: the sheepskin record failing them, and old use-and-wont ending, they cannot farther; they look into a sea of troubles, shoreless, starless, on which there seems no navigation possible.

The faults or misfortunes of the Scotch People, in their Puritan business, are many: but properly their grand fault is this, That they have produced for it no sufficiently heroic man among them. No man that has an eye to see beyond the letter and the rubric; to discern, across many consecrated rubrics of the Past, the inarticulate divineness too of the Present and the Future, and dare all perils in the faith of that! With Oliver Cromwell born a Scotchman; with a Hero King and a unanimous Hero Nation at his back, it might have been far otherwise. With Oliver born Scotch, one sees not but the whole world might have become Puritan; might have struggled, yet a long while, to fashion itself according to that divine Hebrew Gospel,—to the exclusion of other Gospels not Hebrew, which also are divine, and will have their share of fulfilment here!—But of such issue there is no danger. Instead of inspired Olivers, glowing with

direct insight and noble daring, we have Argyles, Loudons, and narrow, more or less opaque persons of the Pedant species. Committees of Estates, Committees of Kirks, much tied up in formulas, both of them: a bigoted Theocracy *without* the Inspiration; which is a very hopeless phenomenon indeed! The Scotch People are all willing, eager of heart; asking, Whitherward? But the Leaders stand aghast at the new forms of danger; and in a vehement discrepant manner some calling, Halt! others calling, Backward! others, Forward!—huge confusion ensues. Confusion which will need an Oliver to repress it; to bind it up in tight manacles, if not otherwise; and say, "There, sit there and consider thyself a little!"—

The meaning of the Scotch Covenant was, That God's divine Law of the Bible should be put in practice in these Nations; verily *it*, and not the Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, or any Formula of cloth or sheepskin here or elsewhere which merely pretended to be it. But then the Covenant says expressly, there is to be a Stuart King in the business: we cannot do without our Stuart King! Given a divine Law of the Bible on one hand, and a Stuart King, Charles First or Charles Second, on the other: alas, did History ever present a more irreducible case of equations in this world? I pity the poor Scotch Pedant Governors; still more the poor Scotch People, who had no other to follow! Nay, as for that, the People did get through, in the end; such was their indomitable pious constancy, and other worth and fortune: and Presbytery became a Fact among them, to the whole length possible for it: not without endless results. But for the poor Governors this irreducible case proved, as it were, fatal! They have never since, if we will look narrowly at it, governed Scotland, or even well known that they were there to attempt governing it. Once they lay on Dunse Hill, "each Earl with his Regiment of Tenants round him," *For Christ's Crown and Covenant;* and never since had they any noble National act which it was given them to do. Growing desperate of Christ's Crown and Covenant, they, in the next generation when our *Annus Mirabilis* arrived, hurried up to Court, looking out for other Crowns and Covenants; deserted Scotland and her Cause, somewhat basely; took to *booing* and *booing* for Causes of their own, unhappy mortals;—and Scotland and all Causes that were Scotland's have had to go on very much without *them* ever since! Which is a very fatal issue indeed, as I reckon;—and the time for settlement of accounts about it, which could not fail always, and seems now fast drawing nigh, looks very ominous to me. For in fact there is no creature more fatal than

your Pedant; safe as he esteems himself, the terriblest issues spring from him. Human crimes are many: but the crime of being deaf to the God's Voice, of being blind to all but parchments and antiquarian rubrics when the Divine Handwriting is abroad on the sky,—certainly there is no crime which the Supreme Powers do more terribly avenge!

But leaving all that,—the poor Scotch Governors, we remark, in that old crisis of theirs, have come upon the desperate expedient of getting Charles Second to adopt the Covenant the best he can. Whereby our parchment formula is indeed saved; but the divine fact has gone terribly to the wall! The Scotch Governors hope otherwise. By treaties at Jersey, treaties at Breda, they and the hard Law of Want together have constrained this poor young Stuart to their detested Covenant; as the Frenchman said, they have "compelled him to adopt it voluntarily." A fearful crime, thinks Oliver, and think we. How dare you enact such mummery under High Heaven! exclaims he. You will prosecute Malignants; and, with the aid of some poor varnish, transparent even to yourselves, you adopt into your bosom the Chief Malignant? My soul come not into your secret; mine honour be not united unto you!—

In fact, his new Sacred Majesty is actually under way for the Scotch court; will become a Covenanted King there. Of himself a likely enough young man;—very unfortunate he too. Satisfactorily descended from the Steward of Scotland and Elizabeth Muir of Caldwell (whom some have called an improper female [1]); satisfactory in this respect, but in others most unsatisfactory. A somewhat loose young man; has Buckingham, Wilmot and Company, at one hand of him, and painful Mr. Livingston and Presbyterian ruling-elders at the other; is hastening now, as a Covenanted King, towards such a Theocracy as we described. Perhaps the most anomalous phenomenon ever produced by Nature and Art working together in this World! —He had sent Montrose before him, poor young man, to try if war and force could effect nothing; whom instantly the Scotch Nation took, and tragically hanged.[2] They now, winking hard at that transaction, proffer the poor young man their Covenant; compel him to sign it voluntarily, and be Covenanted King over them.

The result of all which for the English Commonwealth cannot be doubtful. What Declarations, Papers, Protocols, passed on

[1] Horseloads of Jacobite, Anti-Jacobite Pamphlets; Goodall, Father Innes, etc. etc. How it was settled, I do not recollect.

[2] Details of the business, in Balfour, iv. 9-22.

the occasion,—numerous, flying thick between Edinburgh and London in late months,—shall remain unknown to us. The Commonwealth has brought Cromwell home from Ireland; and got forces ready for him: that is the practical outcome of it. The Scotch also have got forces ready; will either invade us, or (which we decide to be preferable) be invaded by us.[1] Cromwell must now take up the Scotch coil of troubles, as he did the Irish, and deal with that too. Fairfax, as we heard, was unwilling to go; Cromwell, urging the Council of State to second him, would fain persuade Fairfax; gets him still nominated Commander-in-Chief; but cannot persuade him;—will himself have to be Commander-in-Chief, and go.

In Whitlocke and Ludlow[2] there is record of earnest intercessions, solemn conference held with Fairfax in Whitehall, duly prefaced by prayer to Heaven; intended on Cromwell's part to persuade Fairfax that it is his duty again to accept the chief command, and lead us into Scotland. Fairfax, urged by his Wife, a Vere of the fighting Veres, and given to Presbyterianism, dare not and will not go;—sends "Mr. Rushworth, his Secretary," on the morrow, to give up his Commission,[3] that Cromwell himself may be named General-in-Chief. In this preliminary business, says Ludlow, "Cromwell acted his part so to the life that I really thought he wished Fairfax to go." Wooden-headed that I was, I had reason to alter that notion by and by!

Wooden Ludlow gives note of another very singular interview he himself had with Cromwell, "a little after," in those same days or hours. Cromwell whispered him in the House; they agreed "to meet that afternoon in the Council of State" in Whitehall, and there withdraw into a private room to have a little talk together. Oliver had cast his eye on Ludlow as a fit man for Ireland, to go and second Ireton there; he took him, as by appointment, into a private room, "the Queen's Guard-chamber" to wit; and there very largely expressed himself. He testified the great value he had for me, Ludlow; combatted my objections to Ireland; spake somewhat against Lawyers, what a tortuous ungodly jungle English Law was; spake of the good that might be done by a good and brave man;—spake of the great Providences of God now abroad on the Earth; in particular "talked for almost an hour upon the Hundred-and-tenth Psalm"; which to me, in my solid wooden head, seemed extremely singular![4]

[1] Commons Journals, 26th June 1650.
[2] Whitlocke, pp. 444-6 (25th June 1650); Ludlow, i. 317.
[3] Commons Journals, *ubi supra*.
[4] Ludlow, i. 319.

Modern readers, not in the case of Ludlow, will find this fact illustrative of Oliver. Before setting out on the Scotch Expedition, and just on the eve of doing it, we too will read that Psalm of Hebrew David's which had become English Oliver's: we will fancy in our minds, not without reflections and emotions, the largest soul in England looking at this God's World with prophet's earnestness through that Hebrew Word,—two Divine Phenomena accurately correspondent for Oliver; the one accurately the prophetic symbol and articulate interpretation of the other. As if the Silences had at length found utterance, and this was their Voice from out of old Eternity:

"The Lord said unto my Lord: Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool. The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies. Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power; in the beauties of holiness, from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth. The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek. The Lord, at thy right hand, shall strike through Kings in the days of his wrath. He shall judge among the Heathen; he shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the heads over many countries. He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall he lift up the head."

In such spirit goes Oliver Cromwell to the Wars. "A god-intoxicated man," as Novalis elsewhere phrases it. I have asked myself, If anywhere in Modern European History, or even in Ancient Asiatic, there was found a man practising this mean World's affairs with a heart more filled by the idea of the Highest? Bathed in the Eternal Splendours,—it is so he walks our dim Earth: this man is one of few. He is projected with a terrible force out of the Eternities, and in the Times and their arenas there is nothing that can withstand him. It is great;—to us it is tragic; a thing that should strike us dumb! My brave one, thy old noble Prophecy *is* divine; older than Hebrew David; old as the Origin of Man;—and shall, though in wider ways than thou supposest, be fulfilled!—

LETTERS CXXXIII—CXXXVIII

Hooke and his small business, in rapid public times, will not detain us. Humphrey Hooke, Alderman of Bristol, was elected to the Long Parliament for that City in 1640; but being found to have had concern in "Monopolies," was, like a number of others, expelled, and sent home again under a cloud. The "service" he did at Bristol Storm, though somewhat needing "concealment," ought to rehabilitate him a little in the charity, at least in the pity, of the Well-affected mind. At all events, the conditions made with him must be kept;—and we doubt not, were.

LETTER CXXXIII

'*To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.*'

Mr. Speaker, London, 20th June 1650.

When we lay before Bristol in the Year 1645, we considered the season of the year, the strength of the place, and of what importance the reducement thereof would be to the good of the Commonwealth, and accordingly applied ourselves to all possible means for the accomplishment of the same; which received its answerable effect. At which time, for something considerable done in order to that end, by Humphrey Hooke, Alderman of that place,—which, for many reasons, is desired to be concealed,—his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax and myself gave him an Engagement under our hands and seals, That he should be secured and protected, by the authority of the Parliament, in the enjoyment of his life, liberty and estate, as freely as in former times, and as any other person under the obedience of the Parliament; notwithstanding any past acts of hostility, or other thing done by him, in opposition to the Parliament or assistance of the Enemy. Which Engagement, with a Certificate of divers godly persons of that City, concerning the performance of his part thereof, is ready to be produced.

I understand, that lately an Order is issued out to sequester him, whereby he is called to Composition. I thought it meet therefore to give the honourable Parliament this account, that he may be preserved from anything of that nature. For the per-

formance of which, in order to the good of the Commonwealth, we stand engaged in our faith and honour. I leave it to you; and remain,

Sir,
Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

On *Wednesday 26th June* 1650, the Act appointing "That Oliver Cromwell Esquire, be constituted Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces raised or to be raised by authority of Parliament within the Commonwealth of England,"[2] was passed. "Whereupon," says Whitlocke, "great ceremonies and congratulations of the new General were made to him from all sorts of people; and he went on roundly with his business." Roundly, rapidly; for in three days more, on Saturday the 29th, "the Lord General Cromwell went out of London towards the North: and the news of him marching northward much startled the Scots."[3]

He has Lambert for Major-General, Cousin Whalley for Commissary-General; and among his Colonels are Overton, whom we knew at Hull; Pride, whom we have seen in Westminster Hall; and a taciturn man, much given to chewing tobacco, whom we have transiently seen in various places, Colonel George Monk by name.[4] An excellent officer; listens to what you say, answers often by a splash of brown juice merely, but punctually does what is doable of it. Pudding-headed Hodgson the Yorkshire Captain is also there; from whom perhaps we may glean a rough lucent-point or two. The Army, as my Lord General attracts it gradually from the right and left on his march northward, amounts at Tweedside to some Sixteen-thousand horse and foot.[5] Rushworth goes with him as Secretary; historical John; having now done with Fairfax:—but, alas, his Papers for this Period are all lost to us: it was not safe to print them with the others; and they are lost! The *Historical Collections*, with their infinite rubbish and their modicum of jewels, cease at the Trial of the King; leaving us, fallen into far worse hands, to repent of our impatience, and regret the useful John!

The following Letters, without commentary, which stingy space will not permit, must note the Lord General's progress for

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 222).
[2] Commons Journals, *in die*.
[3] Whitlocke, pp. 446, 7.
[4] *Life of Monk*, by Gumble, his Chaplain.
[5] Train, 690; horse, 5,415; foot, 10,249; *in toto*, 16,354 (Cromwelliana, p. 85).

us as they can; and illuminate with here and there a rude gleam of direct light at first-hand, an old scene very obsolete, confused, unexplored and dim for us.

LETTER CXXXIV

DOROTHY CROMWELL, we are happy to find, has a "little brat"; —but the poor little thing must have died soon: in Noble's inexact lists there is no trace of its ever having lived. The Lord General has got into Northumberland. He has a good excuse for being "silent this way,"—the way of Letters.

For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at his House at Hursley: These.

DEAR BROTHER, Alnwick, 17th July 1650.

The exceeding crowd of business I had at London is the best excuse I can make for my silence this way. Indeed, Sir, my heart beareth me witness I want no affection to you or yours; you are all often in my poor prayers.

I should be glad to hear how the little Brat doth. I could chide both Father and Mother for their neglects of me: I know my Son is idle, but I had better thoughts of Doll. I doubt now her Husband hath spoiled her; pray tell her so from me. If I had as good leisure as they, I should write sometimes. If my Daughter be breeding, I will excuse her; but not for her nursery! The Lord bless them. I hope you give my Son good counsel; I believe he needs it. He is in the dangerous time of his age; and it's a very vain world. O, how good it is to close with Christ betimes!—there is nothing else worth the looking after. I beseech you call upon him,—I hope you will discharge my duty and your own love: you see how I am employed. I need pity, I know what I feel. Great place and business in the world is not worth the looking after; I should have no comfort in mine but that my hope is in the Lord's presence. I have not sought these things; truly I have been called unto them by the Lord; and therefore am not without some assurance that He will enable His poor worm and weak servant to do His will, and to fulfil my generation. In this I desire your prayers. Desiring to be lovingly re-

membered to my dear Sister, to our Son and Daughter, to my Cousin Ann and the good Family, I rest,

Your very affectionate brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

On *Monday 22d July*, the Army, after due rendezvousing and reviewing, passed through Berwick; and encamped at Mordington across the Border, where a fresh stay of two days is still necessary. Scotland is bare of resources for us. That night "the Scotch beacons were all set on fire; the men fled, and drove away their cattle." Mr. Bret, his Excellency's Trumpeter, returns from Edinburgh without symptom of pacification. "The Clergy represent us to the people as if we were monsters of the world." "Army of Sectaries and Blasphemers," is the received term for us among the Scots.[2]

Already on the march hitherward, and now by Mr. Bret in an official way, have due Manifestoes been promulgated: Declaration *To all that are Saints and Partakers of the Faith of God's Elect in Scotland*, and Proclamation *To the People of Scotland* in general. Asking of the mistaken *People*, in mild terms, Did you not see us, and try us, what kind of men we were, when we came among you two years ago? Did you find us plunderers, murderers, monsters of the world? "Whose ox have we stolen?" To the mistaken *Saints of God in Scotland*, again, the Declaration testifies and argues, in a grand earnest way, That in Charles Stuart and his party there can be no salvation; that *we* seek the real substance of the Covenant, which it is perilous to desert for the mere outer form thereof;—on the whole that we are not sectaries and blasphemers; and that it goes against our heart to hurt a hair of any sincere servant of God.—Very earnest Documents; signed by John Rushworth in the name of General and Officers; often printed and reprinted.[3] They bear Oliver's sense in every feature of them; but are not distinctly of his composition: wherefore, as space grows more and more precious, and Oliver's sense will elsewhere sufficiently appear, we omit them.

"The Scots," says Whitlocke,[4] "are all gone with their goods towards Edinburgh, by command of the Estates of Scotland, upon penalty if they did not remove; so that mostly all the men are gone. But the wives stay behind; and some of them do bake and brew, to provide bread and drink for the English

[1] Harris, p. 513: one of the Pusey stock.
[2] Balfour, iv. 97, 100, etc.: "Cromwell the Blasphemer" (ib. 88).
[3] Newspapers (in Parl. Hist. xix. 298, 310); Com. Jour. 19th July 1650.
[4] p. 450.

Army." The public functionaries "have told the people, 'That the English Army intends to put all the men to the sword, and to thrust hot irons through the women's breasts';—which much terrified them, till once the General's Proclamations were published." And now the wives do stay behind, and brew and bake,—poor wives!

That Monday night while we lay at Mordington, with hard accommodation out of doors and in,—my puddingheaded friend informs me of a thing. The General has made a large Discourse to the Officers and Army, now that we are across; speaks to them "as a Christian and a Soldier, To be doubly and trebly diligent, to be wary and worthy, for sure enough we have work before us! But have we not had God's blessing hitherto? Let us go on faithfully, and hope for the like still!"[1] The Army answered "with acclamations," still audible to me.—Yorkshire Hodgson continues:

"Well; that night we pitched at Mordington, about the House. Our Officers," General and Staff Officers, "hearing a great shout among the soldiers, looked out of window. They spied a soldier with a Scotch *kirn*" (churn) "on his head. Some of them had been purveying abroad, and had found a vessel filled with Scotch cream: bringing the reversion of it to their tents, some got dishfuls, and some hatfuls; and the cream being now low in the vessel, one fellow would have a modest drink, and so lifts the kirn to his mouth: but another canting it up, it falls over his head; and the man is lost in it, all the cream trickles down his apparel, and his head fast in the tub! This was a merriment to the Officers; as Oliver loved an innocent jest."

A week after, we find the General very serious; writing thus to the Lord President Bradshaw.

LETTER CXXXV

"Copperspath," of which the General here speaks, is the country pronunciation of Cockburnspath; name of a wild rock-and-river chasm, through which the great road goes, some miles to the eastward of Dunbar. Of which we shall hear again. A very wild road at that time, as may still be seen. The ravine is now spanned by a beautiful Bridge, called *Pease Bridge*, or

[1] Hodgson, p. 130; Whitlocke, p. 450.

Path's Bridge, which pleasure-parties go to visit.—The date of this Letter, in all the old Newspapers, is "30th July"; and doubtless in the Original too;[1] but the real day, as appears by the context, is Wednesday 31st.

To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

MY LORD, Musselburgh, 30th July 1650.

We marched from Berwick upon Monday, being the 22d of July; and lay at my Lord Mordington's house, Monday night, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On Thursday we marched to Copperspath; on Friday to Dunbar, where we got some small pittance from our ships; from whence we marched to Haddington.

On the Lord's day, hearing that the Scottish Army meant to meet us at Gladsmoor, we laboured to possess the Moor before them; and beat our drums very early in the morning. But when we came there, no considerable body of the Army appeared. Whereupon Fourteen-hundred horse, under the command of Major-General Lambert and Colonel Whalley, were sent as a vanguard to Musselburgh, to see likewise if they could find out and attempt any thing upon the Enemy; I marching in the heel of them with the residue of the Army. Our party encountered with some of their horse; but they could not abide us. We lay at Musselburgh, encamped close, that night; the Enemy's Army lying between Edinburgh and Leith, about four miles from us, entrenched by a Line flankered from Edinburgh to Leith; the guns also from Leith scouring most part of the Line, so that they lay very strong.

Upon Monday 29th instant, we were resolved to draw up to them, to see if they would fight with us. And when we came upon the place, we resolved to get our cannons as near them as we could; hoping thereby to annoy them. We likewise perceived that they had some force upon a Hill that overlooks Edinburgh, from whence we might be annoyed; 'and' did resolve to send up a party to possess the said Hill;—which prevailed: but, upon the whole, we did find that their Army were not easily to be attempted. Whereupon we lay still all the said day; which proved to be so sore a day and night of rain as I have seldom seen, and greatly to our disadvantage; the

[1] "Letter from the General dated 30° Julii" (Commons Journals, vi. 451).

Enemy having enough to cover them, and we nothing at all considerable.[1] Our soldiers did abide this difficulty with great courage and resolution, hoping they should speedily come to fight. In the morning, the ground being very wet, 'and' our provisions scarce, we resolved to draw back to our quarters at Musselburgh, there to refresh and revictual.

The Enemy, when we drew off, fell upon our rear; and put them into some little disorder; but our bodies of horse being in some readiness, came to a grabble with them; where indeed there was a gallant and hot dispute; the Major-General[2] and Colonel Whalley being in the rear; and the Enemy drawing out great bodies to second their first affront. Our men charged them up to the very trenches and beat them in. The Major-General's horse was shot in the neck and head; himself run through the arm with a lance, and run into another place of his body,—was taken prisoner by the enemy, but rescued immediately by Lieutenant Empson of my regiment. Colonel Whalley, who was then nearest to the Major-General, did charge very resolutely; and repulsed the Enemy, and killed divers of them upon the place, and took some prisoners, without any considerable loss. Which indeed did so amaze and quiet them, that we marched off to Musselburgh, but they dared not send out a man to trouble us. We hear their young King looked on upon all this, but was very ill satisfied to see their men do no better.

We came to Musselburgh that night; so tired and wearied for want of sleep, and so dirty by reason of the wetness of the weather, that we expected the Enemy would make an infall upon us. Which accordingly they did, between three and four of the clock this morning; with fifteen of their most select troops, under the command of Major-General Montgomery and Strahan, two champions of the Church:—upon which business there was great hope and expectation laid. The Enemy came on with a great deal of resolution; beat in our guards, and put a regiment of horse in some disorder: but our men, speedily taking the alarm, charged the Enemy; routed them, took many prisoners, killed a great many of them; did execution 'to' within a quarter of a mile of Edinburgh; and, I am informed, Strahan[3] was killed there, besides divers other Officers of quality.

[1] "Near a little village named, I think, Lichnagarie,"—means, Lang Niddery (Hodgson, p. 132); the *Niddery* near Duddingston, still deservedly called *Lang* by the people, though map-makers append the epithet elsewhere.

[2] Lambert.

[3] We shall hear of Strahan again, not "killed." This Montgomery is the Earl of Eglinton's son Robert, of whom we heard before (Letter LXXVIII. vol. i. p. 317); neither is he "slain," as will be seen by and by.

We took the Major to Strahan's regiment, Major Hamilton; a Lieutenant-Colonel, and divers other Officers, and persons of quality, whom yet we know not. Indeed this is a sweet beginning of your business, or rather the Lord's; and I believe is not very satisfactory to the Enemy, especially to the Kirk party. We did not lose any in this business, so far as I hear, but a Cornet; I do not hear of four men more. The Major-General will, I believe, within few days be well to take the field. And I trust this work, which is the Lord's, will prosper in the hands of His servants.

I did not think advisable to attempt upon the Enemy, lying as he doth: but surely this would sufficiently provoke him to fight if he had a mind to it. I do not think he is less than Six or Seven thousand horse, and Fourteen or Fifteen thousand foot. The reason, I hear, that they give out to their people why they do not fight us, is, Because they expect many bodies of men more out of the North of Scotland; which when they come, they give out they will then engage. But I believe they would rather tempt us to attempt them in their fastness, within which they are entrenched; or else hoping we shall famish for want of provisions;—which is very likely to be, if we be not timely and fully supplied. I remain,

My Lord,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I understand since writing of this Letter, that Major-General Montgomery is slain.[1]

Cautious David Lesley lies thus within his Line "flankered" from Leith shore to the Calton Hill, with guns to "scour" it; with outposts or flying parties, as we see, stationed on the back slope of Salisbury Crags or Arthur's Seat; with all Edinburgh safe behind him, and indeed all Scotland safe behind him for supplies: and nothing can tempt him to come out. The factions and distractions of Scotland, and its Kirk Committees and State Committees, and poor Covenanted King and Courtiers, are many: but Lesley, standing steadily to his guns, persists here. His Army, it appears, is no great things of an Army: "altogether governed by the Committee of Estates and Kirk," snarls an angry *Un*covenanted Courtier, whom the said Committee has just ordered to take himself away again; "altogether governed by the Committee of Estates and Kirk," snarls he, "and they

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 85, 6).

took especial care in their levies not to admit any *Malignants* or *Engagers* " (who had been in Hamilton's Engagement); " placing in command, for most part, Ministers' Sons, Clerks and other sanctified creatures, who hardly ever saw or heard of any sword but that of the spirit!" [1] The more reason for Lesley to lie steadily within his Line here. Lodged in " Bruchton Village," which means Broughton, now a part of Edinburgh New Town; there in a cautious solid manner lies Lesley; and lets Cromwell attempt upon him. It is his history, the military history of these two, for a month to come.

Meanwhile the General Assembly have not been backward with their Answer to the Cromwell Manifesto, or " Declaration of the English Army to all the Saints in Scotland," spoken of above. Nay, already while he lay at Berwick, they had drawn up an eloquent Counter-Declaration, and sent it to him; which he, again, has got " some godly Ministers " of his to declare against and reply to: the whole of which Declarations, Replies and Rereplies shall, like the primary Document itself, remain suppressed on the present occasion.[2] But along with this " Reply by some godly Ministers," the Lord General sends a Letter of his own, which is here:

LETTER CXXXVI

To the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland; or, in case of their not sitting, To the Commissioners of the Kirk of Scotland: These.

SIRS, Musselburgh, 3d August 1650.

Your *Answer to the Declaration of the Army* we have seen. Some godly Ministers with us did, at Berwick, compose this *Reply;* [3] which I thought fit to send you.

That you or we, in these great Transactions, answer the will and mind of God, it is only from His grace and mercy to us. And therefore, having said as in our Papers, we commit the issue thereof to Him who disposeth all things, assuring you that we have light and comfort increasing upon us, day by day; and are

[1] Sir Edward Walker: Historical Discourses (London, 1705), p. 162.
[2] Titles of them, copies of several of them, in Parliamentary History, xix.
[3] The Scotch " Answer " which " we have seen," dated Edinburgh, 22d July 1650, " Answer unto the Declaration of the Army "; and then this English " Reply " to it now sent, entitled " *Vindication* of the Declaration of the Army "; in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 475, § 15 (Printed, London, 16th Aug. 1650).

persuaded that, before it be long, the Lord will manifest His good pleasure, so that all shall see Him; and His People shall say, *This is the Lord's work, and it is marvellous in our eyes: this is the day that the Lord hath made; we will be glad and rejoice therein.*—Only give me leave to say, in a word, 'thus much':

You take upon you to judge us in the things of our God, though you know us not,—though in the things we have said unto you, in that which is entitled the Army's Declaration, we have spoken our hearts as in the sight of the Lord who hath tried us. And by your hard and subtle words you have begotten prejudice in those who do too much, in matters of conscience,—wherein every soul is to answer for itself to God,—depend upon you. So that some have already followed you, to the breathing-out of their souls:[1] 'and' others continue still in the way wherein they are led by you,—we fear, to their own ruin.

And no marvel if you deal thus with us, when indeed you can find in your hearts to conceal from your own people the Papers we have sent you; who might thereby see and understand the bowels of our affections to them, especially to such among them as fear the Lord. Send as many of your Papers as you please amongst ours;[2] they have a free passage. I fear them not. What is of God in them, would it might be embraced and received!—One of them lately sent, directed *To the Under-Officers and Soldiers in the English Army*, hath begotten from them this enclosed *Answer*;[3] which they desired me to send to you: not a crafty politic one, but a plain simple spiritual one;—*what* kind of one it is God knoweth, and God also will in due time make manifest.

And do we multiply these things,[4] as men; or do we them for the Lord Christ and His People's sake? Indeed we are not, through the grace of God, afraid of your numbers, nor confident

[1] In the Musselburgh Skirmish, etc.

[2] Our people.

[3] The Scotch Paper "To the Under-Officers," etc., received on the last day of July; and close following on it, this "Answer" which it "hath begotten from them," addressed *To the People of Scotland (especially those among them that know and fear the Lord) from whom yesterday we received a Paper directed To the Under-Officers*, etc.; of date "Musselburgh, 1st August 1650"; in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 475, § 10 (Printed, London, 12th August 1650).—This *Answer* "by the Under-Officers," a very pious and zealous Piece, seems to have found favour among the pious Scots, and to have circulated among them in Manuscript Copies. A most mutilated, unintelligible Fragment, printed in *Analecta Scotica* (Edinburgh, 1834), ii. 271, as "a Proclamation by Oliver Cromwell," turns out to be in reality a fraction of *this* "Answer by the Under-Officers";—printed there from a "Copy evidently made at the time," evidently a most ruinous Copy, "and now in the possession of James Macknight, Esq."

[4] Papers and Declarations.

in ourselves. We could,—I pray God you do not think we boast,—meet your Army, or what you have to bring against us. We have given,—humbly we speak it before our God, in whom all our hope is,—some proof that thoughts of that kind prevail not upon us. The Lord hath not hid His face from us since our approach so near unto you.

Your own guilt is too much for you to bear: bring not therefore upon yourselves the blood of innocent men,—deceived with pretences of King and Covenant; from whose eyes you hide a better knowledge! I am persuaded that divers of you, who lead the People, have laboured to build yourselves in these things; wherein you have censured others, and established yourselves "upon the Word of God." Is it therefore infallibly agreeable to the Word of God, all that *you* say? I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken. Precept may be upon precept, line may be upon line, and yet the Word of the Lord may be to some a Word of Judgment; that they may fall backward, and be broken and be snared and be taken![1] There may be a spiritual fulness, which the World may call drunkenness;[2] as in the second Chapter of the *Acts*. There may be, as well, a carnal confidence upon misunderstood and misapplied precepts, which may be called spiritual drunkenness. There may be a *Covenant* made with Death and Hell![1] I will not say yours was so. But judge if such things have a politic aim: To avoid the overflowing scourge;[1] or, To accomplish worldly interests? And if therein we[3] have confederated with wicked and carnal men, and have respect for them, or otherwise 'have' drawn them in to associate with us, Whether this be a Covenant of God, and spiritual? Bethink yourselves; we hope we do.

I pray you read the Twenty-eighth of Isaiah, from the fifth to the fifteenth verse. And do not scorn to know that it is the Spirit that quickens and giveth life.

The Lord give you and us understanding to do that which is well-pleasing in His sight. Committing you to the grace of God, I rest,

Your humble servant,
Oliver Cromwell.[4]

Here is the passage from Isaiah: I know not whether the General Assembly read it and laid it well to heart, or not, but it was worth their while,—and is worth our while too:

[1] Bible phrases.
[2] As you now do of us; while it is rather you that are "drunk."
[3] *i.e.* you.
[4] Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 320-323).

"In that day shall the Lord of Hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of His people. And for a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment, and for strength to them that turn the battle to the gate.

"But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way! The Priest and the Prophet have erred through strong drink; they are swallowed up of wine; they are out of the way through strong drink. They err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness; so that there is no place clean.

"Whom shall He teach knowledge? Whom shall He make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts. For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little. For with stammering lips and another tongue will He speak to this people. To whom He said, This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest, and this is the refreshment;—yet they would not hear." No. "The Word of the Lord was unto them precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little, That they might go, and fall backward, and be broken and snared and taken!—Wherefore hear ye the Word of the Lord, ye scornful men that rule this people which is in Jerusalem!"

Yes, hear it, and not with the outward ear only, ye Kirk Committees, and Prophesying and Governing Persons everywhere: it may be important to you! If God have said it, if the Eternal Truth of things have said it, will it not need to be done, think you? Or will the doing some distracted shadow of it, some Covenanted Charles Stuart of it, suffice?—The Kirk Committee seems in a bad way.

David Lesley, however, what as yet is in their favour, continues within his Line; stands steadily to his guns;—and the weather is wet; Oliver's provision is failing. This Letter to the Kirk was written on Saturday: on the Monday following,[1] "about the 6th of August," as Major Hodgson dates it, the tempestuous state of the weather not permitting ship-stores to be landed at Musselburgh, Cromwell has to march his Army back to Dunbar, and there provision it. Great joy in the Kirk-and-Estates Committee thereupon: Lesley steadily continues in his place.—

The famine among the Scots themselves, at Dunbar, is great; picking our horses' beans, eating our soldiers' leavings: "they are much enslaved to their Lords," poor creatures; almost desti-

[1] Balfour, iv. 89.

tute of private capital,—and ignorant of soap to a terrible extent![1] Cromwell distributes among them "pease and wheat to the value of 240*l.*" On the 12th he returns to Musselburgh; finds, as heavy Bulstrode spells it in good Scotch, with a friskiness we hardly looked for in him, That Lesley has commanded "The gude women should awe come away with their gear, and not stay to brew or bake, any of them, for the English";—which makes it a place more forlorn than before.[2] Oliver decides to encamp on the Pentland Hills, which lie on the other side of Edinburgh, overlooking the Fife and Stirling roads; and to try whether he cannot force Lesley to fight, by cutting off his supplies. Here, in the mean time, is a Letter from Lesley himself; written in "Broughton Village," precisely while Oliver is on march towards the Pentlands:

"*For his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Bruchton, 13th August 1650.

"My Lord,—I am commanded by the Committee of Estates of this Kingdom, and desired by the Commissioners of the General Assembly, to send unto your Excellency this enclosed *Declaration*, as that which containeth the State of the Quarrel; wherein we are resolved, by the Lord's assistance, to fight your Army, when the Lord shall be pleased to call us thereunto. And as you have professed you will not conceal any of our Papers, I do desire that this *Declaration* may be made known to all the Officers of your Army. And so I rest,—your Excellency's most humble servant,

"David Lesley."[3]

This Declaration, done by the Kirk, and endorsed by the Estates, we shall not on the present occasion make known, even though it is brief. The reader shall fancy it a brief emphatic disclaimer, on the part of Kirk and State, of their having anything to do with Malignants;—disclaimer in emphatic words, while the emphatic facts continue as they were. Distinct hope, however, is held out that the Covenanted King will testify openly his sorrow for his Father's Malignancies, and his own resolution for a quite other course. To which Oliver, from the slope of the Pentlands,[4] returns this answer:

[1] Whitlocke, p. 452.
[2] Ibid., p. 453.
[3] Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 330).
[4] "About Colinton" (Balfour, iv. 90).

LETTER CXXXVII

For the Right Honourable David Lesley, Lieutenant-General of the Scots Army: These.

From the Camp at Pentland Hills,
14th August 1650.

SIR,

I received yours of the 13th instant; with the Paper you mentioned therein, enclosed,—which I caused to be read in the presence of so many Officers as could well be gotten together; to which your Trumpet can witness. We return you this answer. By which I hope, in the Lord, it will appear that we continue the same we have professed ourselves to the Honest People in Scotland; wishing to them as to our own souls; it being no part of our business to hinder any of them from worshipping God in that way they are satisfied in their consciences by the Word of God they ought, though different from us,—but shall therein be ready to perform what obligation lies upon us by the Covenant.[1]

But that under the pretence of the Covenant, mistaken, and wrested from the most native intent and equity thereof, a King should be taken in by you, to be imposed upon us; and this 'be' called "the Cause of God and the Kingdom"; and this done upon "the satisfaction of God's People in both Nations," as is alleged,—together with a disowning of Malignants; although he[2] who is the head of them, in whom all their hope and comfort lies, be received; who, at this very instant, hath a Popish Army fighting for and under him in Ireland; hath Prince Rupert, a man who hath had his hand deep in the blood of many innocent men of England, now in the head of our Ships, stolen from us upon a Malignant account; hath the French and Irish ships daily making depredations on our coasts; and strong combinations by the Malignants in England to raise Armies in our bowels, by virtue of his commissions, who hath of late issued out very many to that purpose:—How the 'Godly' Interest you pretend you have received him upon, and the Malignant Interests in their ends and consequences 'all' centering in this man, can be secured, we cannot discern! And how we should believe, that whilst known and notorious Malignants are fighting and

[1] Ungrammatical, but intelligible and characteristic.
[2] Charles Stuart.

plotting against us on the one hand, and you declaring for him on the other, it should *not* be an "espousing of a Malignant-Party's Quarrel or Interest"; but be a mere "fighting upon former grounds and principles, and in defence of the Cause of God and the Kingdoms, as hath been these twelve years last past," as you say: how this should be "for the security and satisfaction of God's People in both Nations"; or 'how' the opposing of this should render us enemies to the Godly with you, we cannot well understand. Especially considering that all these Malignants take their confidence and encouragement from the late transactions of your Kirk and State with your King. For as we have already said, so we tell you again, It is but 'some' satisfying security to those who employ us, and 'who' are concerned, that we seek. Which we conceive will not be by a few formal and feigned Submissions, from a Person that could not tell otherwise how to accomplish his Malignant ends, and 'is' therefore counselled to this compliance, by them who assisted his Father, and have hitherto actuated himself in his most evil and desperate designs; designs which are now again by them set on foot. Against which, How you will be able, in the way you are in, to secure us or yourselves?—'this it now' is (forasmuch as concerns ourselves) our duty to look after.

If the state of your Quarrel be thus, upon which, as you say, you resolve to fight our Army, you will have opportunity to do that; else what means our abode here? And if our hope be not in the Lord, it will be ill with us. We commit both you and ourselves to Him who knows the heart and tries the reins; with whom are all our ways; who is able to do for us and you above what we know: Which we desire may be in much mercy to His poor People, and to the glory of His great Name.

And having performed your desire, in making your Papers so public as is before expressed, I desire you to do the like, by letting the State, Kirk, and Army have the knowledge hereof. To which end I have sent you enclosed two Copies 'of this Letter'; and rest,

Your humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

The encampment on Pentland Hills, "some of our tents within sight of Edinburgh Castle and City," threatens to cut off Lesley's supplies; but will not induce him to fight. "The gude wives fly with their bairns and gear" in great terror of us, poor gude wives; and "when we set fire to furze-bushes, report that we are burning

[1] Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 331-333).

their houses." [1] Great terror of us; but no other result. Lesley brings over his guns to the western side of Edinburgh, and awaits steady within his fastnesses there.

Hopes have arisen that the Godly Party in Scotland, seeing now by these Letters and Papers what our real meaning is, may perhaps quit a Malignant King's Interest, and make bloodless peace with us, "which were the best of all." The King boggles about signing that open Testimony, that Declaration against his Father's sins which was expected of him. "A great Commander of the Enemy's, Colonel Gibby Carre" (Colonel Gilbert Ker, of whom we shall hear farther), solicits an interview with some of ours, and has it; and other interviews and free communings take place, upon the Burrow-Moor and open fields that lie between us. Gibby Ker, and also Colonel Strahan who was thought to be slain: [2] these and some minority of others are clear against Malignancy in every form; and if the Covenanted Stuart King will not sign this Declaration—!— Whereupon the Covenanted Stuart King does sign it; signs this too,[3]—what will he not sign? —and these hopes of accommodation vanish.

Neither still will they risk a Battle; though in their interviews upon the Burrow-Moor, they said they longed to do it. Vain that we draw out in battalia; they lie within their fastnesses. We march, with defiant circumstance of war, round all accessible sides of Edinburgh; encamp on the Pentlands, return to Musselburgh for provisions; go to the Pentlands again,—enjoy one of the beautifullest prospects, over deep-blue seas, over yellow cornfields, dusky Highland mountains, from Ben Lomond round to the Bass again; but can get no Battle. And the weather is broken, and the season is advancing,—equinox within ten days, by the modern Almanac. Our men fall sick; the service is harassing; —and it depends on wind and tide whether even biscuit can be landed for us nearer than Dunbar. Here is the Lord General's own Letter "to a Member of the Council of State,"—we might guess this or the other, but cannot with the least certainty know which.

[1] *Narrative of Farther Proceedings*, dated "From the Camp in Musselburgh Fields, 16th August 1650"; read in the Parliament 22d August (Commons Journals); reprinted in Parliamentary History (xix. 327) as a "Narrative by General Cromwell"; though it is clearly enough not General Cromwell's, but John Rushworth's.

[2] Letter CXXXV. p. 152.

[3] At our Court at Dunfermline this 16th day of August 1650 (Sir Edward Walker, pp. 170-6; by whom the melancholy Document is, with due loyal indignation, given at large there).

LETTER CXXXVIII

'To —— —— Council of State in Whitehall: These.'

SIR, Musselburgh, 30th August 1650.

Since my last, we seeing the Enemy not willing to engage,—and yet very apt to take exceptions against speeches of that kind spoken in our Army; which occasioned some of them to come to parley with our Officers, To let them know that they would fight us,—they lying still in or near their fastnesses, on the west side of Edinburgh, we resolved, the Lord assisting, to draw near to them once more, to try if we could fight them. And indeed one hour's advantage gained might probably, we think, have given us an opportunity.[1]

To which purpose, upon Tuesday the 27th instant we marched westward of Edinburgh towards Stirling; which the Enemy perceiving, marched with as great expedition as was possible to prevent us; and the vanguards of both the Armies came to skirmish,—upon a place where bogs and passes made the access of each Army to the other difficult. We, being ignorant of the place, drew up, hoping to have engaged; but found no way feasible, by reason of the bogs and other difficulties.

We drew up our cannon, and did that day discharge two or three hundred great shot upon them; a considerable number they likewise returned to us: and this was all that passed from each to other. Wherein we had near twenty killed and wounded, but not one Commission Officer. The Enemy, as we are informed, had about eighty killed, and some considerable Officers. Seeing they would keep their ground, from which we could not remove them, and our bread being spent,—we were necessitated to go for a new supply: and so marched off about ten or eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning.[2] The Enemy perceiving it,—and, as we conceive, fearing we might interpose between them and Edinburgh, though it was not our intention, albeit it seemed so by our march,—retreated back again, with all haste; having a bog and passes between them and us: and there followed no considerable action, saving the skirmishing of the van of our horse with theirs,

[1] Had we come one hour sooner:—but we did not.

[2] We drew towards our old Camp, one of our old Camps, that Wednesday; and off to Musselburgh "for a new supply" next morning. Old Camp, or Bivouack, "on Pentland Hills," says vague Hodgson (p. 142); within a mile of Edinburgh," says Cromwell in this Letter, who of course knows well.

near to Edinburgh, without any considerable loss to either party, saving that we got two or three of their horses.

That 'Wednesday' night we quartered within a mile of Edinburgh, and of the Enemy. It was a most tempestuous night and wet morning. The Enemy marched in the night between Leith and Edinburgh, to interpose between us and our victual, they knowing that it was spent;—but the Lord in mercy prevented it; and we, perceiving in the morning, got, time enough, through the goodness of the Lord, to the sea-side, to re-victual; the Enemy being drawn up upon the Hill near Arthur's Seat, looking upon us, but not attempting any thing.

And thus you have an account of the present occurrences.

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

The scene of this Tuesday's skirmish, and cannonade across bogs, has not been investigated; though an antiquarian Topographer might find worse work for himself. Rough Hodgson, very uncertain in his spellings, calls it Gawger Field, which will evidently take us to Gogar on the western road there. The Scotch Editor of Hodgson says farther, "The Water of Leith lay between the two Armies;" which can be believed or not;—which indeed turns out to be unbelievable. Yorkshire Hodgson's troop received an ugly cannon-shot while they stood at prayers; just with the word *Amen*, came the ugly cannon-shot singing, but it hurt neither horse nor man. We also "gave them an English shout" at one time, along the whole line,[2] making their Castle-rocks and Pentlands ring again; but could get no Battle out of them, for the bogs.

Here, in reference to those matters, is an Excerpt which, in spite of imperfections, may be worth transcribing. "The English Army lay" at first "near Musselburgh, about Stony Hill. But shortly after, they marched up to Braid House," to Braid Hills, to Pentland Hills, Colinton and various other Hills and Houses in succession; "and the Scots Army, being put in some readiness, marched up to Corstorphine Hill. But because the English feared it was too near the Castle of Edinburgh, they would not hazard battle there. Wherefore both Armies marched to Gogar, Tuesday August 27th; and played each upon other with their great guns: but because of Gogar Burn (*Brook*) and other ditches betwixt the Armies, they could not join battle. Next day, about midday," more precisely Wednesday about ten

[1] Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 339).
[2] Hodgson, p. 141.

or eleven o'clock, " the English began to retire; and went first to their Leaguer at Braid Hills," within a mile of Edinburgh as their General says. " The English removing, the Scots followed by Corstorphine the long gate " (*roundabout road*),—which is hard ground, and out of shot-range. " The English," some of them, " marched near to Musselburgh; and, in the mid night, planted some guns in Niddry: the Scots having marched about the Hill of Arthur's Seat, towards Craigmillar, there planted some guns against those in Niddry; " [1]—and in fact, as we have seen, were drawn up on Arthur's Seat on the morrow morning, looking on amid the rain, and not attempting anything.

The Lord General writes this Letter at Musselburgh on Friday the 30th, the morrow after his return: and directly on the heel of it there is a Council of War held, and an important resolution taken. With sickness, and the wild weather coming on us, rendering even victual uncertain, and no Battle to be had, we clearly cannot continue here. Dunbar, which has a harbour, we might fortify for a kind of citadel and winter-quarter; let us retire at least to Dunbar, to be near our sole friends in this country, our Ships. On the morrow evening, Saturday the 31st, the Lord General fired his huts, and marched towards Dunbar. At sight whereof Lesley rushes out upon him; has his vanguard in Prestonpans before our rear got away. Saturday night through Haddington, and all Sunday to Dunbar, Lesley hangs, close and heavy, on Cromwell's rear; on Sunday night bends southwards to the hills that overlook Dunbar, and hems him in there. As will be more specially related in the next fascicle of Letters.

LETTERS CXXXIX—CXLVI

BATTLE OF DUNBAR

The small Town of Dunbar stands, high and windy, looking down over its herring-boats, over its grim old Castle now much honeycombed,—on one of those projecting rock-promontories with which that shore of the Firth of Forth is niched and vandyked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful sea; good land too, now that the plougher understands his trade; a grim niched barrier

[1] Collections by a Private Hand, at Edinburgh, from 1650 to 1661 (Woodrow MSS.), printed in Historical Fragments on Scotch Affairs from 1635 to 1664 (Edinburgh, 1832), Part i. pp. 27-8.

of whinstone sheltering it from the chafings and tumblings of the big blue German Ocean. Seaward St. Abb's Head, of whinstone, bounds your horizon to the east, not very far off; west, close by, is the deep bay, and fishy little village of Belhaven: the gloomy Bass and other rock-islets, and farther the Hills of Fife, and foreshadows of the Highlands, are visible as you look seaward. From the bottom of Belhaven bay to that of the next seabight St. Abb's-ward, the Town and its environs form a peninsula. Along the base of which peninsula, "not much above a mile and a half from sea to sea," Oliver Cromwell's Army, on Monday 2d of September 1650, stands ranked, with its tents and Town behind it,—in very forlorn circumstances. This now is all the ground that Oliver is lord of in Scotland. His Ships lie in the offing, with biscuit and transport for him, but visible elsewhere in the Earth no help.

Landward as you look from the Town of Dunbar there rises, some short mile off, a dusky continent of barren heath Hills; the Lammermoor, where only mountain-sheep can be at home. The crossing of *which*, by any of its boggy passes, and brawling stream-courses, no Army, hardly a solitary Scotch Packman could attempt, in such weather. To the edge of these Lammermoor Heights, David Lesley has betaken himself; lies now along the outmost spur of them,—a long Hill of considerable height, which the Dunbar people call the Dun, Doon, or sometimes for fashion's sake the Down, adding to it the Teutonic *Hill* likewise, though *Dun* itself in old Celtic signifies Hill. On this Doon Hill lies David Lesley with the victorious Scotch Army, upwards of Twenty-thousand strong; with the Committees of Kirk and Estates, the chief Dignitaries of the Country, and in fact the flower of what the pure Covenant in this the Twelfth year of its existence can still bring forth. There lies he since Sunday night, on the top and slope of this Doon Hill, with the impassable heath-continents behind him; embraces, as within outspread tiger-claws, the base-line of Oliver's Dunbar peninsula; waiting what Oliver will do. Cockburnspath with its ravines has been seized on Oliver's left, and made impassable; behind Oliver is the sea; in front of him Lesley, Doon Hill, and the heath-continent of Lammermoor. Lesley's force is of Three-and-twenty-thousand,[1] in spirits as of men chasing, Oliver's about half as many, in spirits as of men chased. What is to become of Oliver?

[1] 27,000 say the English Pamphlets; 16,000 foot and 7,000 horse, says Sir Edward Walker (p. 182), who has access to know.

LETTER CXXXIX

HASELRIG, as we know, is Governor of Newcastle. Oliver on Monday writes this Note; means to send it off, I suppose, by sea. Making no complaint for himself, the remarkable Oliver; doing, with grave brevity, in the hour the business of the hour. "He was a strong man," so intimates Charles Harvey, who knew him: "in the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all the others."[1] A genuine King among men, Mr. Harvey. The divinest sight this world sees,—when it is privileged to see such, and not be sickened with the unholy apery of such! He is just now upon an "engagement," or complicated concern, "very difficult."

To the Honourable Sir Arthur Haselrig at Newcastle or elsewhere: These. Haste, haste.

DEAR SIR, 'Dunbar,' 2d September 1650.

We are upon an Engagement very difficult. The Enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the Hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.

I perceive, your forces are not in a capacity for present release. Wherefore, whatever becomes of us, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all Good People. If your forces had been in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for Good. Our spirits[2] are comfortable, praised be the Lord,—though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience.

Indeed do you get together what forces you can against them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write. I would not make it public, lest

[1] *Passages in his Highness's last Sickness*, already referred to.
[2] minds.

danger should accrue thereby. You know what use to make hereof. Let me hear from you. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' It's difficult for me to send to you. Let me hear from 'you' after 'you receive this.'[1]

The base of Oliver's "Dunbar Peninsula," as we have called it (or Dunbar Pinfold where he is now hemmed in, upon "an entanglement very difficult"), extends from Belhaven Bay on his right, to Brocksmouth House on his left; "about a mile and a half from sea to sea." Brocksmouth House, the Earl (now Duke) of Roxburgh's mansion, which still stands there, his soldiers now occupy as their extreme post on the left. As its name indicates, it is the *mouth* or issue of a small Rivulet, or *Burn*, called *Brock*, *Brocksburn*; which, springing from the Lammermoor, and skirting David Lesley's Doon Hill, finds its egress here into the sea. The reader who would form an image to himself of the great Tuesday 3d of September 1650, at Dunbar, must note well this little *Burn*. It runs in a deep grassy glen, which the South-country Officers in those old Pamphlets describe as a "deep *ditch*, forty feet in depth, and about as many in width,"—ditch dug out by the little Brook itself, and carpeted with greensward, in the course of long thousands of years. It runs pretty close by the foot of Doon Hill; forms, from this point to the sea, the boundary of Oliver's position: his force is arranged in battle-order along the left bank of this Brocksburn, and its grassy glen; he is busied all Monday, he and his Officers, in ranking them there. "Before sunrise on Monday" Lesley sent down his horse from the Hill-top, to occupy the other side of this Brook; "about four in the afternoon" his train came down, his whole Army gradually came down; and they now are ranking themselves on the opposite side of Brocksburn,—on rather narrow ground; cornfields, but swiftly sloping upwards to the steep of Doon Hill. This goes on, in the wild showers and winds of Monday 2d September

[1] Communicated by John Hare, Esquire, Rosemont Cottage, Clifton. The MS. at Clifton is a Copy, without date; but has this title in an old hand: "Copy of an original Letter of Oliver Cromwell, written with his own hand, the day before the Battle of Dunbarr, to Sir A. Haselridge." ——*Note to Second Edition.* Found since (1846), with the Postscript, printed from the Original, in Brand's History of Newcastle (London, 1789), ii. 479.——*Note to Third Edition.* Autograph Original found now (May 1847); in the possession of R. Ormston, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne. See *postea*, p. 182, and Appendix, No. 18.

1650, on both sides of the Rivulet of Brock. Whoever will begin the attack, must get across this Brook and its glen first; a thing of much disadvantage.

Behind Oliver's ranks, between him and Dunbar, stand his tents; sprinkled up and down, by battalions, over the face of this "Peninsula"; which is a low though very uneven tract of ground; now in our time all yellow with wheat and barley in the autumn season, but at that date only partially tilled,—describable by Yorkshire Hodgson as a place of plashes and rough bent-grass; terribly beaten by showery winds that day, so that your tent will hardly stand. There was then but one Farmhouse on this tract, where now are not a few: thither were Oliver's Cannon sent this morning; they had at first been lodged "in the Church," an edifice standing then as now somewhat apart, "at the south end of Dunbar." We have notice of only one other "small house," belike some poor shepherd's homestead, in Oliver's tract of ground: it stands close by the Brock Rivulet itself, and in the bottom of the little glen; at a place where the banks of it flatten themselves out into a slope passable for carts: this of course, as the one "pass" in that quarter, it is highly important to seize. Pride and Lambert lodged "six horse and fifteen foot" in this poor hut early in the morning: Lesley's horse came across, and drove them out; killing some and "taking three prisoners";—and so got possession of this pass and hut; but did not keep it. Among the three prisoners was one musketeer, "a very stout man, though he has but a wooden arm," and some iron hook at the end of it, poor fellow. He "fired thrice," not without effect, with his wooden arm; and was not taken without difficulty: a handfast stubborn man; they carried him across to General Lesley to give some account of himself. In several of the old Pamphlets, which agree in all the details of it, this is what we read:

"General *David* Lesley (old Leven," the other Lesley, "being in the Castle of Edinburgh, as they relate [1]), asked this man, If the Enemy did intend to fight? He replied, 'What do you think we come here for? We come for nothing else!'—'Soldier,' says Lesley, 'how will you fight, when you have shipped half of your men, and all your great guns?' The Soldier replied, 'Sir, if you please to draw down your men, you shall find both men and great guns too!'"—A most dogged handfast man, this with the wooden arm, and iron hook on it! "One of the

[1] Old Leven is *here*, if the Pamphlet knew; but only as a volunteer and without command, though nominally still General-in-chief.

Officers asked, How he durst answer the General so saucily? He said, 'I only answer the question put to me!'" Lesley sent him across, free again, by a trumpet: he made his way to Cromwell; reported what had passed, and added doggedly, He for one had lost twenty shillings by the business,—plundered from him in this action. "The Lord General gave him thereupon two pieces," which I think are forty shillings; and sent him away rejoicing.[1]—This is the adventure at the "pass" by the shepherd's hut in the bottom of the glen, close by the Brocksburn itself.

And now farther, on the great scale, we are to remark very specially that there is just one other "pass" across the Brocksburn; and this is precisely where the London road now crosses it; about a mile east from the former pass, and perhaps two gunshots west from Brocksmouth House. There the great road then as now crosses the Burn of Brock; the steep grassy glen, or "broad ditch forty feet deep," flattening itself out here once more into a passable slope: passable, but still steep on the southern or Lesley side, still mounting up there, with considerable acclivity, into a high table-ground, out of which the Doon Hill, as outskirt of the Lammermoor, a short mile to your right, gradually gathers itself. There, at this "pass," on and about the present London road, as you discover after long dreary dim examining, took place the brunt or essential agony of the Battle of Dunbar long ago. Read in the extinct old Pamphlets, and ever again obstinately read, till some light rise in them, look even with unmilitary eyes at the ground as it now is, you do at last obtain small glimmerings of distinct features here and there, —which gradually coalesce into a kind of image for you; and some spectrum of the Fact becomes visible; rises veritable, face to face, on you, grim and sad in the depths of the old dead Time. Yes, my travelling friends, vehiculating in gigs or otherwise over that piece of London road, you may say to yourselves, Here without monument is the grave of a valiant thing which was done under the Sun; the footprint of a Hero, not yet quite undistinguishable, is here!—

"The Lord General about four o'clock," say the old Pamphlets, "went into the Town to take some refreshment," a hasty late dinner, or early supper, whichever we may call it; "and very soon returned back,"—having written Sir Arthur's Letter, I

[1] Cadwell the Army-Messenger's Narrative to the Parliament (in Carte's Ormond Papers, i. 382). Given also, with other details, in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 478, §§ 9, 7, 10; no. 479, § 1; etc. etc.

think, in the interim. Coursing about the field, with enough of things to order; walking at last with Lambert in the Park or Garden of Brocksmouth House, he discerns that Lesley is astir on the Hill-side; altering his position somewhat. That Lesley in fact is coming wholly down to the basis of the Hill, where his horse had been since sunrise: coming wholly down to the edge of the Brook and glen, among the sloping harvest-fields there; and also is bringing up his left wing of horse, most part of it, towards his right; edging himself, "shogging," as Oliver calls it, his whole line more and more to the right! His meaning is, to get hold of Brocksmouth House and the pass of the Brook there;[1] after which it will be free to him to attack us when he will!—Lesley in fact considers, or at least the Committee of Estates and Kirk consider, that Oliver is lost; that, on the whole, he must not be left to retreat, but must be attacked and annihilated here. A vague story, due to Bishop Burnet, the watery source of many such, still circulates about the world, That it was the Kirk Committee who forced Lesley down against his will; that Oliver, at sight of it, exclaimed, "The Lord hath delivered," etc.: which nobody is in the least bound to believe. It appears, from other quarters, that Lesley *was* advised or sanctioned in this attempt by the Committee of Estates and Kirk, but also that he was by no means hard to advise; that, in fact, lying on the top of Doon Hill, shelterless in such weather, was no operation to spin out beyond necessity;—and that if anybody pressed too much upon him with advice to come down and fight, it was likeliest to be Royalist Civil Dignitaries, who had plagued him with their cavillings at his cunctations, at his "secret fellow-feeling for the Sectarians and Regicides," ever since this War began. The poor Scotch Clergy have enough of their own to answer for in this business; let every back bear the burden that belongs to it. In a word, Lesley descends, has been descending all day, and "shogs" himself to the right,—urged, I believe, by manifold counsel, and by the nature of the case; and, what is equally important for us, Oliver sees him, and sees through him, in this movement of his.

At sight of this movement, Oliver suggests to Lambert standing by him, Does it not give *us* an advantage, if we, instead of him, like to begin the attack? Here is the Enemy's right wing coming out to the open space, free to be attacked on any side; and the main-battle hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon Hill and the Brook, has no room to manœuvre or assist:[2] beat this right wing where it now stands; take it in flank and front with an overpowering force,—it is driven upon its own

[1] Baillie's Letters, iii. 111. [2] Hodgson.

main-battle, the whole Army is beaten? Lambert eagerly assents, "had meant to say the same thing." Monk, who comes up at the moment, likewise assents; as the other Officers do, when the case is set before them. It is the plan resolved upon for battle. The attack shall begin to-morrow before dawn.

And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms, all night; being upon an engagement very difficult indeed. The night is wild and wet;—2d of September means 12th by our calendar: the Harvest Moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray,—and withal keep his powder dry! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man!—Thus they pass the night; making that Dunbar Peninsula and Brock Rivulet long memorable to me. We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we,—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a Major-General say some,[1] extinguish their matches, all but two in a company; cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English; watch, and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my puddingheaded Yorkshire friend, that his regiment must mount and march straightway; his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocksmouth House, to the Pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there; beat that, and all is beaten. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, "a Cornet praying in the night"; a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void Heaven, before battle joined: Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother Officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them; haply his last prayer on this Earth, as it might prove to be. But no: this Cornet prayed with such effusion as was wonderful; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the Heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance!—The Moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St. Abb's Head, a streak of dawn is rising.

And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here, he is ordering the line far to the right yet; and

[1] "Major-General Holburn" (he that escorted Cromwell into Edinburgh in 1648), says Walker, p. 180.

Oliver occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots too, on this wing, are awake: thinking to surprise us; there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord General is impatient;—behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangour Night's silence; the cannons awaken along all the Line: "The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!" On, my brave ones, on!—

The dispute "on this right wing was hot and stiff, for three quarters of an hour." Plenty of fire, from fieldpieces, snaphances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main-battle across the Brock;—poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, "with lancers in the front rank," charge desperately; drive us back across the hollow of the Rivulet;—back a little; but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. "Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot." Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them: fieldpieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn; and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above Three-thousand killed upon the place: "I never saw such a charge of foot and horse," says one;[1] nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded; Hodgson heard him say, "They run! I profess they run!" And over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level Sun upon us, "and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, 'Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,'"—or in Rous's metre,

> Let God arise, and scattered
> Let all his enemies be;
> And let all those that do him hate
> Before his presence flee!

Even so. The Scotch Army is shivered to utter ruin; rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither; to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar, the chase goes as far as Haddington; led by Hacker. "The Lord General made a halt," says Hodgson, "and sang the Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm," till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of the Doon Hill; there we uplift it, to the

[1] Rushworth's Letter to the Speaker (in Parliamentary History, xix. 341).

tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky:

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nati-ons that be;
Likewise ye people all, accord
His name to magnify!

For great to-us-ward ever are
His lovingkindnesses;
His truth endures forevermore:
The Lord O do ye bless!

And now, to the chase again.

The Prisoners are Ten-thousand,—all the foot in a mass. Many Dignitaries are taken; not a few are slain; of whom see Printed Lists,—full of blunders. Provost Jaffray of Aberdeen, Member of the Scots Parliament, one of the Committee of Estates, was very nearly slain: a trooper's sword was in the air to sever him, but one cried, He is a man of consequence; he can ransom himself!—and the trooper kept him prisoner.[1] The first of the Scots Quakers, by and by; and an official person much reconciled to Oliver. Ministers also of the Kirk Committee were slain; two Ministers I find taken, poor Carstairs of Glasgow, poor Waugh of some other place,—of whom we shall transiently hear again.

General David Lesley, vigorous for flight as for other things, got to Edinburgh by nine o'clock; poor old Leven, not so light of movement, did not get till two. Tragical enough. What a change since January 1644, when we marched out of this same Dunbar up to the knees in snow! It was to help and save these very men that we then marched; with the Covenant in all our hearts. We have stood by the Letter of the Covenant; fought for our Covenanted Stuart King as we could;—they again, they stand by the substance of it, and have trampled us and the letter of it into this ruinous state!—Yes, my poor friends;—and now be wise, be taught! The Letter of your Covenant, in fact, will never rally again in this world. The spirit and substance of it, please God, will never die in this or in any world!

Such is Dunbar Battle; which might also be called Dunbar Drove, for it was a frightful rout. Brought on by miscalculation; misunderstanding of the difference between substances and semblances;—by mismanagement, and the chance of war. My Lord General's next Seven Letters, all written on the morrow, will now be intelligible to the reader. First, however, take the following

[1] Diary of Alexander Jaffray (London, 1834;—unhappily relating almost all to the inner man of Jaffray).

PROCLAMATION

Forasmuch as I understand there are several Soldiers of the Enemy's Army yet abiding in the Field, who by reason of their wounds could not march from thence:

These are therefore to give notice to the Inhabitants of this Nation That they may and hereby have [1] free liberty to repair to the Field aforesaid, and, with their carts or 'in' any other peaceable way, to carry away the said Soldiers to such places as they shall think fit:—provided they meddle not with, or take away, any the Arms there. And all Officers and Soldiers are to take notice that the same is permitted.

Given under my hand, at Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

Oliver Cromwell.

To be proclaimed by beat of drum.[2]

LETTER CXL

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Sir, Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

I hope it's not ill taken, that I make no more frequent addresses to the Parliament. Things that are in trouble, in point of provision for your Army, and of ordinary direction, I have, as I could, often presented to the Council of State, together with such occurrences as have happened;—who, I am sure, as they have not been wanting in their extraordinary care and provision for us, so neither in what they judge fit and necessary to represent the same to you. And this I thought to be a sufficient discharge of my duty on that behalf.

It hath now pleased God to bestow a mercy upon you, worthy of your knowledge, and of the utmost praise and thanks of all that fear and love His name; yea, the mercy is far above all praise. Which that you may the better perceive, I shall take the boldness to tender unto you some circumstances accompany-

[1] *sic.*

[2] Old Newspaper, *Several Proceedings in Parliament*, no. 50 (5th-12th Sept. 1650): in Burney Newspapers (British Museum), vol. xxxiv.

ing this great business, which will manifest the greatness and seasonableness of this mercy.

We having tried what we could to engage the Enemy, three or four miles West of Edinburgh; that proving ineffectual, and our victual failing,—we marched towards our ships for a recruit of our want. The Enemy did not at all trouble us in our rear; but marched the direct way towards Edinburgh, and partly in the night and morning slips-through his whole Army; and quarters himself in a posture easy to interpose between us and our victual. But the Lord made him to lose the opportunity. And the morning proving exceeding wet and dark, we recovered, by that time it was light, a ground where they could not hinder us from our victual: which was an high act of the Lord's Providence to us. We being come into the said ground, the Enemy marched into the ground we were last upon; having no mind either to strive to interpose between us and our victuals, or to fight; being indeed upon this 'aim of reducing us to a' lock,—hoping that the sickness of your Army would render their work more easy by the gaining of time. Whereupon we marched to Musselburgh, to victual, and to ship away our sick men; where we sent aboard near five-hundred sick and wounded soldiers.

And upon serious consideration, finding our weakness so to increase, and the Enemy lying upon his advantage,—at a general council it was thought fit to march to Dunbar, and there to fortify the Town. Which (we thought), if anything, would provoke them to engage. As also, That the having of a Garrison there would furnish us with accommodation for our sick men, 'and' would be a good Magazine,—which we exceedingly wanted; being put to depend upon the uncertainty of weather for landing provisions, which many times cannot be done though the being of the whole Army lay upon it, all the coasts from Berwick to Leith having not one good harbour. As also, To lie more conveniently to receive our recruits of horse and foot from Berwick.

Having these considerations,—upon Saturday the 30th[1] of August we marched from Musselburgh to Haddington. Where, by that time we had got the van-brigade of our horse, and our foot and train, into their quarters, the Enemy had marched with that exceeding expedition that they fell upon the rear-forlorn of our horse, and put it in some disorder; and indeed had like to have engaged our rear-brigade of horse with their whole Army,—had not the Lord by His Providence put a cloud over the Moon, thereby giving us opportunity to draw off those horse to the res of our Army. Which accordingly was done without any loss

[1] *sic:* but Saturday is 31st.

save of three or four of our aforementioned forlorn; wherein the Enemy, as we believe, received more loss.

The Army being put into a reasonable secure posture,—towards midnight the Enemy attempted our quarters, on the west end of Haddington: but through the goodness of God we repulsed them. The next morning we drew into an open field, on the south side of Haddington; we not judging it safe for us to draw to the Enemy upon his own ground, he being prepossessed thereof;—but rather drew back, to give him way to come to us, if he had so thought fit. And having waited about the space of four or five hours, to see if he would come to us; and not finding any inclination in the Enemy so to do,—we resolved to go, according to our first intendment, to Dunbar.

By that time we had marched three or four miles, we saw some bodies of the Enemy's horse draw out of their quarters; and by that time our carriages were gotten near Dunbar, their whole Army was upon their march after us. And indeed, our drawing back in this manner, with the addition of three new regiments added to them, did much heighten their confidence, if not presumption and arrogancy.—The Enemy, that night, we perceived, gathered towards the Hills; labouring to make a perfect interposition between us and Berwick. And having in this posture a great advantage,—through his better knowledge of the country, he effected it: by sending a considerable party to the strait Pass at Copperspath; where ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way. And truly this was an exigent to us,[1] wherewith the Enemy reproached us;—' as ' with that condition the Parliament's Army was in when it made its hard conditions with the King in Cornwall.[2] By some reports that have come to us, they had disposed of us, and of their business, in sufficient revenge and wrath towards our persons; and had swallowed up the poor Interest of England; believing that their Army and their King would have marched to London without any interruption;—it being told us (we know not how truly) by a prisoner we took the night before the fight, That their King was very suddenly to come amongst them, with those English they allowed to be about him. But in what they were thus lifted up, the Lord was above them.

The Enemy lying in the posture before mentioned, having

[1] A disgraceful summons of caption to us: "exigent" is a law-writ issued against a fugitive,—such as we knew long since, in our young days, about Lincoln's Inn!

[2] Essex's Army six years ago, in Autumn 1644, when the King had impounded it among the Hills there (see antea, vol. i. p. 158).

those advantages; we lay very near him, being sensible of our disadvantages, having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor weak faith, wherein I believe not a few amongst us stand: That because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were in the Mount, and in the Mount the Lord would be seen; and that He would find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us:—and indeed we had our consolations and our hopes.

Upon Monday evening,—the Enemy's whole numbers were very great; about Six-thousand horse, as we heard, and Sixteen-thousand foot at least; ours drawn down, as to sound men, to about Seven-thousand five-hundred foot, and Three-thousand five-hundred horse,—'upon Monday evening,' the Enemy drew down to the right wing about two-thirds of their left wing of horse. To the right wing; shogging also their foot and train much to the right; causing their right wing of horse to edge down towards the sea. We could not well imagine but that the Enemy intended to attempt upon us, or to place themselves in a more exact condition of interposition. The Major-General and myself coming to the Earl Roxburgh's House, and observing this posture, I told him I thought it did give us an opportunity and advantage to attempt upon the Enemy. To which he immediately replied, That he had thought to have said the same thing to me. So that it pleased the Lord to set this apprehension upon both of our hearts, at the same instant. We called for Colonel Monk, and showed him the thing: and coming to our quarters at night, and demonstrating our apprehensions to some of the Colonels, they also cheerfully concurred.

We resolved therefore to put our business into this posture: That six regiments of horse, and three regiments and a half of foot should march in the van; and that the Major-General, the Lieutenant-General of the horse, and the Commissary-General,[1] and Colonel Monk to command the brigade of foot, should lead on the business; and that Colonel Pride's brigade, Colonel Overton's brigade, and the remaining two regiments of horse should bring up the cannon and rear. The time of falling-on to be by break of day:—but through some delays it proved not to be so; 'not' till six o'clock in the morning.

The Enemy's word was, *The Covenant;* which it had been for divers days. Ours, *The Lord of Hosts.* The Major-General, Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, and Commissary-General Whalley, and Colonel Twistleton, gave the onset; the Enemy being in a

[1] Lambert, Fleetwood, Whalley.

very good posture to receive them, having the advantage of their cannon and foot against our horse. Before our foot could come up, the Enemy made a gallant resistance, and there was a very hot dispute at sword's point between our horse and theirs. Our first foot, after they had discharged their duty (being overpowered with the Enemy), received some repulse, which they soon recovered. For my own regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe and my Major, White, did come seasonably in; and, at the push of pike, did repel the stoutest regiment the Enemy had there, merely with the courage the Lord was pleased to give. Which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot; this being the first action between the foot. The horse in the mean time did, with a great deal of courage and spirit, beat back all oppositions; charging through the bodies of the Enemy's horse, and of their foot; who were, after the first repulse given, made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to their swords.—Indeed, I believe I may speak it without partiality: both your chief Commanders and others in their several places, and soldiers also, were acted [1] with as much courage as ever hath been seen in any action since this War. I know they look not to be named; and therefore I forbear particulars.

The best of the Enemy's horse being broken through and through in less than an hour's dispute, their whole Army being put into confusion, it became a total rout; our men having the chase and execution of them near eight miles. We believe that upon the place and near about it were about Three-thousand slain. Prisoners taken: of their officers, you have this enclosed List; of private soldiers near Ten-thousand. The whole baggage and train taken, wherein was good store of match, powder and bullet; all their artillery, great and small,—thirty guns. We are confident they have left behind them not less than Fifteen-thousand arms. I have already brought-in to me near Two hundred colours, which I herewith send you.[2] What officers of theirs of quality are killed, we yet cannot learn; but yet surely divers are: and many men of quality are mortally wounded, as Colonel Lumsden, the Lord Libberton and others. And, that which is no small addition, I do not believe we have lost twenty men. Not one Commission Officer slain as I hear of, save one

[1] "actuated," as we now write it.

[2] They hung long in Westminster Hall; beside the Preston ones, and still others that came. Colonel Pride has been heard to wish, and almost to hope, That the Lawyers' gowns might all be hung up beside the Scots colours yet,—and the Lawyers' selves, except some very small and most select needful remnant, be ordered peremptorily to disappear from those localities, and seek an honest trade elsewhere! (Walker's *History of Independency*.)

Cornet; and Major Rooksby, since dead of his wounds; and not many mortally wounded:—Colonel Whalley only cut in the hand-wrist, and his horse (twice shot) killed under him; but he well recovered another horse, and went on in the chase.

Thus you have the prospect of one of the most signal mercies God hath done for England and His people, this War:—and now may it please you to give me the leave of a few words. It is easy to say, The Lord hath done this. It would do you good to see and hear our poor foot to go up and down making their boast of God. But, Sir, it's in your hands, and by these eminent mercies God puts it more into your hands. To give glory to Him; to improve your power, and His blessings, to His praise. We that serve you beg of you not to own us,—but God alone. We pray you own His people more and more; for they are the chariots and horsemen of Israel. Disown yourselves;—but own your Authority; and improve it to curb the proud and the insolent, such as would disturb the tranquillity of England, though under what specious pretences soever. Relieve the oppressed, hear the groans of poor prisoners in England. Be pleased to reform the abuses of all professions:—and if there be any one that makes many poor to make a few rich,[1] that suits not a Commonwealth. If He that strengthens your servants to fight, please to give you hearts to set upon these things, in order to His glory, and the glory of your Commonwealth,—'then' besides the benefit England shall feel thereby, you shall shine forth to other Nations, who shall emulate the glory of such a pattern, and through the power of God turn-in to the like!

These are our desires. And that you may have liberty and opportunity to do these things, and not be hindered, we have been and shall be (by God's assistance) willing to venture our lives;—and 'will' not desire you should be precipitated by importunities, from your care of safety and preservation; but that the doing of these good things may have their place amongst those which concern wellbeing,[2] and so be wrought in their time and order.

Since we came in Scotland, it hath been our desire and longing to have avoided blood in this business; by reason that God hath a people here fearing His name, though deceived. And to that end have we offered much love unto such, in the bowels of

[1] "Many of them had a *peek* at Lawyers generally" (says learned Bulstrode in these months,—appealing to posterity, almost with tears in his big dull eyes!).

[2] We as yet struggle for *being*; which is preliminary, and still more essential.

Christ; and concerning the truth of our hearts therein, have we appealed unto the Lord. The Ministers of Scotland have hindered the passage of these things to the hearts of those to whom we intended them. And now we hear, that not only the deceived people, but some of the Ministers are also fallen in this Battle. This is the great hand of the Lord, and worthy of the consideration of all those who take into their hands the instruments of a foolish shepherd,—to wit, meddling with worldly policies, and mixtures of earthly power, to set up that which they call the Kingdom of Christ, which is neither it, nor, if it were it, would such means be found effectual to that end,—and neglect, or trust not to, the Word of God, the sword of the Spirit; which is alone powerful and able for the setting up of that Kingdom; and, when trusted to, will be found effectually able to that end, and will also do it! This is humbly offered for their sakes who have lately too much turned aside: that they might return again to preach Jesus Christ, according to the simplicity of the Gospel;—and then no doubt they will discern and find your protection and encouragement.

Beseeching you to pardon this length, I humbly take leave; and rest,

Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Industrious dull Bulstrode, coming home from the Council of State towards Chelsea on Saturday afternoon, is accosted on the streets, "near Charing Cross," by a dusty individual, who declares himself bearer of this Letter from my Lord General; and imparts a rapid outline of the probable contents to Bulstrode's mind, which naturally kindles with a certain slow solid satisfaction on receipt thereof.[2]

LETTER CXLI

LETTER CXXXIX., for Sir Arthur, did not go on Monday night; and finds now an unexpected conveyance!—Brand, Historian of Newcastle, got sight of that Letter, and of this new one enclosing it, in the hands of an old Steward of the Haselrigs, grandfather of the present possessor of those Documents, some half-century ago; and happily took copies. Letter CXXXIX.

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 87-91).
[2] Whitlocke (2d edition), p. 470 (7th Sept.).

was autograph, " folded up hastily before the ink was quite dry; —sealed with red wax: " of this there is nothing autograph but the signature; and the sealing-wax is black.

For the Honourable Sir Arthur Haselrig, at Newcastle or elsewhere : These. Haste, haste.

SIR, Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

You will see by my Enclosed, of the 2d of this month, which was the evening before the Fight, the condition we were in at that time. Which I thought fit on purpose to send you, that you might see how great and how seasonable our deliverance and mercy is, by such aggravation.

Having said my thoughts thereupon to the Parliament, I shall only give you the narrative of this exceeding mercy;[1] believing the Lord will enlarge your heart to a thankful consideration thereupon. The least of this mercy lies not in the advantageous consequences which I hope it may produce; of glory to God and good to His People, in the prosecution of that which remains; unto which this great work hath opened so fair a way. We have no cause to doubt but, if it shall please the Lord to prosper our endeavours, we may find opportunities both upon Edinburgh and Leith,—Stirling-Bridge, and other such places as the Lord shall lead unto. Even far above our thoughts; as this late and other experiences gives good encouragement.

Wherefore, that we may not be wanting, I desire you, with such forces as you have, Immediately to march to me to Dunbar; leaving behind you such of your new Levies as will prevent lesser incursions:—for surely their rout and ruin is so total that they will not be provided for any thing that is very considerable. — —Or rather, which I more incline unto, That you would send Thomlinson with the Forces you have ready, and this with all possible expedition; and that *you* will go on with the remainder of the Reserve,—which, upon better thoughts, I do not think can well be done without you.

Sir, let no time nor opportunity be lost. Surely it's probable the Kirk has done their do.[2] I believe their King will set up upon his own score now; wherein he will find many friends. Taking opportunity offered,—it's our great advantage, through God. I need say no more to you on this behalf; but rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

[1] Means *the bare statement.* In the next sentence, " The least lies not,' is for *The not least lies.*

[2] " doo " *in orig.*

My service to your good Lady.—I think it will be very fit that you bake Hard-bread again, considering you increase our numbers. I pray you do so.—Sir, I desire you to procure about Three or Four score Masons, and ship them to us with all speed: for we expect that God will suddenly put some places into our hands, which we shall have occasion to fortify.[1]

LETTER CXLII

To the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

My Lord,

I have sent the Major-General, with six regiments of horse and one of foot, towards Edinburgh; purposing (God willing) to follow after, to-morrow, with what convenience I may.

We are put to exceeding trouble, though it be an effect of abundant mercy, with the numerousness of our Prisoners; having so few hands, so many of our men sick;—so little conveniency of disposing of them;[2] and not, by attendance thereupon, to omit the seasonableness of the prosecution of this mercy as Providence shall direct. We have been constrained, even out of Christianity, humanity, and the forementioned necessity, to dismiss between four and five thousand Prisoners, almost starved, sick and wounded; the remainder, which are the like, or a greater number, I am fain to send by a convoy of four troops of Colonel Hacker's, to Berwick, and so on to Newcastle, southwards.[3]

[1] Brand's History of Newcastle, ii. 489. In Brand's Book there follow Excerpts from two other Letters to Sir Arthur; of which, on inquiry, the present Baronet of Nosely Hall unluckily knows nothing farther. The Excerpts, with their dates, shall be given presently.

[2] The prisoners:—sentence ungrammatical, but intelligible.

[3] Here are Brand's Excerpts from the two other Letters to Sir Arthur, spoken of in the former Note: "*Dunbar, 5th Sept.* 1650. . . . . After much deliberation, we can find no way how to dispose of these Prisoners that will be consisting with these two ends: to wit, the not losing them and the not starving them, neither of which would we willingly incur,—but by sending them into England." (Brand, ii. 481).——"*Edinburgh, 9th Sept.* 1650. . . . . I hope your Northern Guests are come to you by this time. I pray you let humanity be exercised towards them: I am persuaded it will be comely. Let the Officers be kept at Newcastle, some sent to Lynn, some to Chester." (*Ibid.* p. 480).——(*Note to Third Edition*). Letters complete, Appendix, No. 18.

A frightful account of what became of these poor "Northern Guests" as they proceeded "southwards"; how, for sheer hunger, they ate raw-cabbages in the "walled garden at Morpeth," and lay in unspeakable imprisonment in Durham Cathedral, and died as of swift pestilence there: In *Sir Arthur Haselrig's Letter to the Council of State* (reprinted, from the old Pamphlets, in Parliamentary History, xix. 417).

I think fit to acquaint your Lordship with two or three observations. Some of the honestest in the Army amongst the Scots did profess before the fight, That they did not believe their King in his Declaration;[1] and it's most evident he did sign it with as much reluctancy and so much against his heart as could be: and yet they venture their lives for him upon this account; and publish this 'Declaration' to the world, to be believed as the act of a person converted, when in their hearts they know he abhorred the doing of it, and meant it not.

I hear, when the Enemy marched last up to us, the Ministers pressed their Army to interpose between us and home; the chief Officers desiring rather that we might have way made, though it were by a golden bridge. But the Clergy's counsel prevailed, —to their no great comfort, through the goodness of God.

The Enemy took a gentleman of Major Brown's troop prisoner, that night we came to Haddington; and he had quarter through Lieutenant-General David Lesley's means; who, finding him a man of courage and parts, laboured with him to take up arms. But the man expressing constancy and resolution to this side, the Lieutenant-General caused him to be mounted, and with two troopers to ride about to view their gallant Army; using that as an argument to persuade him to their side; and, when this was done, dismissed him to us in a bravery. And indeed the day before we fought, they did express so much insolency and contempt of us, to some soldiers they took, as was beyond apprehension.

Your Lordship's most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

WHICH high officialities being ended, here are certain glad domestic Letters of the same date.

LETTER CXLIII

For my beloved Wife Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These.

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

MY DEAREST,

I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee that in many of thy Letters thou writest to me, That I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones.

[1] Open Testimony against the sins of his Father, see antea, p. 161.
[2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 91).

Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice.

The Lord hath showed us an exceeding mercy:—who can tell how great it is! My weak faith hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man marvellously supported;—though I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success Harry Vane or Gilbert Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends. I rest thine,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER CXLIV

For my loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

DEAR BROTHER, Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

Having so good an occasion as the imparting so great a mercy as the Lord has vouchsafed us in Scotland, I would not omit the imparting thereof to you, though I be full of business.

Upon Wednesday[2] we fought the Scottish armies. They were in number, according to all computation, above Twenty-thousand; we hardly Eleven-thousand, having great sickness upon our Army. After much appealing to God, the Fight lasted above an hour. We killed (as most think) Three-thousand; took near Ten-thousand prisoners, all their train, about thirty guns great and small, besides bullet, match and powder, very considerable Officers, about two-hundred colours, above ten-thousand arms;—lost not thirty men. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Good Sir, give God all the glory; stir up all yours, and all about you, to do so. Pray for

Your affectionate brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

[1] Copied from the Original by John Hare, Esq., Rosemont Cottage, Clifton. Collated with the old Copy in British Museum, Cole MSS., no. 5834, p. 38. "The Original was purchased at Strawberry-Hill Sale" (Horace Walpole's), "30th April 1842, for Twenty-one guineas."

[2] "Wedensd." in the Original. A curious proof of the haste and confusion Cromwell was in. The Battle was on *Tuesday*,—yesterday, 3d September 1650; indisputably Tuesday; and he is now writing on Wednesday!—

I desire my love may be presented to my dear Sister, and to all your Family. I pray tell Doll I do not forget her nor her little Brat. She writes very cunningly and complimentally to me; I expect a Letter of plain dealing from her. She is too modest to tell me whether she breeds or not. I wish a blessing upon her and her Husband. The Lord make them fruitful in all that's good. They are at leisure to write often;—but indeed they are both idle, and worthy of blame.[1]

LETTER CXLV

A PIOUS Word, shot off to Ireland, for Son Ireton and the "dear Friends" fighting for the same Cause there. That they may rejoice with us, as we have done with them: none knows but they may have "need" again "of mutual experiences for refreshment."

'To Lieutenant-General Ireton, Deputy-Lieutenant of Ireland: These.'

SIR, Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

Though I hear not often from you, yet I know you forget me not. Think so of me 'too'; for I often remember you at the Throne of Grace.—I heard of the Lord's good hand with you in reducing Waterford, Duncannon, and Catherlogh:[2] His Name be praised.

We have been engaged upon a Service the fullest of trial ever poor creatures were upon. We made great professions of love; knowing we were to deal with many who were Godly, and 'who' pretended to be stumbled at our Invasion:—indeed, our bowels were pierced again and again; the Lord helped us to sweet words, and in sincerity to mean them. We were rejected again and again; yet still we begged to be believed that we loved them as our own souls; they often returned evil for good. We prayed for security:[3] they would not hear or answer a word to that. We made often appeals to God; they appealed also.

[1] Harris, p. 513; one of the Pusey stock, the last now but three.

[2] "Catherlogh" is Carlow: Narrative of these captures (10th August 1650) in a Letter from Ireton to the Speaker (Parliamentary History, xix. 334-7).

[3] Begged of them some security against Charles Stuart's designs upon England.

We were near engagements three or four times, but they lay upon advantages. A heavy flux fell upon our Army; brought it very low,—from Fourteen to Eleven thousand: Three-thousand five-hundred horse, and Seven-thousand five-hundred foot. The Enemy Sixteen-thousand foot, and Six-thousand horse.

The Enemy prosecuted the advantage. We were necessitated; and upon September [1] the 3d, by six in the morning, we attempted their Army:—after a hot dispute for about an hour, we routed their whole Army; killed near Three-thousand; and took, as the Marshal informs me, Ten-thousand prisoners; their whole Train, being about thirty pieces, great and small; good store of powder, match and bullet; near two-hundred Colours. I am persuaded near Fifteen-thousand Arms left upon the ground. And I believe, though many of ours be wounded, we lost not above Thirty men. Before the Fight, our condition was made very sad, the Enemy greatly insulted and menaced 'us'; but the Lord upheld us with comfort in Himself, beyond ordinary experience.

I knowing the acquainting you with this great handiwork of the Lord would stir up your minds to praise and rejoicing; and not knowing but your condition may require mutual experiences for refreshment; and knowing also that the news we had of your successes was matter of help to our faith in our distress, and matter of praise also,—I thought fit (though in the midst of much business) to give you this account of the unspeakable goodness of the Lord, who hath thus appeared, to the glory of His great Name, and the refreshment of His Saints.

The Lord bless you, and us, to return praises; to *live* them all our days. Salute all our dear Friends with you, as if I named them. I have no more;—but rest,

Your loving father and true friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

We observe there are no regards to Bridget Ireton, no news or notice of her, in this Letter. Bridget Ireton is at London, safe from these wild scenes; far from her Husband, far from her Father:—will never see her brave Husband more.

[1] "7ber" he writes.

[2] Russell's Life of Cromwell (Edinburgh, 1829; forming vols. 46, 47 of *Constable's Miscellany*), ii. 317-19. Does not say whence;—Letter undoubtedly genuine.

LETTER CXLVI

DUBITATING Wharton must not let "success" too much sway him; yet it were fit he took notice of these things: he, and idle Norton whom we know, and Montague of Hinchinbrook, and others. The Lord General, for his own share, has a better ground than "success"; has the direct insight of his own soul, such as suffices him,—such as all souls to which "the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding," are or may be capable of, one would think!

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These.

MY DEAR LORD, Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

Ay, poor I love you! Love you the Lord: take heed of disputing!—I was untoward when I spake last with you in St. James's Park. I spake cross in stating 'my' grounds: I spake to *my judgings* of you; which were: That you,—shall I name others?—Henry Lawrence, Robert Hammond, etc., had ensnared yourselves with disputes.

I believe you desired to be satisfied; and had tried and doubted your 'own' sincerities. It was well. But uprightness, if it be not *purely* of God, may be, nay commonly is, deceived. The Lord persuade you, and all my dear Friends!

The results of your thoughts concerning late Transactions I know to be mistakes of yours, by a better argument than *success*. Let not your engaging too far upon your own judgments be your temptation or snare: much less 'let' success,—lest you should be thought to return upon less noble arguments.[1] It is in my heart to write the same things to Norton, Montague and others: I pray you read or communicate these foolish lines to them. I have known my folly do good, when affection has overcome[2] my reason. I pray you judge me sincere,—lest a prejudice should be put upon after advantages.

How gracious has the Lord been in this great Business! Lord, hide not Thy mercies from our eyes!—

My service to the dear Lady. I rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

[1] Decide as the essence of the matter *is*; neither persist nor "return" upon fallacious, superficial, or external considerations. [2] outrun.

[3] Gentleman's Magazine (London, 1814), lxxxiv. 419. Does not say whence or how.

LETTERS CXLVII—CXLIX

Of these Letters, the first Two, with their Replies and Adjuncts, Six Missives in all, form a Pamphlet published at Edinburgh in 1650, with the Title: *Several Letters and Passages between his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell and the Governor of Edinburgh Castle.* They have been reprinted in various quarters: we copy the Cromwell part of them from *Thurloe;* and fancy they will not much need any preface. Here are some words, written elsewhere on the occasion, some time ago.

"These Letters of Cromwell to the Edinburgh Clergy, treating of obsolete theologies and polities, are very dull to modern men: but they deserve a steady perusal by all such as will understand the strange meaning (for the present, alas, as good as obsolete in all forms of it) that possessed the mind of Cromwell in these hazardous operations of his. Dryasdust, carrying his learned eye over these and the like Letters, finds them, of course, full of "hypocrisy," etc. etc.—Unfortunate Dryasdust, they are coruscations, terrible as lightning, and beautiful as lightning, from the innermost temple of the Human Soul;—intimations, still credible, of what a Human Soul does mean when it *believes* in the Highest; a thing poor Dryasdust never did nor will do. The hapless generation that now reads these words ought to hold its peace when it has read them, and sink into unutterable reflections,—not unmixed with tears, and some substitute for "sackcloth and ashes," if it liked. In its poor canting sniffing flimsy vocabulary there is no word that can make any response to them. This man has a living god-inspired soul in him, not an enchanted artificial "substitute for salt," as our fashion is. They that have human eyes can look upon him; they that have only owl-eyes need not."

Here also are some sentences on a favourite topic, *lightning* and *light.* "As lightning is to light, so is a Cromwell to a Shakespeare. The light is beautifuller. Ah, yes; but until, by lightning and other fierce labour, your foul Chaos has become a World, you cannot have any light, or the smallest chance for any! Honour the Amphion whose music makes the stones, rocks, and big blocks, dance into figures, into domed cities, with temples and habitations:—yet know him too; how, as Volker's in the old *Nibelungen,* oftentimes his 'fiddlebow' has to be of 'sharp steel,' and to play a tune very rough to rebellious ears! The melodious Speaker is great, but the melodious Worker is greater than he. 'Our Time,' says a certain author, 'cannot speak at all, but

only cant and sneer, and argumentatively jargon, and recite the multiplication-table. Neither as yet can it work, except at mere rail-roads and cotton-spinning. It will, apparently, return to Chaos soon; and then more lightnings will be needed, lightning enough, to which Cromwell's was but a mild matter;—to be followed by light, we may hope!' "—

The following Letter from Whalley, with the Answer to it, will introduce this series. The date is Monday; the Lord General observing yesterday that the poor Edinburgh people were sadly short of Sermon, has ordered the Commissary-General to communicate as follows:

"*For the Honourable the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh.*

"Edinburgh, 9th September 1650.

"SIR,—I received command from my Lord General to desire you to let the Ministers of Edinburgh, now in the Castle with you, know, That they have free liberty granted them, if they please to take the pains, to preach in their several Churches; and that my Lord hath given special command both to officers and soldiers that they shall not in the least be molested. Sir, I am, your most humble servant, EDWARD WHALLEY."

To which straightway there is this Answer from Governor Dundas:

"'*To Commissary-General Whalley.*'

"'Edinburgh Castle, 9th September 1650.

"SIR,—I have communicated the desire of your Letter to such of the Ministers of Edinburgh as are with me; who have desired me to return this for Answer:

"That though they are ready to be spent in their Master's service, and to refuse no suffering so they may fulfil their ministry with joy; yet perceiving the persecution to be personal, by the practice of your Party [1] upon the Ministers of Christ in England and Ireland, and in the Kingdom of Scotland since your unjust Invasion thereof; and finding nothing expressed in yours whereupon to build any security for their persons while they are there, and for their return hither;—they are resolved to reserve them-

[1] Sectarian Party, of Independents.

selves for better times, and to wait upon Him who hath hidden His face for a while from the sons of Jacob.

"This is all I have to say, but that I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"W. DUNDAS."

To which somewhat sulky response, Oliver makes Answer in this notable manner:

LETTER CXLVII

For the Honourable the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 9th September 1650.

The kindness offered to the Ministers with you was done with ingenuity;[1] thinking it might have met with the like: but I am satisfied to tell those with you, That if their Master's service (as they call it) were chiefly in their eye, imagination of suffering[2] would not have caused such a return; much less 'would' the practice of our Party, as they are pleased to say, upon the Ministers of Christ in England, have been an argument of personal persecution.

The Ministers in England are supported, and have liberty to preach the Gospel; though not to rail, nor, under pretence thereof,[3] to overtop the Civil Power, or debase it as they please. No man hath been troubled in England or Ireland for preaching the Gospel; nor has any Minister been molested in Scotland since the coming of the Army hither. The speaking truth becomes the Ministers of Christ.

When Ministers pretend to a glorious Reformation; and lay the foundations thereof in getting to themselves worldly power; and can make worldly mixtures to accomplish the same, such as their late Agreement with their King; and hope by him to carry on their design, 'they' may know that the Sion promised will not be built with such untempered mortar.

As for the unjust Invasion they mention, time was[4] when an Army of Scotland came into England, not called by the Supreme Authority. We have said, in our Papers, with what hearts, and

[1] Means always *ingenuously*.
[2] Fear of personal damage.
[3] Of preaching the Gospel.
[4] 1648, Duke Hamilton's time; to say nothing of 1640 and other times.

upon what account, we came; and the Lord hath heard us,[1] though you would not, upon as solemn an appeal as any experience can parallel.

And although they seem to comfort themselves with being sons of Jacob, from whom (they say) God hath hid His face for a time; yet it's no wonder when the Lord hath lifted up His hand so eminently against a Family as He hath done so often against this,[2] and men will not see His hand,—'it's no wonder' if the Lord hide His face from such; putting them to shame both for it and their hatred of His people, as it is this day. When they purely trust to the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, which is powerful to bring down strongholds and every imagination that exalts itself,—which alone is able to square and fit the stones for the new Jerusalem;—then and not before, and by that means and no other, shall Jerusalem, the City of the Lord, which is to be the praise of the whole Earth, be built; the Sion of the Holy One of Israel.

I have nothing to say to you but that I am,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

The Scotch Clergy never got such a reprimand since they first took ordination! A very dangerous radiance blazes through these eyes of my Lord General's,—destructive to the owl-dominion, in Edinburgh Castle and elsewhere!

Let Dundas and Company reflect on it. Here is their ready Answer: still of the same day.

"'*To the Right Honourable the Lord Cromwell, Commander-in-Chief of the English Army.*'

"'Edinburgh Castle,' 9th September 1650.

"MY LORD,—Yours I have communicated to those with me whom it concerned; who desire me to return this Answer:

"That their ingenuity in prosecuting the ends of the Covenant, according to their vocation and place, and in adhering to their first principles, is well known; and one of their greatest regrets is that they have not been met with the like. That when Ministers of the Gospel have been imprisoned, deprived of their benefices, sequestrated, forced to flee from their dwellings, and

[1] At Dunbar, six days ago. [2] Of the Stuarts.
[3] Thurloe, i. 159; Pamphlet at Edinburgh.

bitterly threatened, for their faithful declaring the will of God against the godless and wicked proceedings of men,—it cannot be accounted 'an imaginary fear of suffering' in such as are resolved to follow the like freedom and faithfulness in discharge of their Master's message. That it savours not of 'ingenuity' to promise liberty of preaching the Gospel, and to limit the Preachers thereof, that they must not speak against the sins and enormities of Civil Powers; since their commission carrieth them to speak the Word of the Lord unto, and to reprove the sins of, persons of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest. That to impose the name of 'railing' upon such faithful freedom was the old practice of Malignants, against the Ministers of the Gospel, who laid open to people the wickedness of their ways, lest men should be ensnared thereby.

"That their consciences bear them record, and all their hearers do know, that they meddle not with Civil Affairs, farther than to hold forth the rule of the Word, by which the straightness and crookedness of men's actions are made evident. But they are sorry they have such cause to regret that men of mere Civil place and employment should usurp the calling and employment of the Ministry:[1] to the scandal of the Reformed Kirks; and, particularly in Scotland, contrary to the government and discipline therein established,—to the maintenance whereof you are bound, by the Solemn League and Covenant.

"Thus far they have thought fit to vindicate their return to the offer in Colonel Whalley's Letter. The other part of yours, which concerns the Public as well as them, they conceive hath all been answered sufficiently in the public Papers of the State and Kirk. Only to that of the success upon your 'solemn appeal,' they say again, what was said to it before, That they have not so learned Christ as to hang the equity of their Cause upon events; but desire to have their hearts established in the love of the Truth, in all the tribulations that befall them.

"I only do add that I am, my Lord, your most humble servant, W. DUNDAS."

On Thursday follows Oliver's Answer,—"very inferior in composition," says Dryasdust;—composition not being quite the trade of Oliver! In other respects, sufficiently superior.

[1] Certain of our Soldiers and Officers preach; very many of them can preach,—and greatly to the purpose too!

LETTER CXLVIII

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 12th September 1650.

Because I am at some reasonable good leisure, I cannot let such gross mistakes and inconsequential reasonings pass without some notice taken of them.

And first, their ingenuity in relation to the Covenant, for which they commend themselves, doth no more justify their want of ingenuity in answer to Colonel Whalley's Christian offer, concerning which my Letter charged them with guiltiness 'and' deficiency, than their bearing witness to themselves of their adhering to their first principles, and ingenuity in prosecuting the ends of the Covenant, justifies them so to have done merely because they say so. They must give more leave henceforwards; for Christ will have it so, nill they, will they. And they must have patience to have the truth of their doctrines and sayings tried by the sure touchstone of the Word of God. And if there be a liberty and duty of trial, there is a liberty of judgment also for them that may and ought to try: which being [1] so, they must give others leave to think and say that they can appeal to equal judges, Who have been the truest fulfillers of the most real and equitable ends of the Covenant?

But if these Gentlemen do [2] assume to themselves to be the infallible expositors of the Covenant, as they do too much to their auditories 'to be the infallible expositors' of the Scriptures 'also,' counting a different sense and judgment from theirs Breach of Covenant and Heresy,—no marvel they judge of others so authoritatively and severely. But we have not so earned Christ. We look at Ministers as helpers of, not lords over, God's people. I appeal to their consciences, whether any 'person' trying their doctrines, and dissenting, shall not incur the censure of Sectary? And what is this but to deny Christians their liberty, and assume the Infallible Chair? What doth he whom we would not be likened unto [3] do more than this?

In the second place, it is affirmed that the "Ministers of the Gospel have been imprisoned, deprived of their benefices, sequestered, forced to fly from their dwellings, and bitterly threatened, for their faithful declaring of the will of God;" that they have

[1] "if" in the original.
[2] "which do" in the original; *dele* "which."
[3] The Pope.

been limited that they might not "speak against the sins and enormities of the Civil Powers"; that to "impose the name of railing upon such faithful freedom was the old practice of Malignants against the Preachers of the Gospel," etc.—'Now' if the Civil Authority, or that part of it which continued faithful to their trust,[1] 'and' true to the ends of the Covenant, did, in answer to their consciences, turn out a Tyrant, in a way which the Christians in aftertimes will mention with honour, and all Tyrants in the world look at with fear; and 'if' while many thousands of saints in England rejoice to think of it, and have received from the hand of God a liberty from the fear of like usurpations, and have cast off him[2] who trod in his Father's steps doing mischief as far as he was able (whom you have received like fire into your bosom,—of which God will, I trust, in time make you sensible): if, 'I say,' Ministers railing at the Civil Power, and calling them murderers and the like for doing these things, have been dealt with as you mention,—will this be found a "personal persecution"? Or is sin so, because they say so?[3] They that acted this great Business[4] have given a reason of their faith in the action; and some here[5] are ready further to do it against all gainsayers.

But it will be found that these reprovers do not only make themselves the judges and determiners of sin, that so they may reprove; but they also took liberty[6] to stir up the people to blood and arms; and would have brought a war upon England, as hath been upon Scotland, had not God prevented it. And if such severity as hath been expressed towards them be worthy of the name of "personal persecution," let all uninterested men judge: 'and' whether the calling of the practice "railing" be to be paralleled with the Malignants' imputation upon the Ministers for speaking against the Popish Innovations in the Prelates' times,[7] and the 'other' tyrannical and wicked practices then on foot, let your own consciences mind you! The Roman Emperors, in Christ's and his Apostles' times, were usurpers and intruders upon the Jewish State: yet what footstep[8] have ye either of our blessed Saviour's so much as willingness to the dividing of an inheritance, or their[9] 'ever' meddling in that kind? This was not practised by the Church since our Saviour's time, till Anti-

[1] When Pride purged them.
[2] Your Charles II., as you call him.
[3] Because you call it so.
[4] Of judging Charles First.
[5] I for one.
[6] In 1648.
[7] O Oliver, my Lord General, the Lindley-Murray composition here is dreadful; the meaning struggling, like a strong swimmer, in an element very viscous!
[8] Vestige.
[9] The Apostles'.

christ, assuming the Infallible Chair, and all that he called Church to be under him, practised this authoritatively over Civil Governors. The way to fulfil your Ministry with joy is to preach the Gospel; which I wish some who take pleasure in reproofs at a venture, do not forget too much to do!

Thirdly, you say, You have just cause to regret that men of Civil employments should usurp the calling and employment of the Ministry; to the scandal of the Reformed Kirks.—Are you troubled that Christ is preached? Is preaching so exclusively your function?[1] Doth it scandalise the Reformed Kirks, and Scotland in particular? Is it against the Covenant? Away with the Covenant, if this be so! I thought, the Covenant and these 'professors of it' could have been willing that any should speak good of the name of Christ: if not, it is no Covenant of God's approving; nor are these Kirks you mention insomuch[2] the Spouse of Christ. Where do you find in the Scripture a ground to warrant such an assertion, That Preaching is exclusively your function? Though an Approbation from men hath order in it, and may do well; yet he that hath no better warrant than that, hath none at all. I hope He that ascended up on high may give His gifts to whom He pleases: and if those gifts be the seal of Mission, be not 'you' envious though Eldad and Medad prophesy. You know who bids us *covet earnestly the best gifts*, but chiefly *that we may prophesy;* which the Apostle explains there to be a speaking to instruction and edification and comfort,—which speaking, the instructed, the edified and comforted can best tell the energy and effect of, 'and say whether it is genuine.' If such evidence be, I say again, Take heed you envy not for your own sakes; lest you be guilty of a greater fault than Moses reproved in Joshua for envying for his sake.

Indeed you err through mistaking of the Scriptures. Approbation[3] is an act of conveniency in respect of order; not of necessity, to give faculty to preach the Gospel. Your pretended fear lest Error should step in, is like the man who would keep all the wine out the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy, to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge. If a man speak foolishly, ye suffer him gladly[4] because ye are wise; if erroneously, the truth more appears by your conviction 'of him.' Stop such a man's mouth

[1] "so inclusive in your function," means that.
[2] So far as their notion of the Covenant goes.
[3] Or say "Ordination," Solemn Approbation and Appointment by men.
[4] With a patient victorious feeling.

by sound words which cannot be gainsayed. If he speak blasphemously, or to the disturbance of the public peace, let the Civil Magistrate punish him: if truly, rejoice in the truth. And if you will call our speakings together since we came into Scotland,—to provoke one another to love and good works, to faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and repentance from dead works; 'and' to charity and love towards you, to pray and mourn for you, and for your bitter returns to 'our love of you,' and your incredulity of our professions of love to you, of the truth of which we have made our solemn and humble appeals to the Lord our God, which He hath heard and borne witness to: if you will call things scandalous to the Kirk, and against the Covenant, because done by men of Civil callings,—we rejoice in them, notwithstanding what you say.

For a conclusion: In answer to the witness of God upon our solemn Appeal,[1] you say you have not so learned Christ 'as' to hang the equity of your Cause upon events. We, 'for our part,' could wish blindness have not been upon your eyes to all those marvellous dispensations which God hath lately wrought in England. But did not you solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the Great God in this mighty and strange appearance of His; instead of slightly calling it an "event"![2] Were not both your and our expectations renewed from time to time, whilst we waited upon God, to see which way He would manifest Himself upon our appeals? And shall we, after all these our prayers, fastings, tears, expectations and solemn appeals, call these bare "events"? The Lord pity you.

Surely we, 'for our part,' fear; because it hath been a merciful and gracious deliverance to us. I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, search after the mind of the Lord in it towards you; and we shall help you by our prayers; that you may find it out: for yet (if we know our hearts at all) our bowels do, in Christ Jesus, yearn after the Godly in Scotland. We know there are stumbling-blocks which hinder you: the personal prejudices you have taken up against us[3] and our ways, wherein we cannot but think some occasion has been given,[4] and for which we mourn: the apprehension you have that we have hindered the glorious Reformation you think you were upon:—I am per-

[1] At Dunbar.

[2] "but can slightly call it an event," *in orig.*

[3] Me, Oliver Cromwell.

[4] I have often, in Parliament and elsewhere, been crabbed towards your hidebound Presbyterian Formula; and given it many a fillip, not thinking sufficiently what good withal was in it.

suaded these and such like bind you up from an understanding, and yielding to, the mind of God, in this great day of His power and visitation. And, if I be rightly informed, the late Blow you received is attributed to profane counsels and conduct, and mixtures [1] in your Army, and such like. The natural man will not find out the cause. Look up to the Lord, that He may tell it you. Which that He would do, shall be the fervent prayer of,

Your loving friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' These 'following' Queries are sent not to reproach you, but in the love of Christ laying them before you; we being persuaded in the Lord that there is a truth in them. Which we earnestly desire may not be laid aside unsought after, from any prejudice either against the things themselves, or the unworthiness or weakness of the person that offers them. If you turn at the Lord's reproofs, He will pour out His Spirit upon you: and you shall understand His words; and they will guide you to a blessed Reformation indeed,[2]—even to one according to the Word, and such as the people of God wait for: wherein you will find us and all saints ready to rejoice, and serve you to the utmost in our places and callings.[3]

Enclosed is the Paper of Queries; to which this Editor, anxious to bring out my Lord General's sense, will take the great liberty to intercalate a word or two of Commentary as we read.

QUERIES

1. WHETHER the Lord's controversy be not both against the Ministers in Scotland and in England, for their wresting and straining 'of the Covenant,' and employing [4] the Covenant against the Godly and Saints in England (of the same faith with them in every fundamental) even to a bitter persecution; and so making that which, in the main intention, was Spiritual, to serve Politics and Carnal ends,—even in that part especially which was Spiritual, and did look to the glory of God, and the comfort of His People?

[1] Admission of Engagers and ungodly people.

[2] "glorious Reformation," "blessed Reformation," etc. are phrases loud and current everywhere, especially among the Scotch, for ten years past.

[3] Thurloe, i. 158-162.

[4] "improving" in the original.

The meaning of your Covenant was, that God's glory should be promoted: and yet how many zealous Preachers, unpresbyterian but real Promoters of God's glory, have you, by wresting and straining of the verbal phrases of the Covenant, found means to menace, eject, afflict and in every way discourage!—

2. Whether the Lord's controversy be not for your and the Ministers in England's sullenness at 'God's great providence,' and 'your' darkening and not beholding the glory of God's wonderful dispensations in this series of His providences in England, Scotland and Ireland, both now and formerly,—through envy at instruments, and because the things did not work forth your Platform, and the Great God did not come down to your minds and thoughts.

This is well worth your attention. Perhaps the Great God means something other and farther than you yet imagine. Perhaps, in His infinite Thought, and Scheme that reaches through Eternities, there may be elements which the Westminster Assembly has not jotted down? Perhaps these reverend learned persons, debating at Four shillings and sixpence a day, did not get to the bottom of the Bottomless, after all? Perhaps this Universe was not entirely built according to the Westminster Shorter Catechism, but by other ground-plans withal, not yet entirely brought to paper anywhere, in Westminster or out of it, that I hear of? O my reverend Scotch friends!—

3. Whether your carrying on a Reformation, so much by you spoken of, have not probably been subject to some mistakes in your own judgments about some parts of the same,—laying so much stress thereupon as hath been a temptation to you even to break the Law of Love, 'the greatest of all laws,' towards your brethren, and those 'whom' Christ hath regenerated; even to the reviling and persecuting of them, and to stirring-up of wicked men to do the same, for your Form's sake, or but 'for' some parts of it.

A helpless lumbering sentence, but with a noble meaning in it.

4. Whether if your Reformation be so perfect and so spiritual, be indeed the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus, it will need such carnal policies, such fleshly mixtures, such unsincere actings as 'some of these are'? To pretend to cry down all Malignants; and yet to receive and set up the Head of them 'all,' and to act for the

Kingdom of Christ in his name,[1] and upon advantage thereof? And to publish so false a Paper,[2] so full of special pretences to piety, as the fruit and effect of his "repentance,"—to deceive the minds of all the Godly in England, Ireland and Scotland; you, in your own consciences, knowing with what regret he did it, and with what importunities and threats he was brought to do it, and how much to this very day he is against it? And whether this be not a high provocation of the Lord, in so grossly dissembling with Him and His people? [3]

Yes, you can consider that, my Friends; and think, on the whole, what kind of course you are probably getting into; steering towards a Kingdom of Jesus Christ with Charles Stuart and Mrs. Barlow at the helm!

The Scotch Clergy reply, through Governor Dundas, still in a sulky unrepentant manner, that they stick by their old opinions; that the Lord General's arguments, which would not be hard to answer a second time, have already been answered amply, by anticipation, in the public Manifestos of the Scottish Nation and Kirk;—that, in short, he hath a longer sword than they for the present, and the Scripture says, "There is one event to the righteous and the wicked," which may probably account for Dunbar, and some other phenomena. Here the correspondence closes; his Excellency on the morrow morning (Friday 13th September 1650) finding no "reasonable good leisure" to unfold himself farther, in the way of paper and ink, to these men. There remain other ways; the way of cannon-batteries, and Derbyshire miners. It is likely his Excellency will subdue the bodies of these men; and the unconquerable mind will then follow if it can.

PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS it hath pleased God, by His gracious providence and goodness, to put the City of Edinburgh and the Town of Leith under my power: And although I have put forth several Proclamations, since my coming into this Country, to the like effect with this present: Yet for further satisfaction to all those whom it may concern, I do hereby again publish and declare,

[1] Charles Stuart's: a very questionable "name" for any Kingdom of Christ to act upon!

[2] The *Declaration*, or testimony against his Father's sins.

[3] Thurloe, i. 158-162.

That all the Inhabitants of the country, not now being or continuing in arms, shall have free leave and liberty to come to the Army, and to the City and Town aforesaid, with their cattle, corn, horse, or other commodities or goods whatsoever; and shall there have free and open markets for the same; and shall be protected in their persons and goods, in coming and returning as aforesaid, from any injury or violence of the Soldiery under my command; and shall also be protected in their respective houses. And the Citizens and Inhabitants of the said City and Town shall and hereby likewise have [1] free leave to vend and sell their wares and commodities; and shall be protected from the plunder and violence of the Soldiers.

And I do hereby require all Officers and Soldiers of the Army under my command, To take due notice hereof, and to yield obedience hereto. As they will answer the contrary at their utmost peril.

Given under my hand at Edinburgh, the 14th of September 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

To be proclaimed in Leith and Edinburgh, by sound of trumpet and beat of drum.[2]

Listen and be reassured, ye ancient Populations, though your Clergy sit obstinate on their Castle-rock, and your Stuart King has vanished!—While this comfortable *Oyez-oyez* goes sounding through the ancient streets, my Lord General is himself just getting on march again; as the next Letter will testify.

LETTER CXLIX

THE Lord General, leaving the Clergy to meditate his Queries in the seclusion of their Castle-rock, sets off westward, on the second day after, to see whether he cannot at once dislodge the Governing Committee-men and Covenanted King; and get possession of Stirling, where they are busily endeavouring to rally. This, he finds, will not answer, for the moment.

[1] Grammar irremediable!

[2] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 479, art. 16 ("The Lord General Cromwell his march to Stirling: being a Diary of" etc. "Published by Authority").

' To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State : These.'

Edinburgh, 25th September 1650.

* * * On Saturday the 14th instant, we marched six miles towards Stirling; and, by reason of the badness of the ways, were forced to send back two pieces of our greatest artillery. The day following, we marched to Linlithgow, not being able to go farther by reason of much rain that fell that day. On the 16th, we marched to Falkirk; and the next day following, within cannon-shot of Stirling;—where, upon Wednesday the 18th, our Army was drawn forth, and all things in readiness to storm the Town.

But finding the work very difficult; they having in the Town Two-thousand horse and more foot; and the place standing upon a river not navigable for shipping to relieve the same, ' so that ' we could not, with safety, make it a Garrison, if God should have given it into our hands:—upon this, and other considerations, it was not thought a fit time to storm. But such was the unanimous resolution and courage both of our Officers and Soldiers, that greater could not be (as to outward appearance) in men.

On Thursday the 19th, we returned from thence to Linlithgow; and at night we were informed that, at Stirling, they shot off their great guns for joy their King was come thither. On Friday the 20th, three Irish soldiers came from them to us; to whom we gave entertainment in the Army; they say, Great fears possessed the soldiers when they expected us to storm. That they know not whether old Leven be their General or not, the report being various; but that Sir John Browne, a Colonel of their Army, was laid aside. That they are endeavouring to raise all the Forces they can, in the North; that many of the soldiers, since our victory, are offended at their Ministers; that Colonel Gilbert Ker and Colonel Strahan are gone with shattered forces to Glasgow, to levy soldiers there. As yet we hear not of any of the old Cavaliers being entertained as Officers among them; ' the expectation of ' which occasions differences betwixt their Ministers and the Officers of the Army.

The same day, we came to Edinburgh ' again.' Where we abide without disturbance; saving that about ten at night, and before day in the morning, they sometimes fire three or four great guns at us; and if any of our men come within musket-shot, they fire at them from the Castle. But, blessed be God,

they have done us no harm, except one soldier shot (but not to the danger of his life), that I can be informed of. There are some few of the inhabitants of Edinburgh returned home; who, perceiving our civility, and ' our ' paying for what we receive of them, repent their departure; open their shops, and bring provisions to the market. It's reported they have in the Castle provisions for fifteen months; some say, for a longer time. Generally the poor acknowledge that our carriage to them is better than that of their own Army; and ' that ' had they who are gone away known so much, they would have stayed at home. They say, one chief reason wherefore so many are gone was, They feared we would have imposed upon them some oath wherewith they could not have dispensed.

I am in great hopes, through God's mercy, we shall be able this Winter to give the People such an understanding of the justness of our Cause, and our desires for the just liberties of the People, that the better sort of them will be satisfied therewith; although, I must confess, hitherto they continue obstinate. I thought I should have found in Scotland a conscientious People, and a barren country: about Edinburgh, it is as fertile for corn as any part of England; but the People generally ' are so ' given to the most impudent lying, and frequent swearing, as is incredible to be believed.

I rest,
' Your Lordship's most humble servant,'
OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

What to do with Scotland, in these mixed circumstances, is a question. We have friends among them, a distinct coincidence with them in the great heart of their National Purpose, could they understand us aright; and we have all degrees of enemies among them, up to the bitterest figure of Malignancy itself. What to do? For one thing, Edinburgh Castle ought to be reduced. " We have put forces into Linlithgow, and our Train is lodged in Leith," Lesley's old citadel there; " the wet being so great that we cannot march with our Train." Do we try Edinburgh Castle with a few responsive shots from the Calton Hill; or from what point? My Scotch Antiquarian friends have not informed me. We decide on reducing it by mines.

" *Sunday 29th September* 1650. Resolution being taken for the springing of mines in order to the reducing of Edinburgh Castle; and our men beginning their galleries last night, the Enemy fired

[1] Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 404).

five pieces of ordnance, with several volleys of shot, from the Castle; but did no execution. We hope this work will take effect; notwithstanding the height, rockiness, and strength of the place.—His Excellency with his Officers met this day in the High Church of Edinburgh, forenoon and afternoon; where was a great concourse of people." Mr. Stapylton, who did the Hursley Marriage-treaty, and is otherwise transiently known to mankind,—he, as was above intimated, occupies the pulpit there; the Scots Clergy still sitting sulky in their Castle, with Derby miners now operating on them. "Many Scots expressed much affection at the doctrine preached by Mr. Stapylton, in their usual way of groans,"—Hum-m-mrrh!—"and it's hoped a good work is wrought in some of their hearts."[1] I am sure I hope so. But to think of brother worshippers, partakers in a Gospel of this kind, cutting one another's throats for a Covenanted Charles Stuart,—Hum-m-mrrh!

LETTERS CL—CLXI

HASTE and other considerations forbid us to do more than glance, timidly from the brink, into that sea of confusions in which the poor Scotch people have involved themselves by soldering Christ's Crown to Charles Stuart's! Poor men, they have got a Covenanted King; but he is, so to speak, a Solecism Incarnate: good cannot come of him, or of those that follow him in this course; only inextricability, futility, disaster and discomfiture can come. There is nothing sadder than to see such a Purpose of a Nation led on by such a set of persons; staggering into ever deeper confusion, down, down, till it fall prostrate into utter wreck. Were not Oliver here to gather up the fragments of it, the Cause of Scotland might now die; Oliver, little as the Scots dream of it, is Scotland's Friend too, as he was Ireland's: what would become of Scotch Puritanism, the one great feat hitherto achieved by Scotland, if Oliver were not now there! Oliver's Letters out of Scotland, what will elucidate Oliver's footsteps and utterances there, shall alone concern us at present. For sufficing which object, the main features of these Scotch confusions may become conceivable without much detail of ours.

The first Scotch Army, now annihilated at Dunbar, had been

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 92).

sedulously cleared of all Hamilton *Engagers* and other Malignant or Quasi-Malignant Persons, according to a scheme painfully laid down in what was called the *Act of Classes*,—a General-Assembly Act, defining and *class*ifying such men as shall not be allowed to fight on this occasion, lest a curse overtake the Cause on their account. Something other than a blessing has overtaken the Cause:—and now, on rallying at Stirling with unbroken purpose of struggle, there arise in the Committee of Estates and Kirk, and over the Nation generally, earnest considerations as to the methods of farther struggle; huge discrepancies as to the ground and figure it ought henceforth to take. As was natural to the case, Three Parties now develop themselves: a middle one, and two extremes. The Official Party, Argyle and the Official Persons, especially the secular portion of them, think that the old ground should as much as possible be adhered to: Let us fill up our old ranks with new men, and fight and resist with the Covenanted Charles Stuart at the head of us, as we did before. This is the middle or Official opinion.

No, answers an extreme Party, Let us have no more to do with your covenanting pedantries; let us sign your Covenant one good time for all, and have done with it; but prosecute the King's Interest, and call on all men to join us in that. An almost openly declared Malignant Party this; at the head of which Lieutenant-General Middleton, the Marquis of Huntly and other Royalist Persons are raising forces, publishing manifestos, in the Highlands near by. Against whom David Lesley himself at last has to march. This is the one extreme; the Malignant or Royalist extreme. The amount of whose exploits was this: They invited the poor King to run off from Perth and his Church-and-State Officials, and join them; which he did,—rode out as if to hawk, one afternoon, softly across the South Inch of Perth, then galloped some forty miles; found the appointed place,—a villanous hut among the Grampian Hills, without soldiers, resources, or accommodations, "with nothing but a turf pillow to sleep on": and was easily persuaded back, the day after;[1] making his peace by a few more—what shall we call them?—poetic figments; which the Official Persons, with an effort, swallowed. Shortly after, by official persuasion and military coercion, this first extreme Party was suppressed, reunited to the main body; and need not concern us farther.

But now, quite opposite to this, there is another extreme Party; which has its seat in "the Western Shires," from Renfrew down to Dumfries;—which is, in fact, I think, the old

[1] 4th-6th October, Balfour, iv. 113-15.

Whiggamore Raid of 1648 under a new figure; these Western Shires being always given that way. They have now got a "Western Army," with Colonel Ker and Colonel Strahan to command it; and most of the Earls, Lairds, and Ministers in those parts have joined. Very strong for the Covenant; very strong against all shams of the Covenant. Colonel Ker is the "famed Commander Gibby Carre," who came to commune with us in the Burrow-Moor, when we lay on Pentland Hills: Colonel Strahan is likewise a famed Commander, who was thought to be slain at Musselburgh once, but is alive here still; an old acquaintance of my Lord General Cromwell's, and always suspected of a leaning to Sectarian courses. These Colonels and Gentry having, by sanction of the Committee of Estates, raised a Western Army of some Five-thousand, and had much consideration with themselves; and seen, especially by the flight into the Grampians, what way his Majesty's real inclinations are tending, —decide, or threaten to decide, that they will not serve under his Majesty or his General Lesley with their Army, till they see new light; that in fact they dare not; being apprehensive he is no genuine Covenanted King, but only the sham of one, whom it is terribly dangerous to follow! On this Party Cromwell has his eye; and they on him. What becomes of them we shall, before long, learn.

Meanwhile here is a Letter to the Official Authorities; which, however, produces small effect upon them.

LETTER CL

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates of Scotland, at Stirling, or elsewhere: These.

RIGHT HONOURABLE, Linlithgow, 9th October 1650.

The grounds and ends of the Army's entering Scotland have been heretofore, often and clearly, made known unto you; and how much we have desired the same might be accomplished without blood. But, according to what returns we have received, it is evident your hearts had not that love to us as we can truly say we had towards you. And we are persuaded those difficulties in which you have involved yourselves, —by espousing your King's interests, and taking into your bosom that Person, in whom (notwithstanding what hath 'been' or

may be said to the contrary) that which is really Malignancy and all Malignants do centre; against whose Family the Lord hath so eminently witnessed for bloodguiltiness, not to be done away by such hypocritical and formal shows of repentance as are expressed in his late *Declaration;* and your strange prejudices against us as men of heretical opinions (which, through the great goodness of God to us, have been *unjustly* charged upon us),—have occasioned your rejecting these Overtures which, with a Christian affection, were offered to you before any blood was spilt, or your People had suffered damage by us.

The daily sense we have of the calamity of War lying upon the poor People of this Nation, and the sad consequences of blood and famine likely to come upon them; the advantage given to the Malignant, Profane, and Popish party by this War; and that reality of affection which we have so often professed to you,—and concerning the truth of which we have so solemnly appealed,—do again constrain us to send unto you, to let you know, That if the contending for that Person be not by you preferred to the peace and welfare of your Country, the blood of your Peoples, the love of men of the same faith with you, and (in this above all) the honour of that God we serve,—Then give the State of England that satisfaction and security for their peaceable and quiet living beside you, which may in justice be demanded from a Nation giving so just ground to ask the same.—from those who have, as you, taken their enemy into their bosom, whilst he was in hostility against them: 'Do this;' and it will be made good to you, That you may have a lasting and durable Peace with them, and the wish of a blessing upon you in all religious and civil things.

If this be refused by you, we are persuaded that God, who hath once borne His testimony, will do it again on the behalf of us His poor servants, who do appeal to Him whether their desires flow from sincerity of heart or not. I rest,

Your Lordships' humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

The Committee of Estates at Stirling or elsewhere debated about an Answer to this Letter; but sent none, except of civility merely, and after considerable delays. A copy of the Letter was likewiseforwarded to Colonels Ker and Strahan and their Western Army, by whom it was taken into consideration; and some Correspondence, Cromwell's part of which is not yet altogether lost, followed upon it there; and indeed Cromwell, as we dimly dis-

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 93).

cover in the old Books, set forth towards Glasgow directly on the back of it, in hopes of a closer communication with these Western Colonels and their Party.

While Ker and Strahan are busy "at Dumfries," says Baillie, "Cromwell with the whole body of his Army and cannon comes peaceably by way of Kilsyth to Glasgow." It is Friday evening, 18th October 1650. "The Ministers and Magistrates flee all away. I got to the Isle of Cumbrae with my Lady Montgomery; but left all my family and goods to Cromwell's courtesy,—which indeed was great; for he took such a course with his soldiers that they did less displeasure at Glasgow than if they had been in London; though Mr. Zachary Boyd," a fantastic old gentleman still known in Glasgow and Scotland, "railed on them all, to their very face, in the High Church;"[1] calling them Sectaries and Blasphemers, the fantastic old gentleman! "Glasgow, though not so big or rich as Edinburgh, is a much sweeter place; the completest town we have yet seen here, and one of their choicest Universities." The people were much afraid of us till they saw how we treated them. "Captain Covel of the Lord General's regiment of horse was cashiered here, for holding some blasphemous opinions."[2]—This is Cromwell's first visit to Glasgow: he made two others, of which on occasion notice shall be taken. In *Pinkerton's Correspondence* are certain "anecdotes of Cromwell at Glasgow"; which, like many others on Cromwell, need not be repeated anywhere except in the nursery.

Cromwell entered Glasgow on Friday evening; over Sunday, was patient with Zachary Boyd: but got no result out of Ker and Strahan. Ker and Strahan, at Dumfries on the Thursday, have perfected and signed their *Remonstrance* of the Western Army;[3] a Document of much fame in the old Scotch Books. "Expressing many sad truths," says the Kirk Committee. Expressing, in fact, the apprehension of Ker and Strahan that the Covenanted King may probably be a Solecism Incarnate, under whom it will not be good to fight longer for the Cause of Christ and Scotland;—expressing meanwhile considerable reluctancy as to the English Sectaries; and deciding on the whole to fight them still, though on a footing of our own. Not a very hopeful enterprise! Of which we shall see the issue by and by. Meanwhile news come that this Western Army is aiming towards Edinburgh, to get hold of the Castle there. Whereupon Cromwell, in all haste, on Monday, sets off thitherward; "lodges the first night in a

[1] Baillie, iii. 119; Whitlocke, p. 459.
[2] Whitlocke, p. 459; Cromwelliana, pp. 92, 3.
[3] Dated 17th October; given in Balfour, iv. 141-60.

poor cottage fourteen miles from Glasgow;" arrives safe, to prevent all alarms. His first visit to Glasgow was but of two days.

LETTER CLI

THE Western Colonels have given-in their Remonstrance to the Committee of Estates; and sat in deliberation on their copy of Cromwell's Expostulatory Letter to that Body, the Letter we have just read,—in which these two words, "security" and "satisfaction," are somewhat abstruse to the Western Colonels. They decide that it will not be convenient to return any public Answer; but they have forwarded a private Letter of acknowledgment with "Six Queries": Letter lost to us; Six Queries still surviving. To which, directly after his return to Edinburgh, here is Cromwell's Answer. The Six Queries, being very brief, may be transcribed; the Letter of acknowledgment can be conceived without transcribing:

"*Query* 1. Why is 'satisfaction' demanded? 2. What is the satisfaction demanded? 3. For what is the 'security' demanded? 4. What is the security ye would have? 5. From whom is the security required? 6. To whom is the security to be given?"[1]—Queries which, I think, do not much look like real despatch-of-business in the present intricate conjuncture!

This Letter, it appears, is, if not accompanied, directly followed by "Mr. Alexander Jaffray" Provost of Aberdeen, and a "Reverend Mr. Carstairs" of Glasgow, two Prisoners of Oliver's ever since Dunbar Drove, who are to "agent" the same.[2]

'To Colonel Strahan, with the Western Army: These.'

SIR, Edinburgh, 25th October 1650.

I have considered of the Letter and the Queries; and, having advised with some Christian friends about the same, think fit to return an Answer as followeth:

'That' we bear unto the Godly of Scotland the same Christian affection we have all along professed in our Papers; being ready, through the grace of God, upon all occasions, to give such proof and testimony thereof as the Divine Providence shall minister opportunity to us to do. That nothing would be more acceptable to us to see than the Lord removing offences, and

[1] Balfour, iv. 135. [2] Baillie, iii. 120.

inclining the hearts of His People in Scotland to meet us with the same affection. That we do verily apprehend, with much comfort, that there is some stirring of your bowels by the Lord, giving some hope of His good pleasure tending hereunto: which we are most willing to comply with, and not to be wanting in anything on our part which may further the same.

And having seen the heads of two Remonstrances, the one of the Ministers of Glasgow, and the other of the Officers and Gentlemen of the West,[1] we do from thence hope that the Lord hath cleared unto you some things that were formerly hidden, and which we hope may lead to a better understanding. Nevertheless, we cannot but take notice, that from some expressions in the same Papers, we have too much cause to note that there is still so great a difference betwixt us as we are looked upon and accounted as Enemies.

And although we hope that the Six Queries, sent by you to us to be answered, were intended to clear doubts and remove the remaining obstructions; which we shall be most ready to do: yet, considering the many misconstructions which may arise from the clearest pen (where men are not all of one mind), and the difficulties at this distance to resolve doubts and rectify mistakes, we conceive our Answer in Writing may not so effectually reach that end, as a friendly and Christian Conference by equal persons 'might.'

And we doubt not we can, with ingenuity and clearness, give a satisfactory account of those general things held forth in the Letter sent by us to the Committee of Estates,[2] and in our former Declarations and Papers; which we shall be ready to do by a Friendly Debate,—when and where our answer to these particulars may probably tend to the better and more clear understanding betwixt the Godly Party of both Nations.

To speak plainly in a few words: If those who sincerely love and fear the Lord amongst you are sensible that matters have been and are carried by your State so as that therewith God is not well pleased, but the Interest of His People 'is' hazarded, in Scotland and England, to Malignants, to Papists, and to the Profane,—we can, through Grace, be willing to lay our bones in the dust for your sakes; and can, as heretofore we have 'said,' still continue to say, That, not to impose upon you in Religious

[1] Remonstrance of the Western Army is this latter; the other, very conceivable as a kind of codicil to this, is not known to me except at second-hand, from Baillie's eager, earnest, very headlong and perplexed account of that Business (iv. 120, 122 *et seqq.*).

[2] Letter CL.

or Civil Interests, not dominion nor any worldly advantage, 'not these,' but the obtaining of a just security to ourselves,[1] were the motives, and satisfactions to our consciences, in this Undertaking. 'A just security;' which we believe by this time you may think we had cause to be sensible was more than endangered by the carriage of affairs with your King. And it is not success, and more visible clearness to our consciences arising out of the discoveries God hath made of the hypocrisies of men, that hath altered, 'or can alter,' our principles or demands. But we take from thence humble encouragement to follow the Lord's providence in serving His Cause and People; not doubting but He will give such an issue to this Business as will be to His glory and your comfort.

I rest,
Your affectionate friend and servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

There followed no "Friendly Debate" upon this Letter; nothing followed upon it except new noise in the Western Army, and a straitlaced case of conscience more perplexing than ever. Jaffray and Carstairs had to come back on parole again; Strahan at length withdrew from the concern: the Western Army went its own separate middle road,—to what issue we shall see.

Here is another trait of the old time; not without illumination for us. "One Watt, a tenant of the Earl of Tweedale's, being sore oppressed by the English, took to himself some of his own degree; and, by daily incursions and infalls on the English Garrisons and Parties in Lothian, killed and took of them above Four-hundred," or say the half or quarter of so many, "and enriched himself by their spoils." The like "did one Augustin, a High-German," not a Dutchman, "being purged out of the Army before Dunbar Drove,"—of whom we shall hear farther. In fact, the class called Mosstroopers begins to abound; the only class that can flourish in such a state of affairs. Whereupon comes out this

PROCLAMATION

I FINDING that divers of the Army under my command are not only spoiled and robbed, but also sometimes barbarously and inhumanly butchered and slain, by a sort of Outlaws and

[1] "securing ourselves" *in orig.*
[2] Clarendon State-Papers (Oxford, 1773), ii. 551-2.

Robbers, not under the discipline of any Army; and finding that all our tenderness to the Country produceth no other effect than their compliance with, and protection of, such persons; and considering that it is in the power of the Country to detect and discover them (many of them being inhabitants of those places where commonly the outrage is committed); and perceiving that their motion is ordinarily by the invitation, and according to intelligence given them by Countrymen:

I do therefore declare, that wheresoever any under my command shall be hereafter robbed or spoiled by such parties, I will require life for life, and a plenary satisfaction for their goods, of those Parishes and Places where the fact shall be committed; unless they shall discover and produce the offender. And this I wish all persons to take notice of, that none may plead ignorance.

Given under my hand at Edinburgh, the 5th of November 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER CLII

ONE nest of Mo stroopers, not far off, in the Dalkeith region, ought specially to be abated.

To the Governor of Borthwick Castle: These.

Edinburgh, 18th November 1650.

SIR,

I thought fit to send this Trumpet to you, to let you know, That if you please to walk away with your company, and deliver the House to such as I shall send to receive it, you shall have liberty to carry off your arms and goods, and such other necessaries as you have.

You have harboured such parties in your House as have basely and inhumanly murdered our men: if you necessitate me to bend my cannon against you, you may expect what I doubt you will not be pleased with. I expect your present Answer; and rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

The Governor of Borthwick Castle, Lord Borthwick of that

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 94).
[2] Russell's Life of Cromwell, ii. 95 (from *Statistical Account of Scotland*).

Ilk, did as he was bidden; "walked away," with movable goods, with wife and child, and had "fifteen days" allowed him to pack: whereby the Dalkeith region and Carlisle Road is a little quieter henceforth.

LETTER CLIII

COLONELS Ker and Strahan with their *Remonstrance* have filled all Scotland with a fresh figure of dissension. The Kirk finds "many sad truths" in it; knows not what to do with it. In the Estates themselves there is division of opinion. Men of worship, the Minister in Kirkcaldy among others, are heard to say strange things: "That a Hypocrite," or Solecism Incarnate, "ought not to reign over us; that we should treat with Cromwell, and give him assurance not to trouble England with a King; that whosoever mars such a Treaty, the blood of the slain shall be on his head!" "Which are strange words," says Baillie, "if true." Scotland is in a hopeful way. The extreme party of Malignants in the North is not yet quite extinct; and here is another extreme party of Remonstrants in the West,—to whom all the conscientious rash men of Scotland, in Kirkcaldy and elsewhere, seem as if they would join themselves! Nothing but remonstrating, protesting, treatying and mistreatying from sea to sea.

To have taken up such a Remonstrance at first, and stood by it, before the War began, had been very wise: but to take it up now, and attempt not to make a Peace by it, but to continue the War with it, looks mad enough! Such nevertheless is Colonel Gibby Ker's project,—not Strahan's, it would seem: men's projects strangely cross one another in this time of bewilderment; and only perhaps in doing *nothing* could a man in such a scene act wisely. Lambert, however, is gone into the West with Three-thousand horse to deal with Ker and his projects; the Lord General has himself been in the West: the end of Ker's projects is succinctly shadowed forth in the following Letter. From Baillie[1] we learn that Ker, with his Western Army, was lying at a place called Carmunnock, when he made this infall upon Lambert; that the time of it was "four in the morning of Sunday 1st December 1650"; and the scene of it Hamilton Town, and the streets and ditches thereabouts: a

[1] iii. 125.

dark sad business, of an ancient Winter morning;—sufficiently luminous for our purpose with it here.

The "treaties among the Enemy" means Ker and Strahan's confused remonstratings and treatyings; the "result," or general upshot, of which is this scene in the ditches at four in the morning.[1]

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 4th December 1650.

I have now sent you the results of some Treaties amongst the Enemy, which came to my hand this day.

The Major-General and Commissary-General Whalley marched a few days ago towards Glasgow. The Enemy attempted his quarters in Hamilton; were entered the Town: but by the blessing of God, by a very gracious hand of Providence, without the loss of six men as I hear of, he beat them out; killed about an Hundred; took also about the same number, amongst whom are some prisoners of quality; and near an Hundred horse,—as I am informed. The Major-General is still in the chase of them; to whom also I have since sent the addition of a fresh party. Colonel Ker (as my Messenger, this night, tells me) is taken; his Lieutenant-Colonel; and one that was sometimes Major to Colonel Strahan; and Ker's Captain-Lieutenant. The whole Party is shattered. And give me leave to say it, If God had not brought them upon us, we might have marched Three-thousand horse to death, and not have lighted on them. And truly it was a strange Providence brought them upon him. For I marched from Edinburgh on the north side of Clyde; 'and had' appointed the Major-General to march from Peebles to Hamilton, on the south side of Clyde. I came thither by the time expected; tarried the remainder of the day, and until near seven o'clock the next morning,—apprehending 'then that' the Major-General would not come, by reason of the waters. I being retreated, the Enemy took encouragement; marched all that night; and came upon the Major-General's quarters about two hours before day; where it pleased the Lord to order as you have heard.

The Major-General and Commissary-General (as he sent me word) were still gone on in the prosecution of them; and 'he' saith that, except an Hundred-and-fifty horse in one body, he hears they are fled, by sixteen or eighteen in a company, all the

[1] See also Whitlocke, 16th December 1650.

country over. Robin Montgomery was come out of Stirling, with four or five regiments of horse and dragoons,[1] but was put to a stand when he heard of the issue of this business. Strahan and some other Officers had quitted some three weeks or a month before this business; so that Ker commanded this whole party in chief.

It is given out that the Malignants will be almost all received, and rise unanimously and expeditiously. I can assure you, that those that serve you here find more satisfaction in having to deal with men of this stamp than 'with' others; and it is our comfort that the Lord hath hitherto made it the matter of our prayers, and of our endeavours (if it might have been the will of God), To have had a Christian understanding between those that fear God in this land and ourselves. And yet we hope it hath not been carried on with a willing failing of our duty to those that trust us:—and I am persuaded the Lord hath looked favourably upon our sincerity herein; and will still do so; and upon you also, whilst you make the Interest of God's People yours.

Those religious People of Scotland that fall in this Cause, we cannot but pity and mourn for them; and we pray that all good men may do so too. Indeed there is at this time a very great distraction, and mighty workings of God upon the hearts of divers, both Ministers and People; much of it tending to the justification of your Cause. And although some are as bitter and as bad as ever; making it their business to shuffle hypocritically with their consciences and the Covenant, to make it 'seem' lawful to join with Malignants, which now they do,—as well they might long before, having taken in the Head 'Malignant' of them: yet truly others are startled at it; and some have been constrained by the work of God upon their consciences, to make sad and solemn accusations of themselves, and lamentations in the face of their Supreme Authority; charging themselves as guilty of the blood shed in this War, by having a hand in the Treaty at Breda, and by bringing the King in amongst them. This lately did a Lord of the Session; and withdrew 'from the Committee of Estates.' And lately Mr. James Livingston, a man as highly esteemed as any for piety and learning, who was a Commissioner for the Kirk at the said Treaty,—charged himself

[1] For the purpose of rallying to him these Western forces, or such of them as would follow the official Authorities and him; and leading them to Stirling, to the main Army (Baillie, *ubi supra*). Poor Ker thought it might be useful to do a feat on his own footing first: and here is the conclusion of him! Colonel "Robin Montgomery" is the Earl of Eglinton's Son, whom we have repeatedly seen before.

with the guilt of the blood of this War, before their Assembly; and withdrew from them, and is retired to his own house.

It will be very necessary, to encourage victuallers to come to us, that you take off Customs and Excise from all things brought hither for the use of the Army.

I beg your prayers; and rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

This then is the end of Ker's fighting project; a very mad one, at this state of the business. The *Remonstrance* continued long to be the symbol of the Extreme-Covenant or Whiggamore Party among the Scots; but its practical operation ceased here. Ker lies lamed, dangerously wounded; and, I think, will fight no more.[2] Strahan and some others, voted traitorous by the native Authorities, went openly over to Cromwell;—Strahan soon after died. As for the Western Army, it straightway dispersed itself; part towards Stirling and the Authorities; the much greater part to their civil callings again, wishing they had never quitted them. "This miscarriage of affairs in the West by a few unhappy men," says Baillie, "put us all under the foot of the Enemy. They presently ran over all the country; destroying cattle and crops; putting Glasgow and all other places under grievous contributions. This makes me," for my part, "stick at Perth; not daring to go where the Enemy is master, as he now is of all Scotland south of the Forth."[3]

It only remains to be added, that the two Extreme Parties being broken, the Middle or Official one rose supreme, and widened its borders by the admission, as Oliver anticipated, "of the Malignants almost all"; a set of "Public Resolutions" so-called being passed in the Scotch Parliament to that end, and ultimately got carried through the Kirk Assembly too. Official majority of "Resolutioners," with a zealous party of "Remonstrants," who are also called "Protesters": in Kirk and State, these long continue to afflict and worry one another, sad fruit of a Covenanted Charles Stuart; but shall not farther concern us here. It is a great comfort to the Lord General that he has now mainly real Malignants for enemies in this country; and so can smite without reluctance. Unhappy "Resolutioners," if they *could* subdue Cromwell, what would become of them at the hands of their own Malignants! They have admitted the Chief

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 94, 5).

[2] Other notice of him, and of his unsubduable stiffness of neck, in Thurloe, iv. 480 (Dec. 1655), etc.

[3] iii. 125 (date, 2d January 1650-1).

Malignant, "in whom all Malignity does centre," into their bosom; and have an Incarnate Solecism presiding over them. Satisfactorily descended from Elizabeth Muir of Caldwell, but in all other respects most unsatisfactory!—

The "Lord of the Session," who felt startled at this condition of things, and "withdrew" from it, I take to have been Sir James Hope of Craighall,[1] of whom, and whose scruples, and the censures they got, there is frequent mention in these months. But the Laird of Swinton, another of the same, went still farther in the same course; and indeed, soon after this defeat of Ker, went openly over to Cromwell. "There is very great distraction, there are mighty workings upon the hearts of divers." "Mr. James Livingston," the Minister of Ancrum, has left a curious *Life* of himself:—he is still represented by a distinguished family in America.

LETTER CLIV

THE next affair is that of Edinburgh Castle. Our Derbyshire miners found the rock very hard, and made small way in it; but now the Lord General has got his batteries ready; and, on Thursday 12th December, after three months' blockade, salutes the place with his "guns and mortars," and the following set of Summonses; which proved effectual.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 12th December 1650.

Webeing now resolved, by God's assistance, to make use of such means as He hath put into our hands towards the reducing of Edinburgh Castle, I thought fit to send you this Summons.

What the grounds of our proceedings have been, and what our desires and aims in relation to the glory of God and the common Interest of His People, we have often expressed in our Papers tendered to public view. To which though credit hitherto hath not been given by men, yet the Lord hath been pleased to bear a gracious and favourable testimony; and hath not only kept us constant to our profession, and in our affections to such as fear the Lord in this Nation, but hath unmasked others from their pretences,—as appears by the present transactions at St. John-

[1] Balfour, iv. 173, 235.

ston.[1] Let the Lord dispose your resolutions as seemeth good to Him: my sense of duty presseth me, for the ends aforesaid, and to avoid the effusion of more blood, To demand the rendering of this place to me upon fit conditions.

To which expecting your answer this day, I rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Governor's Answer to my Lord General's Letter is this:

"*For his Excellency the General of the English Forces.*

"Edinburgh, 12th December 1650.

"MY LORD,—I am intrusted by the Estates of Scotland with this place; and being sworn not to deliver it to any without their warrant, I have no power to dispose thereof by myself. I do therefore desire the space of ten days, wherein I may conveniently acquaint the said Estates, and receive their answer. And for this effect, your safe-conduct for them employed in the message. Upon the receipt of their answer, you shall have the resolution of,—my Lord, your most humble servant,

"W. DUNDAS."

The Lord General's Reply to Governor Walter Dundas:

LETTER CLV

For the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh.

Edinburgh, 12th December 1650.

SIR,

It concerns not me to know your obligations to those that trust you. I make no question the apprehensions you have of your abilities to resist those impressions which shall be made upon you,[2] are the natural and equitable rules of all men's judgments and consciences in your condition;—except you had taken an oath beyond a possibility. I leave that to your consideration; and shall not seek to contest with your thoughts: only I think it may become me to let you know, You may have honourable terms for yourself and those with you; and both

[1] Readmission "of the Malignants almost all"; Earl of Calendar, Duke of Hamilton, etc. (Balfour, iv. 179-203); by the Parliament at Perth,—at "St. Johnston," as the old name is.

[2] By my cannons and mortars.

yourself and soldiers have satisfaction to all your reasonable desires; and those that have other employments, liberty and protection in the exercise of them.

But to deal plainly with you, I will not give liberty to you to consult your Committee of Estates; because I hear, those that are honest amongst them enjoy not satisfaction, and the rest are now discovered to seek another Interest than they have formerly pretended to. And if you desire to be informed of this, you may, by them you dare trust, at a nearer distance than St. Johnston.

Expecting your present answer, I rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Governor's Reply, No. 2, arrives on the morrow, Friday:

"*For his Excellency the Lord General of the English Forces in Scotland.*

"Edinburgh Castle, 13th December 1650.

"MY LORD,—It much concerneth me (considering my obligations) to be found faithful in the trust committed to me. And therefore, in the fear of the living God, and of His great Name called upon in the accepting of my trust, I do again press the liberty of acquainting the Estates. The time is but short; and I do expect it as answerable to your profession of affection to those that fear the Lord. In the mean time I am willing to hear information of late proceedings from such as he dare trust who is,—my Lord, your humble servant, W. DUNDAS."

The Lord General's Reply, No. 2:

LETTER CLVI

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 13th December 1650.

Because of your strict and solemn adjuration of me, in the fear and Name of the living God, That I give you time to send to the Committee of Estates, to whom you undertook the keeping of this place under the obligation of an oath, as you affirm,—I cannot but hope that it is your conscience, and

not policy, carrying you to that desire. The granting of which, if it be prejudicial to our affairs,—I am as much obliged in conscience not to do it, as you can pretend cause for your conscience' sake to desire it.

Now considering 'that' our merciful and wise God binds not His People to actions too cross one to another; but that our bands may be,[1] as I am persuaded they are, through our mistakes and darkness,—not only in the question about the surrendering this Castle, but also in all the present differences:—I have much reason to believe that, by a Conference, you may be well satisfied, in point of fact, of your Estates (to whom you say you are obliged) carrying on an Interest destructive and contrary to what they professed when they committed that trust to you,—having made to depart from them many honest men through fear of their own safety,[2] and making way for the reception of professed Malignants, both in their Parliament and Army;—and also 'that you' may have laid before you such grounds of our ends and aims to the preservation of the interest of honest men in Scotland as well as England, as will (if God vouchsafe to appear in them) give your conscience satisfaction. Which if you refuse, I hope you will not have cause to say that we are either unmindful of the great Name of the Lord which you have mentioned, nor that we are wanting to answer our profession of affection to those that fear the Lord.

I am willing to cease hostility, for some hours, or convenient time to so good an end as information of judgment, and satisfaction of conscience;—although I may not give liberty for the time desired, to send to the Committee of Estates; or at all stay the prosecution of my attempt.

Expecting your sudden answer, I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

The Governor's Reply, No. 3, comes out on Saturday:

"*For his Excellency the Lord General of the English Forces in Scotland: These.*

"Edinburgh Castle, 14th December 1650.

"MY LORD,—What I pressed, in my last, proceeded from conscience and not from policy: and I conceived that the few days

[1] our perplexities are caused.
[2] Swinton, Strahan, Hope of Craighall, etc.
[3] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 97).

desired could not be of such prejudice to your affairs, as to bar the desired expressions of professed affection towards those that fear the Lord. And I expected that a small delay of our own [1] affairs should not have preponderated the satisfaction of a desire pressed in so serious and solemn a manner for satisfying conscience.

" But if you will needs persist in denial, I shall desire to hear the information of late proceedings from such as I dare trust, and ' as ' have had occasion to know the certainty of things. Such I hope you will permit to come alongst at the first convenience; and during that time all acts of hostility, and prosecution of attempts, be forborne on both sides. I am, my Lord, your humble servant, W. Dundas."

The Lord General's Reply, No. 3·

LETTER CLVII

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle : These.

Sir, Edinburgh, 14th December 1650.

You will give me leave to be sensible of delays out of conscience of duty ' too.'

If you please to name any you would speak with ' who are ' now in Town, they shall have liberty to come and speak with you for one hour, if they will; provided you send presently. I expect there be no loss of time. I rest,

Your servant,
Oliver Cromwell.[2]

Governor Dundas applies hereupon for Mr. Alexander Jaffray and the Reverend John Carstairs to be sent to him: two official persons, whom we saw made captive in Dunbar Drove, who have ever since been Prisoners-on-parole with his Excellency; doing now and then an occasional message for him; much meditating on him and his ways. Who very naturally decline to be concerned with so delicate an operation as this now on hand,—in the following characteristic Note, enclosed in his Excellency's Reply, No. 4:

[1] " our own," *one's own.*
[2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 97).

LETTER CLVIII

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 14th December 1650.

Having acquainted the Gentlemen with your desire to speak with them, and they making some difficulty of it, 'they' have desired me to send you this enclosed. I rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Here is "this enclosed":

"*For the Right Honourable the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.*

"Edinburgh, 14th December 1650.

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,—We now hearing that you was desirous to speak with us for your information of the posture of affairs, we would be glad, and we think you make no doubt of it, to be refreshing or useful to you in anything; but the matter is of so high concernment, especially since it may be you will lean somewhat upon our information in managing that important trust put upon you, that we dare not take upon us to meddle: ye may therefore do as ye find yourselves clear and in capacity; and the Lord be with you. We are, Sir, your honour's humble servants, wellwishers in the Lord,

"AL. JAFFRAY.
"JO. CARSTAIRS."

So that, for this Saturday, nothing can be done. On Sunday, we suppose, Mr. Stapylton, in black, teaches in St. Giles's; and other qualified persons, some of them in red with belts, teach in other Kirks; the Scots, much taken with the doctrine, "answering in their usual way of groans," Hum-m-mrrh!—and on Monday, it is like, the cannons and mortar-pieces begin to teach again, or indicate that they can at once begin. Wherefore, on Wednesday, here is a new Note from Governor Dundas; which we shall call Reply No. 4, from that much-straitened Gentleman:

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 98).

" Edinburgh Castle, 18th December 1650.

" My Lord,—I expected that conscience, which you pretended to be your motive that did induce you to summon this house before you did attempt anything against it, should also have moved you to have expected my Answer to your Demand of the house; which I could not, out of conscience, suddenly give without mature deliberation; it being a business of such high importance. You having refused that little time, which I did demand to the effect I might receive the commands of them that did intrust me with this place; and " I " yet not daring to fulfil your desire,—I do demand such a competent time as may be condescended upon betwixt us, within which if no relief come, I shall surrender this place upon such honourable conditions as can be agreed upon by capitulation; and during which time all acts of hostility and prosecution of attempts on both sides may be forborne. I am, my Lord, your humble servant,

" W. Dundas."

The Lord General's Reply, No. 5:

LETTER CLIX

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

Sir, Edinburgh, 18th December 1650.

All that I have to say is shortly this: That if you will send out Commissioners by eleven o'clock this night, thoroughly instructed and authorised to treat and conclude, you may have terms, honourable and safe to you, and 'to' those whose interests are concerned in the things that are with you. I shall give a safe-conduct to such whose names you shall send within the time limited, and order to forbear shooting at their coming forth and going in.

To this I expect your answer within one hour, and rest,

Sir, your servant,

Oliver Cromwell.[1]

The Governor's Reply, No. 5:

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 98).

" Edinburgh Castle, 18th December 1650.

" My LORD,—I have thought upon these two Gentlemen whose names are here mentioned; to wit, Major Andrew Abernethy and Captain Robert Henderson; whom I purpose to send out instructed, in order to the carrying-on the Capitulation. Therefore expecting a safe-conduct for them with this bearer,—I rest, my Lord, your humble servant, W. DUNDAS."

The Lord General's Reply, No. 6:

LETTER CLX

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 18th December 1650.

I have, here enclosed, sent you a safe-conduct for the coming forth and return of the Gentlemen you desire; and have appointed and authorised Colonel Monk and Lieutenant-Colonel White to meet with your Commissioners, at the house in the safe-conduct mentioned: there to treat and conclude of the Capitulation on my part. I rest,

Sir, your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Here is his Excellency's Pass or safe-conduct for them:

PASS

To all Officers and Soldiers under my Command.

YOU are on sight hereof to suffer Major Andrew Abernethy and Captain Robert Henderson to come forth of Edinburgh Castle, to the house of Mr. Wallace in Edinburgh, and to return back into the said Castle, without any trouble or molestation.

Given under my hand, this 18th December 1650.
OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 98). [2] Ibid. p. 99.

By to-morrow morning, in Mr. Wallace's House, Colonel Monk and the other Three have agreed upon handsome terms; of which, except what indicates itself in the following Proclamation, published by beat of drum the same day, we need say nothing. All was handsome, just and honourable, as the case permitted; my Lord General being extremely anxious to gain this place, and conciliate the Godly People of the Nation. By one of the conditions, the Public Registers, now deposited in the Castle, are to be accurately bundled up by authorised persons, and carried to Stirling, or whither the Authorities please; concerning which some question afterwards accidentally rises.

PROCLAMATION

To be proclaimed by the Marshal-general, by beat of drum, in Edinburgh and Leith.

WHEREAS there is an agreement of articles by treaty concluded betwixt myself and Colonel Walter Dundas, Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh, which doth give free liberty to all Inhabitants adjacent, and all other persons who have any goods in the said Castle, to fetch forth the same from thence:

These are therefore to declare, That all such people before mentioned who have any goods in the Castle, as is before expressed, shall have free liberty between this present Thursday the 19th instant and Tuesday the 24th, To repair to the Castle, and to fetch away their goods, without let or molestation. And I do hereby further declare and require all Officers and Soldiers of this Army, That they take strict care, that no violation be done to any person or persons fetching away their goods, and carrying them to such place or places as to them seemeth fit. And if it shall so fall out that any Soldier shall be found willingly or wilfully to do anything contrary hereunto, he shall suffer death for the same. And if it shall appear that any Officer shall, either through connivance or otherwise, do or suffer 'to be done' anything contrary to and against the said Proclamation, wherein it might lie in his power to prevent or hinder the same, he the said Officer shall likewise suffer death.

Given under my hand the 19th of December 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 99).

It is now Thursday: we gain admittance to the Castle on the Tuesday following, and the Scotch forces march away,—in a somewhat confused manner, I conceive. For Governor Dundas and the other parties implicated are considered little better than traitors, at Stirling: in fact, they are, openly or secretly, of the Remonstrant or Protester species; and may as well come over to Cromwell;—which at once or gradually the most of them do. What became of the Clergy, let us not inquire: Remonstrants or Resolutioners, confused times await them! Of which here and there a glimpse may turn up as we proceed. The Lord General has now done with Scotch Treaties; the Malignants and Quasi-Malignants are ranked in one definite body; and he may smite without reluctance. Here is his Letter to the Speaker on this business. After which, we may hope, the rest of his Scotch Letters may be given in a mass; sufficiently legible without commentary of ours.

LETTER CLXI

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

RIGHT HONOURABLE, Edinburgh, 24th Dec. 1650.

It hath pleased God to cause this Castle of Edinburgh to be surrendered into our hands, this day about eleven o'clock. I thought fit to give you such account thereof as I could, and 'as' the shortness of time would permit.

I sent a Summons to the Castle upon the 12th instant; which occasioned several Exchanges and Replies, which, for their unusualness, I also thought fit humbly to present to you.[1] Indeed the mercy is very great, and seasonable. I think, I need to say little of the strength of the place; which, if it had not come in as it did, would have cost very much blood to have attained, if at all to be attained; and did tie up your Army to that inconvenience, That little or nothing could have been attempted whilst this was in design; or little fruit had of anything brought into your power by your Army hitherto, without it. I must needs say, not any skill or wisdom of ours, but the good hand of God hath given you this place.

I believe all Scotland hath not in it so much brass ordnance

[1] We have already read them.

as this place. I send you here enclosed a List thereof,[1] and of the arms and ammunition, so well as they could be taken on a sudden. Not having more at present to trouble you with, I take leave, and rest,

Sir,
Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

LETTERS CLXII—CLXXXI

THE Lord General is now settled at Edinburgh till the season for campaigning return. Tradition still reports him as lodged, as in 1648, in that same spacious and sumptuous "Earl of Murrie's House in the Cannigate"; credibly enough; though Tradition does not in this instance produce any written voucher hitherto.[3] The Lord General, as we shall find by and by, falls dangerously sick here; worn down by over-work and the rugged climate.

The Scots lie entrenched at Stirling, diligently raising new levies; parliamenting and committee-ing diligently at Perth;—crown their King at Scone Kirk, on the First of January,[4] in token that they have now all "complied" with him. The Lord General is virtually master of all Scotland south of the Forth;—fortifies, before long, a Garrison as far west as "Newark,"[5] which we now call Port Glasgow, on the Clyde. How his forces had to occupy themselves, reducing detached Castles; coercing Moss-troopers; and, in detail, bringing the Country to obedience, the old Books at great length say, and the reader here shall fancy in his mind. Take the following two little traits from Whitlocke, and spread them out to the due expansion and reduplication:

"*February 3d*, 1650. Letters that Colonel Fenwick summoned Hume Castle to be surrendered to General Cromwell. The Governor answered, 'I know not Cromwell; and as for my Castle, it is built on a rock.' Whereupon Colonel Fenwick

[1] Drakes, minions, murderers, monkeys, of brass and iron,—not interesting to us, except it be "the great iron murderer called *Muckle-Meg*," already in existence, and still held in some confused remembrance in those Northern parts.

[2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 99).

[3] Yes, in fine: *Memorie of the Somervilles* (Edinburgh, 1815), ii. 423, gives "my Lady Home's Lodging," which is known to signify that same House. (*Note of* 1857.)

[4] Minute description of the ceremony, in Somers Tracts, vi. 117.

[5] Milton State-Papers, p. 84.

played upon him" a little "with the great guns." But the Governor still would not yield; nay sent a Letter couched in these singular terms:

> "I, William of the Wastle,
> Am now in my Castle;
> And aw the dogs in the town
> Shanna gar [1] me gang down."

So that there remained nothing but opening the mortars upon this William of the Wastle; which did gar him gang down,—more fool than he went up.

We also read how Colonel Hacker and others rooted out bodies of Mosstroopers from Strength after Strength; and "took much oatmeal," which must have been very useful there. But this little Entry, a few days subsequent to that of Willie Wastle, affected us most: "Letters that the Scots in a Village called Geddard rose, and armed themselves; and set upon Captain Dawson as he returned from pursuing some Mosstroopers;—killed his guide and trumpet; and took Dawson and eight of his party, and after having given them quarter, killed them all in cold blood." [2] In which "Village called Geddard," do not some readers recognise a known place, *Jeddart* or *Jedburgh*, friendly enough to Mosstroopers; and in the transaction itself, a notable example of what is called "Jeddart Justice,"—killing a man whom you have a pique at; killing him first, to make sure, and then judging him!—However, there come Letters too, "That the English soldiers married divers of the Scots Women;" which was an excellent movement on their part;—and may serve as the concluding feature here.

LETTER CLXII

THE "Empson" of this Letter, who is now to have a Company in Hacker's regiment, was transiently visible to us once already, as "Lieutenant Empson of my regiment," in the Skirmish at Musselburgh, four months ago.[3] Hacker is the well-known Colonel Francis Hacker, who attended the King on the scaffold; having a signed Warrant, which we have read, addressed to him and two other Officers to that effect. The most conspicuous, but by no means the most approved, of his military

[1] "Shand garre" is Whitlocke's reading.
[2] 14th February 1650 (Whitlocke, p. 464).
[3] Letter CXXXV., antea, p. 152.

services to this Country! For which one indeed, in overbalance to many others, he was rewarded with death after the Restoration. A Rutlandshire man; a Captain from the beginning of the War; and rather favourably visible, from time to time, all along. Of whom a kind of continuous Outline of a Biography, considerably different from Caulfield's and other inane Accounts of him,[1] might still be gathered, did it much concern us here. To all appearance, a somewhat taciturn, somewhat indignant, very swift, resolute and valiant man. He died for his share in the Regicide; but did not profess to repent of it; intimated, in his taciturn way, that he was willing to accept the results of it, and answer for it in a much higher Court than the Westminster one. We are indeed to understand generally, in spite of the light phrase which Cromwell reprimands in this Letter, that Hacker was a religious man; and in his regicides and other operations, did not act without some warrant that was very satisfactory to him. For the present he has much to do with Mosstroopers; very active upon them;—for which "Peebles" is a good locality. He continues visible as a Republican to the last; is appointed "to raise a regiment" for the expiring Cause in 1659,—in which, what a little concerns us, this same "Hubbert" here in question is to be his Major.[2]

To the Honourable Colonel Hacker, at Peebles or elsewhere: These.

SIR, 'Edinburgh,' 25th December 1650.

I have 'used' the best consideration I can, for the present, in this business; and although I believe Captain Hubbert is a worthy man, and hear so much, yet, as the case stands, I cannot, with satisfaction to myself and some others, revoke the Commission I had given to Captain Empson, without offence to them, and reflection upon my own judgment.

I pray let Captain Hubbert know I shall not be unmindful of him, and that no disrespect is intended to him. But indeed I was not satisfied with your last speech to me about Empson, That he was a better preacher than fighter or soldier,—or words to that effect. Truly I think he that prays and preaches best will fight best. I know nothing 'that' will give like courage and confidence as the knowledge of God in Christ will; and I bless God to see any in this Army able and willing to impart

[1] Caulfield's High Court of Justice, pp. 83-7; Trials of the Regicides; etc.
[2] Commons Journals, vii. 669, 675, 824.

the knowledge they have, for the good of others. And I expect it be encouraged, by all the Chief Officers in this Army especially; and I hope you will do so. I pray receive Captain Empson lovingly; I dare assure you he is a good man and a good officer; I would we had no worse. I rest,

Your loving friend,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER CLXIII

LETTER Hundred-and-sixty-third relates to the exchange of three Prisoners whom we saw taken in Dunbar Drove, and have had an occasional glimpse of since. Before reading it, let us read another Letter, which is quite unconnected with this; but which lies, as we may see, on the Lord General's table in Moray House in the Canongate while he writes this;—and indeed is a unique of its kind: A Letter from the Lord General's Wife.

"My Lord Chief Justice" is Oliver St. John, known to us this long while; "President" is Bradshaw; "Speaker" is Lenthall: high official persons; to whom it were better if the Lord General took his Wife's advice, and wrote occasionally.

"*The Lady Elizabeth Cromwell to her Husband the Lord General at Edinburgh.*

"'Cockpit, London,' 27th December 1650.

"MY DEAREST,—I wonder you should blame me for writing no oftener, when I have sent three for one: I cannot but think they are miscarried. Truly if I know my own heart, I should as soon neglect myself as to 'omit'[2] the least thought towards you, who in doing it, I must do it to myself. But when I do write, my Dear, I seldom have any satisfactory answer; which makes me think my writing is slighted; as well it may: but I cannot but think your love covers my weakness and infirmities.

"I should rejoice to hear your desire in seeing me; but I desire to submit to the Providence of God; hoping the Lord, who hath separated us, and hath often brought us together again, will in His good time bring us again, to the praise of His name. Truly my life is but half a life in your absence, did not

[1] Harris, p. 516; Lansdowne MSS., 1236, fol. 99, contains the *address*, which Harris has omitted.
[2] Word torn out.

the Lord make it up in Himself, which I must acknowledge to the praise of His grace.

"I would you would think to write sometimes to your dear friend, my Lord Chief Justice, of whom I have often put you in mind. And truly, my Dear, if you would think of what I put you in mind of some, it might be to as much purpose as others;[1] writing sometimes a Letter to the President, and sometimes to the Speaker. Indeed, my Dear, you cannot think the wrong you do yourself in the want of a Letter, though it were but seldom. I pray think on;[2] and so rest,—yours in all faithfulness, ELIZABETH CROMWELL."[3]

This Letter, in the original, is frightfully spelt; but otherwise exactly as here: the only Letter extant of this Heroine; and not unworthy of a glance from us. It is given in *Harris* too, and in *Noble* very incorrectly.

And now for the Letter concerning Provost Jaffray and his two fellow-prisoners from Dunbar Drove.

For the Right Honourable Lieutenant-General David Lesley: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 17th January 1650.

I perceive by your last Letter you had not met with Mr. Carstairs[4] and Mr. Waugh, who were to apply themselves to you about Provost Jaffray's and their release, 'in exchange' for the Seamen and Officers. But I understood, by a Paper since shown me by them under your hand, that you were contented to release the said Seamen and Officers for those three Persons,—who have had their discharges accordingly.

I am contented also to discharge the Lieutenant, 'in exchange' for the Four Troopers at Stirling, who hath solicited me to that purpose.

I have, here enclosed, sent you a Letter,[5] which I desire you to cause to be conveyed to the Committee of Estates; and that such return shall be sent back to me as they shall please to give.

I remain, Sir,
Your humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[6]

Here is a notice from Balfour:[7] At Perth, "22d November

[1] The grammar bad; the meaning evident or discoverable — and the bad grammar a part of that!
[2] "think *of*" is the Lady's old phrase.
[3] Milton State-Papers, p. 40.
[4] Custaires.
[5] The next Letter.
[6] Thurloe, i. 172. Laigh Parliament House.
[7] iv. 168.

1650 (*Rege præsente*," the King being present, as usually after that Flight to the Grampian Hills he is allowed to be), "the Committee of Estates remits to the Committee of Quarterings the exchange of Prisoners anent Mr. Alexander Jaffray and Mr. John Carstairs, Minister, with some English Prisoners in the Castle of Dumbarton." Nevertheless at this date, six or seven weeks after, the business is not yet perfected.

Alexander Jaffray, as we know already, is Provost of Aberdeen; a leading man for the Covenant from of old; and generally the Member for his Burgh in the Scotch Parliaments of these years. In particular, he sits as Commissioner for Aberdeen in the Parliament that met 4th January 1649;[1] under which this disastrous Quarrel with the English began. He was famed afterwards (infamous it then meant) as among the first of the Scotch Quakers; he, with Barclay of Urie, and other lesser Fallen-Stars. Personal intercourse with Cromwell, the Sectary and Blasphemer, had much altered the notions of Mr. Alexander Jaffray. Baillie informed us, three months ago, he and Carstairs, then Prisoners-on-parole, were sent Westward by Cromwell "to agent the Remonstrance,"—to guide towards some good issue the Ker-and-Strahan Negotiation; which, alas, could only be guided headlong into the ditches at Hamilton before daybreak, as we saw!—Jaffray sat afterwards in the Little Parliament; was an official person in Scotland,[2] and one of Cromwell's leading men there.

Carstairs, we have to say or repeat, is one of the Ministers of Glasgow; deep in the confused Remonstrant-Resolutioner Controversies of that day; though on which side precisely one does not altogether know, perhaps he himself hardly altogether knew. From Baillie, who has frequent notices of him, it is clear he tends strongly towards the Cromwell view in many things; yet with repugnancies, anti-sectary and other, difficult for frail human nature. How he managed his life-pilotage in these circumstances shall concern himself mainly. His Son, I believe, is the "Principal Carstairs,"[3] who became very celebrated among Scotch Whigs in King William's time. He gets home to Glasgow now, where perhaps we shall see some glimpses of him again.

John Waugh (whom they spell *Vauch* and *Wauch*, and otherwise distort) was the painful Minister of Borrowstounness, in the Shire of Linlithgow. A man of many troubles, now and after-

[1] Balfour, iii. 382.

[2] Ousted our friend Scotstarvet,—most unjustly, thinks he of the *Staggering State* (p. 181). There wanted only that to make the Homily on Life's Nothingness complete!

[3] Biog. Britann. *in voce*; somewhat indistinct.

wards. Captive in the Dunbar Drove; still deaf he to the temptings of Sectary Cromwell; deafer than ever. In this month of January 1651, we perceive he gets his deliverance; returns with painfully increased experience, but little change of view derived from it, to his painful Ministry; where new tribulations await him. From Baillie[1] I gather that the painful Waugh's invincible tendency was to the Resolutioner or Quasi-Malignant side; and too strong withal;—no level sailing, or smooth pilotage, possible for poor Waugh! For as the Remonstrant, Protester, or Ker-and-Strahan Party, having joined itself to the Cromwellean, came ultimately to be dominant in Scotland, there ensued for straitlaced clerical individuals who would cling too desperately to the opposite Resolutioner or Quasi-Malignant side, very bad times. There ensued in the first place, very naturally, this, That the straitlaced individual, who would not cease to pray publicly *against* the now Governing Powers, was put out of his living: this; and if he grew still more desperate, worse than this.

Of both which destinies our poor straitlaced Waugh may serve to us as an emblem here. Some three years hence we find that the Cromwellean Government has, in Waugh's, as in various other cases, ejected the straitlaced Resolutioner, and inducted a *loose*laced Protester into his Kirk;—leaving poor Waugh the straitlaced to preach "in a barn hard by." And though the looselaced "have but fifteen," and the straitlaced "all the Parish," it matters not; the stipend and the Kirk go with him whose lacing is loose: one has nothing but one's barn left, and sad reflections. Nay in Waugh's case, the very barn, proving as is likely an arena of too vehement discourse, was taken away from him; and he, Waugh, was lodged in Prison, in the Castle of Edinburgh.[2] For Waugh "named the King in his prayers," he and "Mr. Robert Knox" even went that length! In Baillie, under date 11th November 1653, is a most doleful inflexible Letter from Waugh's own hand: "brought to the top of this rock," as his ultimate lodging-place; "having my habitation among the owls of the desert, because of my very great uselessness and fruitlessness among the sons of men." Yet he is right well satisfied, conscience yielding him a good etc. etc.—Poor Waugh, I wish he would reconsider himself. Whether it be absolutely indispensable to Christ's Kirk to have a Nell-Gwynn Defender set over it, even though descended from Elizabeth Muir; and if no other, not the bravest and devoutest of all British men, will do for that? O Waugh, it is a strange camera-obscura the head of man!—

[1] iii. 248. [2] Baillie, iii. 248, 253, 228.

LETTER CLXIV

We have heard of many Mosstroopers: we heard once of a certain Watt, a Tenant of the Earl of Tweedale's, who being ruined-out by the War, distinguished himself in this new course; and contemporary with him, of "one Augustin a High-German." To which latter some more special momentary notice now falls due.

Read Balfour's record, and then Cromwell's Letter. "One Augustin, a High-German, being purged out of the Army before Dunbar Drove, but a stout and resolute young man, and lover of the Scots Nation,—imitating Watt,—in October or November this year, annoyed the Enemy very much; killing many of his stragglers; and made nightly infalls upon their quarters, taking and killing sometimes twenty, sometimes thirty, and more or less of them: whereby he both enriched himself and his followers, and greatly damnified the Enemy. His chief abode was about and in the Mountains of Pentland and Soutra."—And again, from Perth, 19th December 1650: "*Memorandum*, That Augustin departed from Fife with a party of Six-score horse; crossed at Blackness on Friday 13th December; forced Cromwell's guards; killed eighty men to the Enemy; put-in thirty-six men to Edinburgh Castle, with all sorts of spices, and some other things; took thirty-five horses and five prisoners, which he sent to Perth the 14th of this instant." Which feat, with the spices and thirty-six men, could not indeed save Edinburgh Castle from surrendering, as we saw, next week; but did procure Captain Augustin "thanks from the Lord Chancellor and Parliament in his Majesty's name," and good outlooks for promotion in that quarter.[1]

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates of the Kingdom of Scotland: These.

My Lords, Edinburgh, 17th January 1650.

Having been informed of divers barbarous murders and inhuman acts, perpetrated upon our men by one Augustin a German in employ under you, and one Ross a Lieutenant, I did send to Lieutenant-General David Lesley, desiring justice against the said persons. And to the end I might make good the fact upon them, I was willing either by commissioners on both parts, or in any other equal way, to have the charge proved.

[1] Balfour, iv. 166, 210, 214.

The Lieutenant-General was pleased to allege a want of power from Public Authority to enable him herein: which occasions me to desire your Lordships that this business may be put into such a way as may give satisfaction;—whereby I may understand what rules your Lordships will hold during this sad Contest between the two Nations; 'rules' which may evidence the War to stand upon other pretences at least than the allowing of such actions will suppose.

Desiring your Lordships' answer, I rest,

My Lords,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

No effect whatever seems to have been produced by this Letter. The Scotch Quasi-Malignant Authorities have "thanked" Augustin, and are determined to have all the benefit they can of him,—which cannot be much, one would think! In the following June accordingly we find him become "*Colonel* Augustin," probably Major or Lieutenant-Colonel; quartered with Robin Montgomery "at Dumfries"; giving "an alarm to Carlisle," but by no means taking it;—"falling in," on another occasion, "with Two-hundred picked men," but very glad to fall out again, "nearly all cut off." In strong practical *Remonstrance* against which, the learned Bulstrode has Letters in November, vague but satisfactory, "That the Scots themselves rose against Augustin, killed some of his men, and drove away the rest"; entirely disapproving of such courses and personages. And then finally in January following, "Letters that Augustin the great robber in Scotland,—upon disbanding of the Marquis of Huntley's forces," the last remnant of Scotch Malignancy for the present,—"went into the Orcades, and there took ship for Norway."[2] Fair wind and full sea to him!—

LETTER CLXV

AN Official Medallist has arrived from London to take the Effigies of the Lord General, for a Medal commemorative of the Victory at Dunbar. The Effigies, Portrait, or "Statue," as they sometimes call it, of the Lord General appears to be in a state of

[1] Thurloe, i. 173. Laigh Parliament House.

[2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 104); Whitlocke, 23d November 1651; ib. 14th January 1651–2.

forwardness; but he would fain waive such a piece of vanity. The "Gratuity to the Army" is a solid thing: but this of the Effigies, or Stamp of my poor transient unbeautiful Face—?—However, the Authorities, as we may surmise, have made up their mind.

For the Honourable the Committee of the Army "at London:" These.

GENTLEMEN, Edinburgh, 4th February 1650.

It was not a little wonder to me to see that you should send Mr. Symonds so great a journey, about a business importing so little, as far as it relates to me; whereas, if my poor opinion may not be rejected by you, I have to offer to that [1] which I think the most noble end, to wit, The Commemoration of that great Mercy at Dunbar, and the Gratuity to the Army. Which might be better expressed upon the Medal, by engraving, as on the one side the Parliament, which I hear was intended and will do singularly well, so on the other side an Army, with this Inscription over the head of it, *The Lord of Hosts*, which was our Word that day. Wherefore, if I may beg it as a favour from you, I most earnestly beseech you, if I may do it without offence, that it may be so. And if you think not fit to have it as I offer, you may alter it as you see cause; only I do think I may truly say, it will be very thankfully acknowledged by me, if you will spare the having my Effigies in it.

The Gentleman's pains and trouble hither have been very great; and I shall make it my second suit unto you that you will please to confer upon him that Employment which Nicholas Briot had before him: indeed the man is ingenious, and worthy of encouragement. I may not presume much; but if, at my request, and for my sake, he may obtain this favour, I shall put it upon the account of my obligations, which are not few; and, I hope, shall be found ready to acknowledge 'it,' and to approve myself,

Gentlemen,
Your most real servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Of "Nicholas Briot" and "Mr. Symonds," since they have the honour of a passing relation to the Lord General, and still enjoy, or suffer, a kind of ghost-existence in the Dilettante memory, we may subjoin, rather than cancel, the following authentic particu-

[1] I should vote exclusively for that.

[2] Harris, p. 519.

lars. In the Commons Journals of 20th August 1642, it is: "*Ordered*, That the Earl of Warwick," now Admiral of our Fleet, "be desired that Monsieur Bryatt may have delivery of his wearing apparel; and all his other goods stayed at Scarborough, not belonging to Minting and Coining of Moneys."—This Nicholas Bryatt, or Briot, then, must have been Chief Engraver for the Mint at the beginning of the Civil Wars. We perceive, he has gone to the King northward; but is here stopt at Scarborough, with all his baggage, by Warwick the Lord High Admiral: and is to get away. What became of him afterwards, or what was his history before, no man and hardly any Dilettante knows.

Symonds, Symons, or as the moderns call him, Simon, is still known as an approved Medal-maker. In the Commons Journals of 17th December 1651, we find: "*Ordered*, That it be referred to the Council of State to take order that the sum of 300*l.* be paid unto Thomas Symonds, which was agreed by the Committee appointed for that purpose to be paid unto him, for the Two Great Seals made by him, and the materials thereof: And that the said Council do take consideration of what farther recompense is fit to be given unto him for his extraordinary pains therein; and give order for the payment of such sum of money as they shall think fit in respect thereof."

An earlier entry, which still more concerns us here, is an Order, in favour of one whose name has not reached the Clerk, and is now indicated only by stars, That the Council of State shall pay him for "making the Statue of the General,"—doubtless this Medal or Effigies of the General; the name indicated by stars being again that of Symonds. The Order, we observe, has the same date as the present Letter.[1] The Medal of Cromwell, executed on this occasion, still exists, and is said to be a good likeness.[2] The Committee-men had not taken my Lord General's advice about the Parliament, about the Army with the Lord of Hosts, and the total omitting of his own Effigies. Vertue published Engravings of all these Medals of Simon (as he spells him) in the year 1753.

The "Two Great Seals," mentioned in the Excerpt above, are also worth a word from us. There had a good few Great Seals to be made in the course of this War; all by Symonds: of whom, with reference thereto, we find, in authentic quarters, various notices, of years long prior and posterior to this. The *first* of all the "new Great Seals" was the one made, after infinite debates and hesitations, in 1643, when Lord Keeper Lyttleton ran away with the original: Symonds was the maker of this, as other

[1] Commons Journals, 4th February 1650–1. [2] Harris, p. 518.

entries of the same Rhadamanthine Commons Journals instruct us: On the 11th July 1643, Henry Marten is to bring "the man" that will make the new Great Seal, and let us see him "to-morrow"; which man it turns out, at sight of him, not "to-morrow," but a week after, on the 19th July, is "Mr. Simonds," [1] —who, we find farther, is to have 100*l.* for his work; 40*l.* in hand, 30*l.* so soon as his work is done, and the other 30*l.* one knows not when. Symonds made the Seal duly; but as for his payment, we fear it was not very duly made. Of course when the Commonwealth and Council of State began, a couple of new Great Seals were needed; and these too, as we see above, Symonds made; and is *to be* paid for them, and for the General's Statue; —which we hope he was, but are not sure!

Other new Seals, Great and Not-so-great, in the subsequent mutations, were needed: and assiduous Symonds made them all. Nevertheless, in 1659, when the Protectorate under Richard was staggering towards ruin, we find "Mr. Thomas Symonds Chief Graver of the Mint and Seals," repeatedly turning up with new Seals, new *order* for payment, and new indication that the order was but incompletely complied with.[2] May 14th, 1659, he has made a new and newest Great Seal; he is to be paid for that, and "for the former, for which he yet remains unsatisfied." Also on the 24th May 1659,[3] the Council of State get a new Seal from him. Then on the 22d August, on the Rump Parliament's re-assembling, he makes a "new Parliament Seal"; and presents a modest Petition to have his money paid him: *order* is granted very promptly to that end; "his debt to be paid for this Seal, and for all former work done by him;"—we *hope*, with complete effect.[4]

The Restoration soon followed, and Symonds continued still in the Mint under Charles II.; when it is not very likely his claims were much better attended to; the brave Hollar, and other brave Artists, having their own difficulties to get life kept-in, during those rare times, Mr. Rigmarole!—Symonds, we see, did get the place of Nicholas Briot; and found it, like other brave men's places, full of hard work and short rations. Enough now of Symonds and the Seals and Effigies.

[1] Commons Journals, ii. 162, 174.
[2] Ibid. vii. 654.
[3] Ibid. vii. 663.
[4] Ibid. vii. 654, 663, 765.

LETTER CLXVI

Along with Symonds, various English strangers, we perceive, are arriving or arrived, on miscellaneous business with the Lord General in his Winter-quarters. Part of the Oxford Caput is here in Edinburgh, with "a very high testimony of respect"; whom, in those same hours, the Lord General dismisses honourably with their Answer.

We are to premise that Oxford University, which at the end of the First Civil War had been found in a most broken, Malignant, altogether waste and ruinous condition, was afterwards, not without difficulty, and immense patience on the part of the Parliament Commissioners, radically reformed. Philip Earl of Pembroke, he of the loud voice, who dined once with Bulstrode in the Guildhall;[1] he, as Chancellor of the University, had at last to go down in person, in the Spring of 1648;—put the intemperate Dr. Fell, incorrigible otherwise, under lock and key; left the incorrigible Mrs. Dr. Fell, "whom the soldiers had to carry out in her chair," "sitting in the quadrangle"; appointed a new Vice-Chancellor, new Heads where needful,—and, on the whole, swept the University clean of much loud Nonsense, and left some Piety and Sense, the best he could meet with, at work there in its stead.[2] At work, with earnest diligence and good success, as it has since continued actually to be,—for the contemporary clamours and *Querelas* about Vandalism, Destruction of Learning, and so forth, prove on examination to be mere agonised shrieks, and unmelodious hysterical wind, forgettable by all creatures. Not easily before or since could the Two Universities give such account of themselves to mankind, under all categories, human and divine, as during those Puritan years.

But now Philip of Pembroke, the loud-voiced Chancellor of Oxford, is dead; and the reformed University, after due consultation, has elected the Lord General in his stead; to which "high testimony" here is his response.—"Dr. Greenwood," who I think has some cast about his eyes, is otherwise a most recommendable man: "Bachelor, then Doctor of Divinity, sometimes Fellow of

[1] Antea, p. 28.

[2] Act and Visitors' names in Scobell, i. 116 (1st May 1647); see Commons Journals, v. 83-142 (10th February—15th April 1647): 8th March 1647–8, Chancellor Pembroke is to go (Neal, ii. 307; Walker, i. 133); makes report, and is thanked, 21st April 1648 (Commons Journals, v. 538). Copious history of the proceedings, from the Puritan side, in Neal, ii. 290-314; and from the Royalist side, in Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, i. 124-142, which latter, amid its tempestuous froth, has many entertaining traits.

Brasenose College," says Royalist Anthony,[1] " and lately made Principal of the said College by the Committee and Parliamentary Visitors; a severe and good Governor, as well in his Vice-Chancellorship as Principality; continued till the King's return, and then "—

To the Reverend Dr. Greenwood, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and other Members of the Convocation.

Edinburgh, 4th Feb. 1650.

HONOURED GENTLEMEN,

I have received, by the hands of those worthy Persons of your University sent by you into Scotland, a Testimony of very high respect and honour, in ' your ' choosing me to be your Chancellor. Which deserves a fuller return, of deep resentment, value and acknowledgment, than I am any ways able to make. Only give me leave a little to expostulate, on your and my own behalf. I confess it was in your freedom to elect, and it would be very uningenious in me to reflect upon your action; only (though somewhat late) let me advise you of my unfitness to answer the ends of so great a Service and Obligation, with some things very obvious.

I suppose a principal aim in such elections hath not only respected abilities and interest to serve you, but freedom ' as ' to opportunities of time and place. As the first may not be well supposed, so the want of the latter may well become me to represent to you. You know where Providence hath placed me for the present; and to what I am related if this call were off,[2]— I being tied to attendance in another Land as much out of the way of serving you as this, for some certain time yet to come appointed by the Parliament. The known esteem and honour of this place is such, that I should wrong it and your favour very much, and your freedom in choosing me, if, either by pretended modesty or in any unbenign way, I should dispute the acceptance of it. Only I hope it will not be imputed to me as a neglect towards you, that I cannot serve you in the measure I desire.

I offer these exceptions with all candour and clearness to you, as ' leaving you ' most free to mend your choice in case you think them reasonable; and shall not reckon myself the less obliged to do all good offices for the University. But if these prevail not,

[1] Wood's Fasti, ii. 157 (in Athenæ, iv.), of July 1649.

[2] Lord Lieutenant of Ireland " for three years to come " (Commons Journals, vi. 239), 22d June 1649.

and that I must continue this honour,—until I can personally serve you, you shall not want my prayers That that seed and stock of Piety and Learning, so marvellously springing up amongst you, may be useful to that great and glorious Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ; of the approach of which so plentiful an effusion of the Spirit upon those hopeful plants is one of the best presages. And in all other things I shall, by the Divine assistance, improve my poor abilities and interests in manifesting myself, to the University and yourselves,

Your most cordial friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

On the same Tuesday, 4th February 1650-1, while the Lord General is writing this and the former Letter, his Army, issuing from its Leith Citadel and other Winter-quarters, has marched westward towards Stirling; he himself follows on the morrow. His Army on Tuesday got to Linlithgow; the Lord General overtook them at Falkirk on Wednesday. Two such days of wind, hail, snow and rain as made our soldiers very uncomfortable indeed. On Friday, the morning proving fair, we set out again; got to Kilsyth;—but the hail-reservoirs also opened on us again: we found it impossible to get along; and so returned, by the road we came; back to Edinburgh on Saturday,[2]—coated with white sleet, but endeavouring not to be discouraged. We hope we much terrified the Scots at Stirling; but the hail-reservoirs proved friendly to them.

LETTER CLXVII

THE Oxford Convocation has received the foregoing Letter, "canting Letter sent thereunto," as crabbed Anthony designates it, "dated at Edinburgh on the 4th of February," and now at length made public in print; they have "read it in Convocation," continues Anthony, "whereat the Members made the House resound with their cheerful acclamations";[3]—and the Lord General is and continues their Chancellor; encouraging and helping forward them and their work, in many ways, amid his weighty affairs, in a really faithful manner. As begins to be

[1] From the Archives of Oxford University; communicated by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.

[2] Perfect Diurnal (in Cromwelliana, p. 100).

[3] Fasti, ii. 159.

credible without much proof of ours, and might still be abundantly proved if needful.

Here however, in the first blush of the business, comes Mr. Waterhouse, with a small recommendation from the Lord General; "John Waterhouse of Great Greenford in Middlesex, son of Francis Waterhouse by Bridget his wife," if anybody want to know him better;[1]—"a student heretofore for eighteen years in Trinity College, Cambridge," a meritorious Man and Healer since; whom one may well decorate with a Degree, or decorate a Degree with, by the next opportunity.

To my very worthy Friend Dr. Greenwood, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

Edinburgh, 14th February 1650.

SIR,

This Gentleman, Mr. Waterhouse, went over into Ireland as Physician to the Army there; of whose diligence, fidelity and abilities I had much experience. Whilst I was there, he constantly attended the Army: and having, to my own knowledge, done very much good to the Officers and Soldiers, by his skill and industry;—and being upon urgent occasion lately come into England, 'he' hath desired me to recommend him for the obtaining of the Degree of Doctor in that Science. Wherefore I earnestly desire you that, when he shall repair to you, you[2] will give him your best assistance for the obtaining of the said Degree; he being shortly to return back to his charge in Ireland.

By doing whereof, as you will encourage one who is willing and ready to serve the Public, so you will also lay a very great obligation upon,

Sir, your affectionate servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

LETTER CLXVIII

COLONEL ROBERT LILBURN, a stout impetuous soldier, as both his Brothers were, and steady to his side as neither of them was, had the honour, at a critical time, in the Summer of 1648, while

[1] Fasti, ii. 163: "created Doctor of Physic by virtue of the Letters of Oliver Cromwell, General" (12th March 1650–1).

[2] "that you" in the hasty original.

[3] From the Archives of Oxford University; communicated by Rev. Dr. Bliss.

Duke Hamilton and his Scots were about invading us, to do the State good service, as we transiently saw;[1]—to beat down, namely, and quite suppress, in Lancashire a certain Sir Richard Tempest and his hot levyings of "1000 horse," and indeed thereby to suppress all such levyings on behalf of the said Duke, in those Northern parts. An important, and at the time most welcome service. Letter of thanks, in consequence; reward of 1000*l.* in consequence,—reward voted, never yet paid, nor, as would seem, likely soon to be. Colonel Robert will take Delinquents' lands for his 1000*l.*; will buy Bear Park, with it and with other debentures or moneys: Bear Park, once *Beaurepaire*, a pleasant manor near native Durham, belongs to the Cathedral land; and might answer both parties, would the Committee of Obstructions move.

To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England: These.

Edinburgh, 8th March 1650.

SIR,

I am informed that Colonel Robert Lilburn is like to be damnified very much, in relation to his purchase of the Manor of Bear Park in the County of Durham, by being employed in the service of the Commonwealth in[2] Scotland: which business (as I understand), upon his Petition to the Parliament, was referred to the Committee of Obstructions, and a Report thereof hath lain ready in the hands of Mr. John Corbet, a long time, unreported.

I do therefore humbly desire that the House may be moved to take the said Report into speedy consideration, that so Colonel Lilburn may have redress therein, according as you think fit; and that his readiness and willingness to return to his charge here, and leave his own affairs to serve the Public, may not turn to his disadvantage. I doubt not but those services he hath done in England and here will be a sufficient motive to gratify him herein; which shall be acknowledged by,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

Committee of Obstructions, "a Committee for *removing* Ob-

[1] Antea, vol. i. p. 267.

[2] "of" *in orig.*

[3] Baker MSS. (Cambridge), xxxv. 79.

structions to the Sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands," does accordingly bestir itself; and on Tuesday 18th March, the due order is given.[1] To which, we doubt not, as the matter then drops, effect was given,—till the Restoration came, and ousted Colonel Robert and some others. Whether the Colonel personally ever lived at Bear Park, or has left any trace of his presence there, the County Histories and other accessible records do not say.

LETTER CLXIX

HERE next, from another quarter, is a new University matter, —Project of a College at Durham; emerging incidentally like a green fruitful islet from amid the dim storms of War; agreeably arresting the eye for a moment.

Concerning which read in the Commons Journals of May last: "A Letter from the Sheriff and Gentlemen of the County of *Duresme*, dated 24th April 1650; with a Paper" or Petition of the same date, "'delivered-in by the Grand Jury at the Sessions of the Peace holden at Duresme the 24th of April 1650 To be presented to the Honourable Parliament of this Nation,'—were this day read. *Ordered*, That it be referred to the Committee of Obstructions for Sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands, to consider these Desires of the Gentlemen and others of that County, touching the converting some of the Buildings at Duresme called the 'College,' which were the Houses of the late Dean and Chapter, into some College or School of Literature; to state the business, to"[2]—in short, to get on with it if possible.

This was some ten months ago, but still there is no visible way made; and now in the wild Spring weather here has been, I suppose, some Deputation of the Northern Gentry riding through the wild mountains, with humane intent, to represent the matter to the Lord General at Edinburgh; from whom, if he pleased to help it forward, a word might be very furthersome. The Lord General is prompt with his word: writes this Letter, as I find, this and the foregoing, in some interval of a painful fit of sickness he has been labouring under.

[1] Commons Journals, vi. 492 (7th November 1650), his "Petition," referred to in this Letter; *ib.* 549 (18th March 1650), due "redress" to him.

[2] Commons Journals, vi. 410 (8th May 1650).

To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England: These.

Edinburgh, 11th March 1650.

Sir,

Having received information from the Mayor and Citizens of Durham, and some Gentlemen of the Northern Counties, That upon their Petition to the Parliament, "that the Houses of the late Dean and Chapter in the City of Durham might be converted into a College or School of Literature," the Parliament was pleased in May last to refer the same to the Committee for removing Obstructions in the sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands, "to consider thereon, and to report their opinion therein to the House:"[1] Which said Committee, as I am also informed, have so far approved thereof as that they are of an opinion That the said Houses will be a fit place to erect a College or School for all the Sciences and Literature, and that it will be a pious and laudable work and of great use to the Northern parts; and have ordered Sir Arthur Haselrig to make report thereof to the House accordingly: And the said Citizens and Gentlemen having made some address to me to contribute my assistance to them therein:

To which, in so good and pious a work, I could not but willingly and heartily concur. And not knowing wherein I might better serve them, or answer their desires, than by recommending the same to the Parliament by, Sir, yourself their Speaker,—I do therefore make it my humble and earnest request that the House may be moved, as speedily as conveniently may be, To hear the Report of the said Committee concerning the said Business, from Sir Arthur Haselrig; that so the House, taking the same into consideration, may do therein what shall seem meet for the good of those poor Countries.

Truly it seems to me a matter of great concernment and importance; as that which, by the blessing of God, may much conduce to the promoting of learning and piety in those poor rude and ignorant parts;—there being also many concurring advantages to this Place, as pleasantness and aptness of situation, healthful air, and plenty of provisions, which seem to favour and plead for their desires therein. And besides the good, so obvious to us, 'which' those Northern Counties may reap thereby, who knows but the setting on foot this work at this time may suit with God's present dispensations; and may,—if

[1] Commons Journals, *ubi supra.*

due care and circumspection be used in the right constituting and carrying on the same,—tend to, and by the blessing of God produce, such happy and glorious fruits as are scarce thought on or foreseen!

Sir, not doubting of your readiness and zeal to promote so good and public a work, I crave pardon for this boldness; and rest,

Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

Whereupon the Committee for removing Obstructions does bestir itself; manages, in three months hence (for we do nothing rashly), to report [2] by "Sir Arthur Haselrig, touching Duresme College-Buildings to be converted to a College or School for all the Sciences of Literature: That" —that.—And, in brief, History itself has to report that the pious Project, thanks mainly to furtherance by the Lord General, whose power to further it increased by and by, did actually, some seven years hence, take effect; [3]—actually began giving Lessons of human Grammar, human Geography, Geometry, and other divine Knowledge, to the vacant human mind,—in those once sleepy Edifices, dark heretofore, or illuminated mainly by Dr. Cosins's Papistical wax-lights or the like: and so continued, in spite of opposition, till the Blessed Restoration put a stop to it, and to some other things. In late years there is again some kind of Durham College giving Lessons,—I hope, with good success.

LETTER CLXX

By that tempestuous sleety expedition in the beginning of February, my Lord General caught a dangerous illness, which hung about him, reappearing in three successive relapses, till June next; and greatly alarmed the Commonwealth and the Authorities. As this to Bradshaw, and various other Letters still indicate.

[1] Baker MSS. xxviii. 455: printed also in Hutchinson's *History of Durham;* and elsewhere.

[2] Commons Journals (vi. 589), 18th June 1651.

[3] Protector's *Letters-Patent* of 15th May 1657, following up his *Ordinance in Council* of the previous Year: Hutchinson's History of the County Palatine of Durham (Newcastle, 1785), i. 514-30. See Cooper's Annals of Cambridge, iii. 473 (Cambridge Petition against it: 18th April 1650). "Throve apace," says Hutchinson, "till" etc.

To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

Edinburgh, 24th March 1650.

My Lord,

I do with all humble thankfulness acknowledge your high favour, and tender respect of me, expressed in your Letter, and the Express sent therewith to inquire after one so unworthy as myself.

Indeed, my Lord, your service needs not me: I am a poor creature; and have been a dry bone; and am still an unprofitable servant to my Master and you. I thought I should have died of this fit of sickness; but the Lord seemeth to dispose otherwise. But truly, my Lord, I desire not to live, unless I may obtain mercy from the Lord to approve my heart and life to Him in more faithfulness and thankfulness, and 'to' those I serve in more profitableness and diligence. And I pray God, your Lordship, and all in public trust, may improve all those unparalleled experiences of the Lord's wonderful Workings in your sight, with singleness of heart to His glory, and the refreshment of His People; who are to Him as the apple of His eye; and upon whom your enemies, both former and latter, who have fallen before you, did split themselves.

This shall be the unfeigned prayer of,

My Lord, your most humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.[1]

From Edinburgh, of date 18th March, by special Express we have this comfortable intelligence: "The Lord General is now well recovered: he was in his dining-room to-day with his Officers, and was very cheerful and pleasant." And the symptoms, we see, continue good and better on the 24th. "So that there is not any fear, by the blessing of God, but our General will be enabled to take the field when the Provisions arrive." "Dr. Goddard" is attending him.[2] Before the end of the month he is on foot again; sieging Blackness, sieging the Island of Inchgarvie, or giving Colonel Monk directions to that end.

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 101).
[2] Ibid. pp. 100, 1.

LETTER CLXXI

THE following Letter brings its own commentary:

For my beloved Wife Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These.

'Edinburgh,' 12th April 1651.

MY DEAREST,

I praise the Lord I am increased in strength in my outward man: But that will not satisfy me except I get a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father better; and get more of the light of His countenance, which is better than life, and more power over my corruptions:—in these hopes I wait, and am not without expectation of a gracious return. Pray for me; truly I do daily for thee, and the dear Family; and God Almighty bless you all with His spiritual blessings.

Mind poor Betty of the Lord's great mercy. Oh, I desire her not only to seek the Lord in her necessity, but in deed and in truth to turn to the Lord; and to keep close to Him; and to take heed of a departing heart, and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which I doubt she is too subject to. I earnestly and frequently pray for her and for him. Truly they are dear to me, very dear; and I am in fear lest Satan should deceive them, - knowing how weak our hearts are, and how subtle the Adversary is, and what way the deceitfulness of our hearts and the vain world make for his temptations. The Lord give them truth of heart to Him. Let them seek Him in truth, and they shall find Him.

My love to the dear little ones; I pray for grace for them. I thank them for their Letters; let me have them often.

Beware of my Lord Herbert's resort to your house. If he do so, it may occasion scandal, as if I were bargaining with him. Indeed, be wise,—you know my meaning. Mind Sir Henry Vane of the business of my Estate. Mr. Floyd knows my whole mind in that matter.

If Dick Cromwell and his Wife be with you, my dear love to them. I pray for them: they shall, God willing, hear from me. I love them very dearly.—Truly I am not able as yet to write much. I am weary; and rest,

Thine,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

[1] Cole MSS. xxxiii. 37: a Copy; Copies are frequent.

" Betty " and " he " are Elizabeth Claypole and her Husband; of whom, for the curious, there is a longwinded intricate account by Noble,[1] but very little discoverable in it. They lived at Norborough, which is near Market Deeping, but in Northamptonshire; where, as already intimated, the Lady Protectress, Widow Elizabeth Cromwell, after the Restoration, found a retreat. " They had at least three sons and daughters." Claypole became " Master of the Horse " to Oliver; sat in Parliament; made an elegant appearance in the world:—but dwindled sadly after his widowership; his second marriage ending in " separation," in a third *quasi-marriage*, and other confusions, poor man! But as yet the Lady Claypole lives; bright and brave. " Truly they are dear to me, very dear."

" Dick Cromwell and his Wife " seem to be up in Town on a visit;—living much at their ease in the Cockpit, they. Brother Henry, in these same days, is out " in the King's County " in Ireland; doing hard duty at " Ballybawn," and elsewhere,[2]—the distinguished Colonel Cromwell. And Deputy Ireton, with his labours, is wearing himself to death. In the same house, one works, another goes idle.

" The Lord Herbert " is Henry Somerset, eldest son of the now Marquis of Worcester,—of the Lord Glamorgan whom we knew slightly at Ragland, in underhand " Irish Treaties " and such like; whose *Century of Inventions* is still slightly known to here and there a reader of Old Books. " This Lord Herbert," it seems, " became Duke of Beaufort after the Restoration." For obvious reasons, you are to " beware of his resort to your house at present." A kind of professed Protestant he, but come of rank Papists and Malignants; which may give rise to commentaries. One stupid Annotator on a certain Copy of this Letter says, " his Lordship had an intrigue with Mrs. Claypole; "—which is evidently downright stupor and falsehood, like so much else.

LETTER CLXXII

Upon the Surrender of Edinburgh Castle, due provision had been made for conveyance of the Public Writs and Registers to what quarter the Scotch Authorities might direct; and " Passes," under the Lord General's hand, duly granted for that end. Archibald Johnston, Lord Register, we conclude, had

[1] ii. 375, etc. [2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 102).

superintended the operation; had, after much labour, bundled the Public Writs properly together into masses, packages; and put them on shipboard, considering this the eligiblest mode of transport towards Stirling and the Scotch head-quarters at present. But now it has fallen out, in the middle of last month, that the said ship has been taken, as many ships and shallops on both sides now are; and the Public Writs are in jeopardy: whereupon ensues correspondence; and this fair Answer from my Lord General:

'*To the Honourable Archibald Johnston, Lord Register of Scotland: These.*'

Edinburgh, 12th April 1651.

My Lord,

Upon the perusal of the Passes formerly given for the safe passing of the Public Writs and Registers of the Kingdom of Scotland, I do think they [1] ought to be restored: and they shall be so, to such persons as you shall appoint to receive them; with passes for persons and vessels, to carry them to such place as shall be appointed:—so that it be done within one month next following.

I herewith send you a Pass for your Servant to go into Fife, and to return with the other Clerks; and rest,

Your servant,

Oliver Cromwell.[2]

Warriston's answer, written on Monday, the 12th being Saturday, is given also in *Thurloe*. The Lord General's phrase, "perusal of the Passes," we now find is prospective, and means "reperusal," new sight of them by the Lord General; which, Archibald earnestly urges, is impossible; the original Passes being now far off in the hands of the Authorities, and the Writs in a state of imminent danger, lying in a ship at Leith, as Archibald obscurely intimates, which the English Governor has got his claws over, and keeps shut up in dock; with a considerable leak in her, too: very bad stowage for such goods.[3] Which obscure intimation of Archibald's becomes lucid to us, as to the Lord General it already was, when we read this sentence of Bulstrode's, under date 22d March 1650–1: "Letters that the Books and Goods belonging to the" Scotch "King and Register were

[1] The Writs and Registers.
[2] Thurloe, i. 117. Records of the Laigh Parliament House.
[3] Ibid.

taken by the Parliament's ships; and another ship laden with oats, meal, and other provisions, going to Fife: twenty-two prisoners." [1] For captures and small sea-surprisals abound in the Frith at present; the Parliament-ships busy on one hand; and the "Captain of the Bass," the "Shippers of Wemyss," and the like active persons doing their duty on the other,—whereby infinite "biscuit," and such small ware, is from time to time realised.[2]

Without doubt the Public Writs were all redelivered, according to the justice of the case; and the term of "one month" which Archibald pleads hard to get lengthened, was made into two, or the necessary time. Archibald's tone towards the Lord General is anxiously respectful, nay submissive and subject. In fact, Archibald belongs, if not by profession, yet by invincible tendency, to the Remonstrant Ker-and-Strahan Party; and looks dimly forward to a near time when there will be no refuge for him, and the like of him, but Cromwell. Strahan, in the month of January last, is already "excommunicated, and solemnly delivered to the Devil, in the Church of Perth." [3] This is what you have to look for, from a Quasi-Malignant set of men!

This Archibald, as is well known, sat afterwards in Cromwell's Parliaments; became "one of Cromwell's Lords"; and ultimately lost his life for these dangerous services. Archibald Johnston of Warriston; loose-flowing Bishop Burnet's uncle by the Mother's side: a Lord Register of whom all the world has heard. Redactor of the Covenanters' protests, in 1637, and onwards; redactor perhaps of the Covenant itself; canny lynx-eyed Lawyer, and austere Presbyterian Zealot; full of fire, of heavy energy and gloom: in fact, a very notable character;—of whom our Scotch friends might do well to give us farther elucidations. Certain of his Letters edited by Lord Hailes,[4] a man of fine intelligence, though at that time ignorant of this subject, have proved well worth their paper and ink. Many more, it appears, still lie in the Edinburgh Archives. A good selection and edition of them were desirable. But, alas, will any human soul ever again *love* poor Warriston, and take pious pains with him, in this world? Properly it turns all upon that; and the chance seems rather dubious!—

[1] Whitlocke, p. 490.
[2] Balfour, iv. 204, 241, 251, etc.
[3] Ibid. iv. 240.
[4] Memorials and Letters in the reign of Charles I. (Glasgow, 1766).

SECOND VISIT TO GLASGOW

That Note to Warriston, and the Letter to Elizabeth Cromwell, as may have been observed, are written on the same day, Saturday 12th April 1651. Directly after which, on Wednesday the 16th, there is a grand Muster of the Army on Musselburgh Links; preparatory to new operations. Blackness Fort has surrendered; Inchgarvie Island is beset by gunboats: Colonel Monk, we perceive, who has charge of these services, is to be made Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance: and now there is to be an attack on Burntisland with gunboats, which also, one hopes, may succeed. As for the Army, it is to go westward this same afternoon; try whether cautious Lesley, straitened or assaulted from both west and east, will not come out of his Stirling fastness, so that some good may be done upon him. The Muster is held on Musselburgh Links; whereat the Lord General, making his appearance, is received "with shouts and acclamations," the sight of him infinitely comfortable to us.[1] The Lord General's health is somewhat re-established, though he has had relapses, and still tends a little towards ague. "About three in the afternoon" all is on march towards Hamilton; quarters "mostly in the field there." Where the Lord General himself arrives, on Friday night, late; and on the morrow afternoon we see Glasgow again.

Concerning which here are two notices from opposite points of the compass, curiously corroborative of one another; which we must not withhold. Face-to-face glimpses into the old dead actualities; worth rescuing with a Cromwell in the centre of them.

The first is from Baillie;[2] shows us a glance of our old friend Carstairs withal. Read this fraction of a Letter: "Reverend and dear Brother,—For preventing of mistakes," lest you should think us looselaced, Remonstrant, sectarian individuals, "we have thought meet to advertise you that Cromwell having come to Hamilton on Friday late, and to Glasgow on Saturday with a body of his Army, sooner than we could well with safety have retired ourselves,"—there was nothing for it but to stay and abide him here! "On Sunday forenoon he came unexpectedly to the High Inner Kirk; where quietly he heard Mr. Robert Ramsay," unknown to common readers, "preach a very honest sermon,

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 102).
[2] (Glasgow, 22d April 1651) iii. 165.

pertinent to his " Cromwell's " case. In the afternoon he came, as unexpectedly, to the High Outer Kirk; where he heard Mr. John Carstairs," our old friend, " lecture, and " a " Mr. James Durham preach,—graciously, and weel to the times as could have been desired." So that you see we are not of the looselaced species, we! " And generally all who preached that day in the Town gave a fair enough testimony against the Sectaries."—Whereupon, next day, Cromwell sent for us to confer with him in a friendly manner. " All of us did meet to advise," for the case was grave: however, we have decided to go; nay are just going;—but, most unfortunately, do not write any record of our interview! Nothing, except some transient assertion elsewhere that " we had no disadvantage in the thing." [1]—So that now, from the opposite point of the compass, the old London Newspaper must come in; curiously confirmatory:

" Sir,—We came hither " to Glasgow " on Saturday last, April 19th. The Ministers and Townsmen generally stayed at home, and did not quit their habitations as formerly. The Ministers here have mostly deserted from the proceedings beyond the Water," at Perth,—and are in fact given to Remonstrant ways, though Mr. Baillie denies it: " yet they are equally dissatisfied with us. But though they preach against us in the pulpit to our faces, yet we permit them without disturbance, as willing to gain them by love.

" My Lord General sent to them to give us a friendly Christian meeting, To discourse of those things which they rail against us for; that so, if possible, all misunderstandings between us might be taken away. Which accordingly they gave us on Wednesday last. There was no bitterness nor passion vented on either side; all was with moderation and tenderness. My Lord General and Major-General Lambert, for the most part, maintained the discourse; and, on their part, Mr. James Guthry and Mr. Patrick Gillespie.[2] We know not what satisfaction they have received. Sure I am, there was no such weight in their arguments as might in the least discourage us from what we have undertaken; the chief thing on which they insisted being our Invasion into Scotland." [3]

The Army quitted Glasgow after some ten days; rather hastily, on Wednesday 30th April; pressing news, some false alarm of movements about Stirling, having arrived by express from the

[1] Baillie, iii. 168.

[2] " Gelaspy " the Sectarian spells; in all particulars of facts he coincides with Baillie. Guthry and Gillespie, noted men in that time, published a " Sum " of this Interview (Baillie, iii. 168), but nobody now knows it.

[3] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 102).

East. They marched again for Edinburgh;—quenched some foolish Town Riot, which had broken out among the Glasgow Baillies themselves, on some quarrel of their own; and was now tugging and wriggling, in a most unseemly manner, on the open streets, and likely to enlist the population generally, had not Cromwell's soldiers charitably scattered it asunder before they went.[1] In three days they were in Edinburgh again.

When a luminous body, such as Oliver Cromwell, happens to be crossing a dark Country, a dark Century, who knows what he will not disclose to us! For example: On the Western edge of Lanarkshire, in the desolate uplands of the Kirk of Shotts, there dwelt at that time a worshipful Family of Scotch Lairds, of the name of Stewart, at a House called Allertoun,—a lean turreted angry-looking old Stone House, I take it; standing in some green place, in the alluvial hollows of the Auchter Burn or its tributaries: most obscure; standing lean and grim, like a thousand such; entirely unnoticeable by History,—had not Oliver chanced to pass in that direction, and make a call there! Here is an account of that event: unfortunately very vague, not written till the second generation after; indeed, palpably incorrect in some of its details; but indubitable as to the main fact; and too curious to be omitted here. The date, not given or hinted at in the original, seems to fix itself as Thursday 1st May 1651. On that day Auchter Burn, rushing idly on as usual, the grim old turreted Stone House, and rigorous Presbyterian inmates, and desolate uplands of the Kirk of Shotts in general,—saw Cromwell's face, and have become memorable to us. Here is the record given as we find it.[2]

"There was a fifth Son" of Sir Walter Stewart, Laird of Allertoun: "James; who in his younger years was called 'the Captain of Allertoun,'—from this incident: Oliver Cromwell, Captain-General of the English Sectarian Army, after taking Edinburgh Castle, was making a Progress through the West of Scotland; and came down towards the River Clyde near Lanark, and was on his march back, against King Charles the Second's Army, then with the King at Stirling. Being informed of a near way through Auchtermuir, he came with some General Officers to reconnoitre; and had a Guide along. Sir Walter, being a Royalist and Covenanter, had absconded. As he" Cromwell "passed, he called in at Allertoun for a further Guide; but no men were to be found, save one valetudinary Gentleman, Sir

[1] Ane Information concerning the late Tumult in Glasgow, Wednesday, April 30th, at the very time of Cromwell's Removal (in Baillie, iii. 161).

[2] Coltness Collections, published by the Maitland Club (Glasgow, 1842), p. 79.

Walter's Son,"—properly a poor valetudinary Boy, as appears, who of course could do nothing for him.

"He found the road not practicable for carriages; and upon his return he called in at Sir Walter's House. There was none to entertain him but the Lady and Sir Walter's sickly Son. The good Woman was as much for the King and Royal Family as her Husband; but she offered the General the civilities of her House; and a glass of canary was presented. The General observed the forms of these times (I have it from good authority), and he asked a blessing in a long pathetic grace before the cup went round; —he drank his good wishes [1] for the family, and asked for Sir Walter; and was pleased to say, His Mother was a Stewart's Daughter, and he had a relation to the name. All passed easy; and our James, being a lad of ten years, came so near as to handle the hilt of one of the swords: upon which Oliver stroked his head, saying, "You are my little Captain"; and this was all the Commission our Captain of Allertoun ever had.

"The General called for some of his own wines for himself and other Officers,[2] and would have the Lady try his wine; and was so humane, When he saw the young Gentleman so maigre and indisposed, he said, Changing the climate might do good, and the South of France, Montpellier, was the place.

"Amidst all this humanity and politeness he omitted not, in person, to return thanks to God in a pointed grace after his repast; and after this hasted on his return to join the Army. The Lady had been a strenuous Royalist, and her Son a Captain in command at Dunbar; yet upon this interview with the General she abated much of her zeal. She said she was sure Cromwell was one who feared God, and had that fear in him, and the true interest of Religion at heart. A story of this kind is no idle digression; it has some small connexion with the Family concerns, and shows some little of the genius of these distracted times."—And so we leave it; vague, but indubitable; standing on such basis as it has.

[1] Certainly incorrect.

[2] Imaginary.

LETTER CLXXIII

'For my beloved Wife Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These.'

Edinburgh, 3d May 1651.

My Dearest,

I could not satisfy myself to omit this post, although I have not much to write; yet indeed I love to write to my Dear, who is very much in my heart. It joys me to hear thy soul prospereth: the Lord increase His favours to thee more and more. The great good thy soul can wish is, That the Lord lift upon thee the light of His countenance, which is better than life. The Lord bless all thy good counsel and example to all those about thee, and hear all thy prayers, and accept thee always.

I am glad to hear thy Son and Daughter are with thee. I hope thou wilt have some good opportunity of good advice to him. Present my duty to my Mother, my love to all the Family. Still pray for

Thine,

Oliver Cromwell.[1]

Written the day after his return to Edinburgh. "Thy Son and Daughter" are, to all appearance, Richard and his Wife, who prolong their visit at the Cockpit. The good old "Mother" is still spared with us, to have "my duty" presented to her. A pale venerable Figure; who has lived to see strange things in this world;—can piously, in her good old tremulous heart, rejoice in such a Son.

Precisely in these days, a small ship driven by stress of weather into Ayr Harbour, and seized and searched by Cromwell's Garrison there, discloses a matter highly interesting to the Commonwealth. A Plot, namely, on the part of the English Presbyterian Royalists, English Royalists Proper, and all manner of Malignant Interests in England, to unite with the Scots and their King: in which certain of the London Presbyterian Clergy, Christopher Love among others, are deeply involved. The little ship was bound for the Isle of Man, with tidings to the Earl of Derby concerning the affair; and now we have caught her within the Bars

[1] Harris, p. 517.

of Ayr; and the whole matter is made manifest![1] Reverend Christopher Love is laid hold of, 7th May; he and others: and the Council of State is busy. It is the same Christopher who preached at Uxbridge Treaty long since, That "Heaven might as well think of uniting with Hell." Were a new High Court of Justice once constituted, it will go hard with Christopher.

As for the Lord General, this march to Glasgow has thrown him into a new relapse, which his Doctor counts as the third since March last. The disease is now ague; comes and goes, till, in the end of this month, the Council of State, as ordered by Parliament, requests him to return, in the mean while, to England for milder air;[2] and despatches two London Doctors to him; whom the Lord Fairfax is kind enough to "send in his own coach"; who arrive in Edinburgh on the 30th of May, "and are affectionately entertained by my Lord."[3] The two Doctors are Bates and Wright. Bates, in his loose-tongued *History of the Troubles*, redacted in aftertimes, observes strict silence as to this Visit. Here is the Lord General's Answer; indicating with much thankfulness that he will not now need to return.

LETTER CLXXIV

'*To the Lord President of the Council of State: These.*'

Edinburgh, 3d June 1651.

My Lord,

I have received yours of the 27th of May; with an order from the Parliament for my Liberty to return into England for change of air, that thereby I might the better recover my health. All which came unto me whilst Dr. Wright and Dr. Bates, whom your Lordship sent down, were with me.

I shall not need to recite the extremity of my last sickness: it was so violent that indeed my nature was not able to bear the weight thereof. But the Lord was pleased to deliver me, beyond expectation; and to give me cause to say once more, "He hath plucked me out of the grave!"[4]—My Lord, the indulgence of

[1] Bates: History of the late Troubles in England (Translation of the *Elenchus Motuum;* London, 1685), Part ii. 115.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 476; Commons Journals (vi. 579), 27th May 1651.

[3] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 103).

[4] Psalm xxx. 3, "hast brought up my soul from the grave"; or, lxxxvi. 3, "delivered my soul from": but "plucked" is not in any of the texts.

the Parliament expressed by their Order is a very high and undeserved favour: of which although it be fit I keep a thankful remembrance, yet I judge it would be too much presumption in me to [1] return a particular acknowledgment. I beseech you give me the boldness to return my humble thankfulness to the Council for sending two such worthy Persons, so great a journey, to visit me. From whom I have received much encouragement, and good directions for recovery of health and strength,—which I find 'now,' by the goodness of God, growing to such a state as may yet, if it be His good will, render me useful according to my poor ability, in the station wherein He hath set me.

I wish more steadiness in your Affairs here than to depend, in the least degree, upon so frail a thing as I am. Indeed they do not,—nor own any instrument. This Cause is of God, and it must prosper. Oh, that all that have any hand therein, being *so* persuaded, would gird up the loins of their mind, and endeavour in all things to walk worthy of the Lord! So prays,

My Lord,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

The Lord General's case was somewhat grave; at one time, it seemed hopeless for this summer. "My Lord is not sensible that he is grown an old man." The Officers were to proceed without him; directed by him from the distance. Here, however, is an improvement; and two days after, on the 5th of June, the Lord General is seen abroad in his coach again; shakes his ailments and infirmities of age away, and takes the field in person once more. The Campaign is now vigorously begun; though as yet no great result follows from it.

On the 25th of June, the Army from all quarters reassembled "in its old Camp on the Pentland Hills"; marched westward; left Linlithgow July 2d, ever westward, with a view to force the Enemy from his strong ground about Stirling. Much pickeering, vapouring, and transient skirmishing ensues; but the Enemy, strongly entrenched at Torwood, secured by bogs and brooks, cannot be forced out. We take Calendar House, and do other insults, before their eyes; they will not come out. Cannonadings there are "from opposite Hills"; but not till it please the Enemy can there be any battle. David Lesley, second in rank, but real leader of the operations, is at his old trade again. The

[1] "not to" *in orig.*;—dele "not."

[2] Kimber's (anonymous) Life of Oliver Cromwell (London, 1724), p. 201;—does not say whence derived.

Problem is becoming difficult. We decide to get across into Fife; to take them in flank, and at least cut off an important part of their supplies.

Here is the Lord General's Letter on the result of that enterprise. Farther details of the Battle, which is briefly spoken of here,—still remembered in those parts as the *Battle of Inverkeithing*,—may be found in Lambert's own Letter concerning it.[1] "Sir John Browne, their Major-General," was once a zealous Parliamenteer; "Governor of Abingdon" and much else; but the King gained him, growls Ludlow, "by the gift of a pair of silk stockings,"—poor wretch! Besides Browne, there are Massey, and various Englishmen of mark with this Malignant Army. Massey's Brother, a subaltern person in London, is one of the conspirators with Christopher Love.—The Lord General has in the interim made his Third Visit to Glasgow; concerning which there are no details worth giving here.[2] Christopher Love, on the 5th of this month, was condemned to die.[3]

LETTER CLXXV

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Linlithgow, 21st July 1651.

SIR,

After our waiting upon the Lord, and not knowing what course to take, for indeed we know nothing but what God pleaseth to teach us of His great mercy,—we were directed to send a Party to get us a landing "on the Fife coast" by our boats, whilst we marched towards Glasgow.

On Thursday morning last, Colonel Overton, with about One-thousand four-hundred foot and some horse and dragoons, landed at the North Ferry in Fife; we with the Army lying near the Enemy (a small river parted us and them), and having consultations to attempt the Enemy within his fortifications: but the Lord was not pleased to give way to that counsel, proposing a better way for us. The Major-General 'Lambert' marched, on Thursday night, with two regiments of horse and two regi-

[1] North Ferry, 22d July 1651 (Whitlocke, p. 472): the Battle was on Sunday the 20th. See also Balfour, iv. 313.
[2] Whitlocke, p. 471; Milton State-Papers, p. 84 (11th July 1651).
[3] Wood, iii. 278, etc.

ments of foot, for better securing the place; and to attempt upon the Enemy as occasion should serve. He getting over, and finding a considerable body of the Enemy there (who would probably have beaten our men from the place if he had not come), drew out and fought them; he being about two regiments of horse, with about four-hundred of horse and dragoons more, and three regiments of foot; the Enemy five regiments of foot, and about four or five of horse. They came to a close charge, and in the end totally routed the Enemy; having taken about forty or fifty colours,[1] killed near Two-thousand, some say more; have taken Sir John Browne their Major-General, who commanded in chief, —and other Colonels and considerable Officers killed and taken, and about Five or Six hundred prisoners. The Enemy is removed from their ground with their whole Army; but whither we do not certainly know.

This is an unspeakable mercy. I trust the Lord will follow it until He hath perfected peace and truth. We can truly say, we were gone as far as we could in our counsel and action; and we did say one to another, we knew not what to do. Wherefore it's sealed upon our hearts, that this, as all the rest, is from the Lord's goodness, and not from man. I hope it becometh me to pray, That we may walk humbly and self-denyingly before the Lord, and believingly also. That you whom we serve, as the Authority over us, may do the work committed to you, with uprightness and faithfulness,—and thoroughly, as to the Lord. That you may not suffer anything to remain that offends the eyes of His jealousy. That common weal may more and more be sought, and justice done impartially. For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro; and as He finds out His enemies here, to be avenged on them, so will He not spare them for whom He doth good, if by His lovingkindness they become not good. I shall take the humble boldness to represent this Engagement of David's, in the Hundred-and-nineteenth Psalm, verse Hundred-and-thirty-fourth, *Deliver me from the oppression of man, so will I keep Thy precepts.*

I take leave, and rest,

Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. The carriage of the Major-General, as in all other things so in this, is worthy of your taking notice of; as also the Colonels Okey, Overton, Daniel, West, Lydcot, Syler, and the rest of the Officers.[2]

[1] Farther account of these in Appendix, No. 24.

[2] Newspapers (in Parl. Hist. xix. 494; and Cromwelliana, p. 105).

Matters now speedily take another turn. At the Castle of "Dundas" we are still on the South side of the Frith; in front of the Scotch lines, though distant: but Inchgarvie, often tried with gunboats, now surrenders; Burntisland, by force of gunboats and dispiritment, surrenders: the Lord General himself goes across into Fife. The following Letters speak for themselves.

LETTER CLXXVI

'To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.'

Dundas, 24th July 1651.

My Lord,

It hath pleased God to put your affairs here in some hopeful way, since the last Defeat given to the Enemy.

I marched with the Army very near to Stirling, hoping thereby to get the Pass; and went myself with General Dean, and some others, up to Bannockburn; hearing that the Enemy were marched on the other side towards our forces in Fife. Indeed they went four or five miles on towards them; but hearing of my advance, in all haste they retreated back, and possessed the Park, and their other works. Which we viewed; and finding them not advisable to attempt, resolved to march to Queensferry, and there to ship over so much of the Army as might hopefully be master of the field in Fife. Which accordingly we have almost perfected; and have left, on this side, somewhat better than four regiments of horse, and as many of foot.

I hear now the Enemy's great expectation is to supply themselves in the West with recruits of men, and what victual they can get: for they may expect none out of the North, when once our Army shall interpose between them and St. Johnston. To prevent their prevalency in the West, and making incursions into the Borders of England, * * *[1]

Oliver Cromwell.[2]

[1] Sir Harry Vane, who reads the Letter in Parliament, judges it prudent to stop here (Commons Journals, vi. 614).

[2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 107).

LETTER CLXXVII

Of this Letter Sir Harry Vane and the Council of State judge it improper to publish anything in the Newspapers, except a rough abstract, in words of their own, of the *first two paragraphs* and the *concluding one*. In which state it presents itself in the Old Pamphlets.[1] The Letter copied in full lies among the *Tanner Manuscripts*;—gives us a glimpse into the private wants, and old furnitures, of the Cromwell Army. "Pots" are cavalry helmets; "backs-and-breasts" are still seen on cuirassier regiments; "snaphances" (German *schnapphahn*, snapcock) are a new wonderful invention, giving fire by flint-and-steel;—promising, were they not so terribly expensive, to supersede the old slow matchlock in field-service! But, I believe, they wind up like a watch before the trigger acts;[2] and come very high!—

To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

Linlithgow, 26th July 1651.

My Lord,

I am able to give you no more account than what you have by my last; only we have now in Fife about Thirteen or Fourteen thousand horse and foot. The Enemy is at his old lock, and lieth in or near Stirling; where we cannot come to fight him, except he please, or we go upon too-too manifest hazards; he having very strongly laid himself, and having a very great advantage there. Whither we hear he hath lately gotten great provisions of meal, and reinforcement of his strength out of the North under Marquis Huntly. It is our business still to wait upon God, to show us our way how to deal with this subtle Enemy; which I hope He will.

Our forces on this side the River[3] are not very many: wherefore I have sent for Colonel Rich's; and shall appoint them, with the forces under Colonel Saunders, to embody close upon the Borders,—and to be in readiness to join with those left on this side the Frith, or to be for the security of England, as occa-

[1] In Parliamentary History, xix. 498.
[2] Grose's Military Antiquities.
[3] Means "Frith" always.

sion shall offer; there being little use of them where they lie, as we know.

Your Soldiers begin to fall sick, through the wet weather which has lately been. It is desired, therefore, that the recruits of foot determined 'on,' may rather come sooner in time than usually; and may be sure to be full in numbers, according to your appointment, whereof great failing has lately been. For the way of raising them, it is wholly submitted to your pleasure; and we hearing you rather choose to send us Volunteers than Pressed-men, shall be very glad you go that way.

Our Spades are spent to a very small number: we desire, therefore, that of the Five-thousand tools we lately sent for, at the least Three-thousand of them may be spades,—they wearing most away in our works, and being most useful. Our Horse-arms, especially our pots, are come to a very small number: it is desired we may have a Thousand backs-and-breasts, and Fifteen-hundred pots. We have left us in store but Four-hundred pair of pistols; Two hundred saddles; Six-hundred pikes; Two-thousand and thirty muskets, whereof thirty snaphances. These are our present stores: and not knowing what you have sent us by this Fleet that is coming, we desire we may be considered therein.—Our cheese and butter is our lowest store of Victual.

We were necessitated to pay the Soldiery moneys now at their going over into Fife; whereby the Treasury is much exhausted, although we desire to husband it what we can. This being the principal time of action, we desire your Lordship to take a principal care that money may be supplied us with all possible speed, and these other things herewith mentioned; your affairs so necessarily requiring the same.

The Castle of Inchgarvie, which lieth in the River, almost in the midway between the North and South Ferry, commonly called Queen's Ferry,—was delivered to us on Thursday last. They marched away with their swords and baggage only; leaving us sixteen cannon, and all their other arms and ammunition. I remain,

My Lord,
Your lordship's most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

[1] Tanner MSS., in Cary, ii. 288-90.

LETTER CLXXVIII

'To my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.'

'Burntisland,' 28th July 1651.

DEAR BROTHER,

I was glad to receive a Letter from you; for indeed anything that comes from you is very welcome to me. I believe your expectation of my Son's coming is deferred. I wish he may see a happy delivery of his Wife first,[1] for whom I frequently pray.

I hear my Son hath exceeded his allowance, and is in debt. Truly I cannot commend him therein; wisdom requiring his living within compass, and calling for it at his hands. And in my judgment, the reputation arising from thence would have been more real honour than what is attained the other way. I believe vain men will speak well of him that does ill.

I desire to be understood that I grudge him not laudable recreations, nor an honourable carriage of himself in them; nor is any matter of charge, like to fall to my share, a stick[2] with me. Truly I can find in my heart to allow him not only a sufficiency but more, for his good. But if pleasure and self-satisfaction be made the business of a man's life, 'and' so much cost laid out upon it, so much time spent in it as rather answers appetite than the will of God, or is comely before His Saints,—I scruple to feed this humour; and God forbid that his being my Son should be his allowance to live not pleasingly to our Heavenly Father, who hath raised me out of the dust to be what I am!

I desire your faithfulness (he being also your concernment as well as mine) to advise him to approve himself to the Lord in his course of life; and to search His statutes for a rule of conscience, and to seek grace from Christ to enable him to walk therein. This hath life in it, and will come to somewhat: what is a poor creature without this? This will not abridge of lawful pleasures; but teach such a use of them as will have the peace of a good conscience going along with it. Sir, I write what is in my heart; I pray you communicate my mind herein to my Son, and be his remembrancer in these things. Truly, I love

[1] Noble's registers are very defective! These Letters, too, were before the poor man's eyes.

[2] stop.

him, he is dear to me; so is his Wife; and for their sakes do I thus write. They shall not want comfort nor encouragement from me, so far as I may afford it. But indeed I cannot think I do well to feed a voluptuous humour in my Son, if he should make pleasures the business of his life,—in a time when some precious Saints are bleeding, and breathing out their last, for the safety of the rest. Memorable is the speech of Uriah to David (*Second Samuel*, xi. 11).[1]

Sir, I beseech you believe I here say not this to save my purse; for I shall willingly do what is convenient to satisfy his occasions, as I have opportunity. But as I pray he may not walk in a course not pleasing to the Lord, so 'I' think it lieth upon me to give him, in love, the best counsel I may; and know not how better to convey it to him than by so good a hand as yours. Sir, I pray you acquaint him with these thoughts of mine. And remember my love to my Daughter; for whose sake I shall be induced to do any reasonable thing. I pray for her happy deliverance, frequently and earnestly.

I am sorry to hear that my Bailiff[2] in Hantshire should do to my Son as is intimated by your Letter. I assure you I shall not allow any such thing. If there be any suspicion of his abuse of the Wood, I desire it may be looked after, and inquired into; that so, if things appear true, he may be removed,—although indeed I must needs say he had the repute of a godly man, by divers that knew him when I placed him there.

Sir, I desire my hearty affection may be presented to my Sister; to my Cousin Ann, and her Husband though unknown, —I praise the Lord I have obtained much mercy in respect of my health; the Lord give me a truly thankful heart. I desire your prayers; and rest,

Your very affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

My Cousin Ann, then, is wedded! "Her Husband though unknown" is John Dunch; who, on his Father's decease, became John Dunch of Pusey;—to whom we owe this Letter, among the others.

[1] "And Uriah said unto David, The Ark, and Israel, and Judah abide in tents; and my lord Joab, and the servants of my lord, are encamped in the open fields: shall I then go into mine house, to eat and to drink, and to lie with my wife? As thou livest, and as thy soul liveth, I will not do this thing."

[2] "Baylye."

[3] Harris, p. 513.

LETTER CLXXIX

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Burntisland, 29th July 1651.

Sir,

The greatest part of the Army is in Fife; waiting what way God will farther lead us. It hath pleased God to give us in Burntisland;[1] which is indeed very conducing to the carrying-on of our affairs. The Town is well seated; pretty strong; but marvellous capable of further improvement in that respect, without great charge. The Harbour, at a high spring, is near a fathom deeper than at Leith; and doth not lie commanded by any ground without the Town. We took three or four small men-of-war in it, and I believe thirty or forty guns.

Commissary-General Whalley marched along the sea-side in Fife, having some ships to go along the coast; and hath taken great store of great artillery, and divers ships. The Enemy's affairs are in some discomposure, as we hear. Surely the Lord will blow upon them.

'I rest,'

Your most humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.[2]

LETTER CLXXX

In effect, the crisis has now arrived. The Scotch King and Army, finding their supplies cut off, and their defences rendered unavailing, by this flank-movement,—break up suddenly from Stirling;[3] march direct towards England,—for a stroke at the heart of the Commonwealth itself. Their game now is, All or nothing. A desperate kind of play. Royalists, Presbyterian-Royalists and the large miscellany of Discontented Interests may perhaps join them there;—perhaps also not! They march by Biggar; enter England by Carlisle,[4] on Wednesday 6th of

[1] "Brunt Island" *in orig.*

[2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 107).

[3] "Last day of July" (Bates, ii. 120).

[4] Whitlocke, p. 474.

August 1651. "At Girthhead, in the Parish of Wamphray, in Annandale," human Tradition, very faintly indeed, indicates some Roman Stones or Mile-stones, by the wayside, as the place where his Sacred Majesty passed the Tuesday night;—which are not quite so venerable now as formerly.[1]

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Leith, 4th August 1651.

SIR,

In pursuance of the Providence of God, and that blessing lately given to your forces in Fife; and finding that the Enemy, being masters of the Pass at Stirling, could not be gotten out there except by hindering his provisions at St. Johnston,—we, by general advice, thought fit to attempt St. Johnston; knowing that that would necessitate him to quit his Pass. Wherefore, leaving with Major-General Harrison about three-thousand horse and dragoons, besides those which are with Colonel Rich, Colonel Saunders, and Colonel Barton, upon the Borders, we marched to St. Johnston;[2] and lying one day before it, we had it surrendered to us.

During which time we had some intelligence of the Enemy's marching southward; though with some contradictions, as if it had not been so. But doubting it might be true, we (leaving a Garrison in St. Johnston, and sending Lieutenant-General Monk with about Five or Six thousand to Stirling to reduce that place, and by it to put your affairs into a good posture in Scotland) marched, with all possible expedition, back again; and have passed our foot and many of our horse over the Frith this day; resolving to make what speed we can up to the Enemy,—who, in his desperation and fear, and out of inevitable necessity, is run to try what he can do this way.

I do apprehend that if he goes for England, being some few days march before us, it will trouble some men's thoughts; and may occasion some inconveniences;—which I hope we are as deeply sensible of, and have been, and I trust shall be, as diligent to prevent, as any. And indeed this is our comfort, That in simplicity of heart as towards God, we have done to the best of our judgments; knowing that if some issue were not put to this Business, it would occasion another Winter's war: to the

[1] Nicholas Carlisle's Topographical Dict. of Scotland, § Wamphray.

[2] 2d August 1651 (Balfour, iv. 313): "St. Johnston," as we know, is *Perth*.

ruin of your soldiery, for whom the Scots are too hard in respect of enduring the Winter difficulties of this country; and to the endless expense of the treasure of England in prosecuting this War. It may be supposed we might have kept the Enemy from this, by interposing between him and England. Which truly I believe we might; but how to remove him out of this place, without doing what we have done, unless we had had a commanding Army on both sides of the River of Forth, is not clear to us; or how to answer the inconveniences aforementioned, we understand not.

We pray therefore that (seeing there is a possibility for the Enemy to put you to some trouble) you would, with the same courage, grounded upon a confidence in God, wherein you have been supported to the great things God hath used you in hitherto, —improve, the best you can, such forces as you have in readiness, or 'as' may on the sudden be gathered together, To give the Enemy some check, until we shall be able to reach up to him; which we trust in the Lord we shall do our utmost endeavour in. And indeed we have this comfortable experience from the Lord, That this Enemy is heart-smitten by God; and whenever the Lord shall bring us up to them, we believe the Lord will make the desperateness of this counsel of theirs to appear, and the folly of it also. When England was much more unsteady than now; and when a much more considerable Army of theirs, unfoiled, invaded you; and we had but a weak force to make resistance at Preston,—upon deliberate advice, we chose rather to put ourselves between their Army and Scotland: and how God succeeded that, is not well to be forgotten! This 'present movement' is not out of choice on our part, but by some kind of necessity; and, it is to be hoped, will have the like issue. Together with a hopeful end of your work;—in which it's good to wait upon the Lord, upon the earnest of former experiences, and hope of His presence, which only is the life of your Cause.

Major-General Harrison, with the horse and dragoons under him, and Colonel Rich and the rest in those parts, shall attend the motions of the Enemy; and endeavour the keeping of them together, as also to impede his march. And will be ready to be in conjunction with what forces shall gather together for this service:—to whom orders have been speeded to that purpose; as this enclosed to Major-General Harrison will show. Major-General Lambert, this day, marched with a very considerable body of horse, up towards the Enemy's rear. With the rest of the horse, and nine regiments of foot, most of them of your old foot and horse, I am hasting up; and shall, by the Lord's help,

use utmost diligence. I hope I have left a commanding force under Lieutenant-General Monk in Scotland.

This account I thought my duty to speed to you; and rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

The Scots found no Presbyterian-Royalists, no Royalists Proper to speak of, nor any Discontented Interest in England disposed to join them in present circumstances. They marched under rigorous discipline, weary and uncheered, south through Lancashire; had to dispute their old friend the Bridge of Warrington with Lambert and Harrison, who attended them with horse-troops on the left; Cromwell with the main Army steadily advancing behind. They carried the Bridge at Warrington; they summoned various Towns, but none yielded; proclaimed their King with all force of lungs and heraldry, but none cried, God bless him. Summoning Shrewsbury, with the usual negative response, they quitted the London road; bent southward towards Worcester, a City of slight Garrison and loyal Mayor; there to entrench themselves, and repose a little.

Poor Earl Derby, a distinguished Royalist Proper, had hastened over from the Isle of Man, to kiss his Majesty's hand in passing. He then raised some force in Lancashire, and was in hopes to kindle that country again, and go to Worcester in triumph:—but Lilburn, Colonel Robert, whom we have known here before, fell upon him at Wigan; cut his force in pieces:[2] the poor Earl had to go to Worcester in a wounded and wrecked condition. To Worcester,—and, alas, to the scaffold by and by, for that business. The Scots at Worcester have a loyal Mayor, some very few adventurous loyal Gentry in the neighbourhood; and excitable Wales, perhaps again excitable, lying in the rear: but for the present, except in their own poor Fourteen-thousand right-hands, no outlook. And Cromwell is advancing steadily; by York,[3] by Nottingham, by Coventry and Stratford; "raising all the County Militias," who muster with singular alacrity;—flowing towards Worcester like the Ocean-tide; begirdling it with "upwards of Thirty-thousand men." His Majesty's royal summons to the Corporation of London is burnt there by the hands of the common hangman; Speaker Lenthall and the Mayor have a copy of it burnt by that functionary at the head of every regiment, at a review of the Trainbands in Moor-

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 107-8).
[2] Lilburn's two Letters, in Cary, ii. 338-45.
[3] See Appendix, No. 23

fields.[1] London, England generally, seems to have made up its mind.

At London on the 22d of August, a rigorous thing was done: Reverend Christopher Love, eloquent zealous Minister of St. Lawrence in the Jewry, was, after repeated respites and negotiations, beheaded on Tower Hill. To the unspeakable emotion of men. Nay the very Heavens seemed to testify a feeling of it,—by a thunderclap, by two thunderclaps. When the Parliament passed their vote on the 4th of July, That he should die according to the sentence of the Court, there was then a terrible thunderclap, and darkening of daylight. And now when he actually dies, "directly after his beheading," arises thunderstorm that threatens the dissolution of Nature! Nature, as we see, survived it.

The old Newspaper says, It was on the 22d August 1642, that Charles late King erected his Standard at Nottingham: and now on this same day, 22d August 1651, Charles Pretender erects his at Worcester; and the Reverend Christopher dies. Men may make their reflections.—There goes a story, due to Carrion Heath or some such party, That Cromwell being earnestly solicited for mercy to this poor Christopher, did, while yet in Scotland, send a Letter to the Parliament recommending it; which Letter, however, was seized by some roving outriders of the Scottish Worcester Army; who reading it, and remembering Uxbridge Sermon, tore it, saying, "No, let the villain die!"—after the manner of Heath. Which could be proved, if time and paper were of no value, to be, like a hundred other very wooden *myths* of the same Period, without truth. *Guarda e passa.* Glance at it here for the last time, and never repeat it more! –

Charles's Standard, it would seem then, was erected at Worcester on Friday the 22d, the day of poor Christopher's death. On which same Friday, about sunrise, "our Messenger" (the Parliament's) "left the Lord General at Mr. Pierpoint's House,"—William Pierpoint, of the Kingston Family, much his friend,—the House called Thoresby, "near Mansfield"; just starting for Nottingham, to arrive there that night. From Nottingham, by Coventry, by Stratford and Evesham, to "the southeast side of Worcester," rallying Country forces as we go, will take till Thursday next. Here at Stratford on the Wednesday, eve of that, is a Letter accidentally preserved.

[1] Bates, ii. 122; Whitlocke, p. 492; see also Commons Journals, vii. 6 (23d August 1651).

LETTER CLXXXI

DUBITATING Wharton, he also might help to rally forces; his name, from "Upper Winchington in Bucks," or wherever he may be, might do something. Give him, at any rate, a last chance.—"Tom Westrow," here accidentally named; once a well-known man, familiar to the Lord General and to men of worth and quality; now, as near as may be, swallowed forever in the Night-Empires; is still visible, strangely enough, through one small chink, and recoverable into daylight as far as needful. A Kentish man, a Parliament Soldier once, named in military Kent Committees; sat in Parliament too, "recruiter" for Hythe, though at present in abeyance owing to scruples. Above all, he was the Friend of poor George Wither, stepson of the Muses; to whom in his undeserved distresses he lent beneficent princely sums; and who, in poor splayfooted doggrel,—very poor, but very grateful, pious, true, and on the whole noble,—preserves some adequate memory of him for the curious.[1] By this chink Tom Westrow and the ancient figure of his Life, is still recoverable if needed.

Westrow, we find by good evidence, did return to his place in Parliament;[2]—quitted it too, as Wither informs us, foreseeing the great Catastrophe; and retired to country quiet, up the River at Teddington. Westrow and the others returned: Wharton continued to dubitate;—and we shall here take leave of him. "Poor foolish Mall," young Mary Cromwell, one of "my two little Wenches," has been on a visit at Winchington, I think;—"thanks to you and the dear Lady" for her.

For my honoured Lord Wharton: These.

Stratford-on-Avon, 27th August 1651.

MY LORD,

I know I write to my Friend,—therefore give me leave to say one bold word.

In my very heart: Your Lordship, Dick Norton, Tom Westrow,

[1] *Westrow Revived: a Funeral Poem without Fiction, composed by George Wither, Esq.; that God may be glorified in His Saints, and that*—etc. etc. (King's Pamphlets, 12mo, no. 390: London, 1653-4, dated with the pen "3d January"): unadulterated doggrel; but really *says* something, and even something *just*;—by no means your insupportablest "poetic" reading, as times go.

[2] "Admitted to sit;" means, readmitted after Pride's Purge: Commons Journals (vii. 27, 29), 10th October 1651.

Robert Hammond have, though not intentionally, helped one another to stumble at the Dispensations of God, and to reason yourselves out of His service!—

Now 'again' you have opportunity to associate with His people in His work; and to manifest your willingness, and desire to serve the Lord against His and His people's enemies. Would you be blessed out of Zion, and see the good of His people, and rejoice with His inheritance,—I advise you all in the bowels of love, Let it appear you offer yourselves willingly to His work! Wherein to be accepted, is more honour from the Lord than the world can give or hath. I am persuaded it needs you not,—save as your Lord and Master needed the Ass's Colt, to show His humility, meekness and condescension: but you need it, to declare your submission to, and owing yourself the Lord's and His people's![1]—

If you can break through old disputes,—I shall rejoice if you help others to do so also. Do not say, You are now satisfied because it is the *old* Quarrel; -as if it had not been so, all this while!

I have no leisure; but a great deal of entire affection to you and yours, and those named 'here,'—which I thus plainly express. Thanks to you and the dear Lady, for all loves, -and for poor foolish Mall. I am in good earnest 'thankful'; and so also

Your Lordship's
Faithful friend and most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

Charles's Standard has been floating over Worcester some six days; and now on Thursday 28th of August, comes in sight Cromwell's also; from the Evesham side; with upwards of Thirty-thousand men now near him; and some say, upwards of Eighty-thousand rising in the distance to join him if need were.

[1] Grammar, in this last clause, lost in the haste: "Ass's Colt" is "Beast" *in orig.*

[2] Gentleman's Magazine (London, 1814), lxxxiv. p. 419. -In Appendix, No. 28, there is now (1857) another Letter to his Lordship.

LETTERS CLXXXII, CLXXXIII

BATTLE OF WORCESTER

THE Battle of Worcester was fought on the evening of Wednesday 3rd September 1651; anniversary of that at Dunbar last year. It could well have but one issue; defeat for the Scots and their Cause;—either swift and complete; or else incomplete, ending in slow sieges, partial revolts, and much new misery and blood. The swift issue was the one appointed; and complete enough; severing the neck of the Controversy now at last, as with one effectual stroke, no need to strike a second time.

The Battle was fought on both sides of the Severn; part of Cromwell's forces having crossed to the Western bank, by Upton Bridge, some miles below Worcester, the night before. About a week ago, Massey understood himself to have ruined this Bridge at Upton; but Lambert's men "straddled across by the parapet," —a dangerous kind of *saddle* for such riding, I think!—and hastily repaired it; hastily got hold of Upton Church, and maintained themselves there; driving Massey back with a bad wound in the hand. This was on Thursday night last, the very night of the Lord General's arrival in those parts; and they have held this post ever since. Fleetwood crosses here with a good part of Cromwell's Army, on the evening of Tuesday September 2d; shall, on the morrow, attack the Scotch posts on the Southwest, about the Suburb of St. John's, across the River; while Cromwell, in person, on this side, plies them from the Southeast. St. John's Suburb lies at some distance from Worcester; west, or southwest as we say, on the Herefordshire Road; and connects itself with the City by Severn Bridge. Southeast of the City, again, near the then and present London Road, is "Fort Royal," an entrenchment of the Scots: on this side Cromwell is to attempt the Enemy, and second Fleetwood, as occasion may serve. Worcester City itself is on Cromwell's side of the River; stands high, surmounted by its high Cathedral; close on the left or eastern margin of the Severn; surrounded by fruitful fields, and hedges unfit for cavalry-fighting. This is the posture of affairs on the eve of Wednesday 3d September 1651.

But now, for Wednesday itself, we are to remark that between Fleetwood at Upton, and the Enemy's outposts at St. John's on the west side of Severn, there runs still a River Teme; a western tributary of the Severn, into which it falls about a mile

below the City. This River Teme Fleetwood hopes to cross, if not by the Bridge at Powick which the Enemy possesses, then by a Bridge of Boats which he is himself to prepare lower down, close by the mouth of Teme. At this point also, or "within pistol-shot of it," there is to be a Bridge of Boats laid across the Severn itself, that so both ends of the Army may communicate. Boats, boatmen, carpenters, aquatic and terrestrial artificers and implements, in great abundance, contributed by the neighbouring Towns, lie ready on the River, about Upton, for this service. Does the reader now understand the ground a little?

Fleetwood, at Upton, was astir with the dawn September 3d. But it was towards "three in the afternoon" before the boatmen were got up; must have been towards five before those Bridges were got built, and Fleetwood set fairly across the Teme to begin business. The King of Scots and his Council of War, "on the top of the Cathedral," have been anxiously viewing him all afternoon; have seen him build his Bridges of Boats; see him now in great force got across Teme River, attacking the Scotch on the South, fighting them from hedge to hedge towards the Suburb of St. John's. In great force: for new regiments, horse and foot, now stream across the Severn Bridge of Boats to assist Fleetwood: nay, if the Scots knew it, my Lord General himself is come across, "did lead the van in person, and was the first that set foot on the Enemy's ground."—The Scots, obstinately struggling, are gradually beaten there; driven from hedge to hedge. But the King of Scots and his War-Council decide that most part of Cromwell's Army must now be over in that quarter, on the West side of the River, engaged among the hedges;—decide that they, for their part, will storm out, and offer him battle on their own East side, now while he is weak there. The Council of War comes down from the top of the Cathedral; their trumpets sound: Cromwell also is soon back, across the Severn Bridge of Boats again; and the deadliest tug of war begins.

Fort Royal is still known at Worcester, and Sudbury Gate at the southeast end of the City is known, and those other localities here specified; after much study of which and of the old dead Pamphlets, this Battle will at last become conceivable. Besides Cromwell's Two Letters, there are plentiful details, questionable and unquestionable, in *Bates* and elsewhere, as indicated below.[1] The fighting of the Scots was fierce and desperate. "My Lord General did exceedingly hazard himself, riding up and down in

[1] Bates, Part ii. 124-7. King's Pamphlets; small 4to, no. 507, § 12 (given mostly in Cromwelliana, pp. 114, 15); large 4to, no. 54, §§ 15, 18. Letter from Stapylton the Chaplain, in Cromwelliana, p. 112.

the midst of the fire; riding, himself in person, to the Enemy's foot to offer them quarter, whereto they returned no answer but shot." The small Scotch Army, begirdled with overpowering force, and cut off from help or reasonable hope, storms forth in fiery pulses, horse and foot; charges now on this side of the River, now on that;—can on no side prevail. Cromwell recoils a little; but only to rally, and return irresistible. The small Scotch Army is, on every side, driven in again. Its fiery pulsings are but the struggles of death: agonies as of a lion coiled in the folds of a boa!

"As stiff a contest, for four or five hours, as ever I have seen." But it avails not. Through Sudbury Gate, on Cromwell's side, through St. John's Suburb, and over Severn Bridge on Fleetwood's, the Scots are driven-in again to Worcester Streets; desperately struggling and recoiling, are driven through Worcester Streets, to the North end of the City,—and terminate there. A distracted mass of ruin: the foot all killed or taken; the horse all scattered on flight, and their place of refuge very far! His sacred Majesty escaped, by royal oaks and other miraculous appliances well known to mankind: but fourteen-thousand other men, sacred too after a sort though not majesties, did not escape. One could weep at such a death for brave men in such a Cause! But let us now read Cromwell's Letters.

LETTER CLXXXII

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Near Worcester, 3d September 1651,
(10 at night).

SIR,

Being so weary, and scarce able to write, yet I thought it my duty to let you know thus much. That upon this day, being the 3d of September (remarkable for a mercy vouchsafed to your Forces on this day twelvemonth in Scotland), we built a Bridge of Boats over Severn, between it and Teme, about half a mile from Worcester; and another over Teme, within pistol-shot of our other Bridge. Lieutenant-General Fleetwood and Major-General Dean marched from Upton on the southwest side of Severn up to Powick, a Town which was a Pass the Enemy kept. We, 'from our side of Severn,' passed over

some horseand foot,and were in conjunction withthe Lieutenant-General's Forces. We beat the Enemy from hedge to hedge till we beat him into Worcester.

The Enemy then drew all his Forces on the other side the Town, all but what he had lost; and made a very considerable fight with us, for three hours space; but in the end we beat him totally, and pursued him to his Royal Fort, which we took, —and indeed have beaten his whole Army. When we took this Fort, we turned his own guns upon him. The Enemy hath had great loss: and certainly is scattered, and run several ways. We are in pursuit of him, and have laid forces in several places, that we hope will gather him up.

Indeed this hath been a very glorious mercy;—and as stiff a contest, for four or five hours, as ever I have seen. Both your old Forces and those new-raised have behaved themselves with very great courage; and He that made them come out, made them willing to fight for you. The Lord God Almighty frame our hearts to real thankfulness for this, which is alone His doing. I hope I shall within a day or two give you a more perfect account.

In the mean time I hope you will pardon, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

On Saturday the 6th comes a farther Letter from my Lord General; "the effect whereof speaketh thus:"

LETTER CLXXXIII

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Worcester, 4th September 1651.

SIR,

I am not able yet to give you an exact account of the great things the Lord hath wrought for this Commonwealth and for His people: and yet I am unwilling to be silent; but, according to my duty, shall represent it to you as it comes to hand.

This Battle was fought with various success for some hours

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 113); Tanner MSS. (Cary, ii. 355).

but still hopeful on your part; and in the end became an absolute victory,—and so full an one as proved a total defeat and ruin of the Enemy's Army; and a possession of the Town, our men entering at the Enemy's heels, and fighting with them in the streets with very great courage. We took all their baggage and artillery. What the slain are, I can give you no account, because we have not taken an exact view; but they are very many:—and must needs be so; because the dispute was long and very near at hand; and often at push of pike, and from one defence to another. There are about Six or Seven thousand prisoners taken here; and many Officers and Noblemen of very great quality: Duke Hamilton, the Earl of Rothes, and divers other Noblemen,—I hear, the Earl of Lauderdale; many Officers of great quality; and some that will be fit subjects for your justice.

We have sent very considerable parties after the flying Enemy; I hear they have taken considerable numbers of prisoners, and are very close in the pursuit. Indeed, I hear the Country riseth upon them everywhere; and I believe the forces that lay, through Providence, at Bewdley, and in Shropshire and Staffordshire, and those with Colonel Lilburn, were in a condition, as if this had been foreseen, to intercept what should return.

A more particular account than this will be prepared for you as we are able. I hear they had not many more than a Thousand horse in their body that fled: and I believe you have near Four-thousand forces following, and interposing between them and home;—what fish they will catch, Time will declare.[1] Their Army was about Sixteen-thousand strong; and fought ours on the Worcester side of Severn almost with their whole, whilst we had engaged about half our Army on the other side but with parties of theirs. Indeed it was a stiff business; yet I do not think we have lost Two-hundred men. Your new-raised forces did perform singular good service; for which they deserve a very high estimation and acknowledgment; as also for their willingness thereunto,—forasmuch as the same hath added so much to the reputation of your affairs. They are all despatched home again; which I hope will be much for the ease and satisfaction of the Country; which is a great fruit of these successes.

The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts. It is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy. Surely, if it be not, such a one we shall have, if this provoke those that are concerned in it to thankfulness; and the Parliament to do the will of Him

[1] Phrase omitted in the Newspaper. *In orig.*, an official hand has written on the margin "omitt this."

who hath done His will for it, and for the Nation;—whose good pleasure it is to establish the Nation and the Change of the Government, by making the People so willing to the defence thereof, and so signally blessing the endeavours of your servants in this late great work. I am bold humbly to beg, That all thoughts may tend to the promoting of His honour who hath wrought so great salvation; and that the fatness of these continued mercies may not occasion pride and wantonness, as formerly the like hath done to a chosen Nation;[1] but that the fear of the Lord, even for His mercies, may keep an Authority and a People so prospered, and blessed, and witnessed unto, humble and faithful; and that justice and righteousness, mercy and truth may flow from you, as a thankful return to our gracious God. This shall be the prayer of,

Sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Your Officers behaved themselves with much honour in this service, and the Person[2] who is the Bearer hereof was equal, in the performance of his duty, to most that served you that day.[3]

"On Lord's day next, by order of Parliament," these Letters are read from all London Pulpits, amid the general thanksgiving of men. At Worcester, the while, thousands of Prisoners are getting ranked, "penned up in the Cathedral," with sad outlooks: carcasses of horses, corpses of men, frightful to sense and mind, encumber the streets of Worcester; "we are plucking Lords, Knights and Gentlemen from their lurking-holes," into the unwelcome light.[4] Lords very numerous; a Peerage sore slashed. The Duke of Hamilton has got his thigh broken; dies on the fourth day. The Earl of Derby, also wounded, is caught, and tried for Treason against the State; lays down his head at Bolton, where he had once carried it too high. Lauderdale and others areput in the Tower; have to lie there,in heavy dormancy,

[1] "But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked:—(and thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick, thou art covered with fatness:) then he forsook God which made him, and lightly esteemed the rock of his salvation" (*Deuteronomy*, xxxii. 15).

[2] Major Cobbet, "who makes a relation," and gets 100*l.* (Commons Journals, vii. 12, 13).

[3] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 113, 114); Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 359-62).

[4] Original Commission, signed "O. Cromwell," and dated 8th September 1651, appointing "Collonel John James" Governor of Worcester, is now among the MSS. of Trin. Coll. Cambridge (copy *penes me*).

for long years. The Earls of Cleveland and Lauderdale came to Town together, about a fortnight hence. "As they passed along Cornhill in their coaches with a guard of horse, the Earl of Lauderdale's coach made a stand near the Conduit: where a Carman gave his Lordship a visit, saying, 'Oh, my Lord, you are welcome to London! I protest, off goes your head, as round as a hoop!' But his Lordship passed off the fatal compliment only with a laughter, and so fared along to the Tower."[1] His Lordship's big red head has yet other work to do in this world. Having, at the Ever-blessed Restoration, managed, not without difficulty, "to get a new suit of clothes,"[2] he knelt before his now triumphant Sacred Majesty on that glorious Thirtieth of May; learned from his Majesty, that "Presbytery was no religion for a gentleman"; gave it up, not without pangs; and resolutely set himself to introduce the exploded Tulchan Apparatus into Scotland again, by thumbikins, by bootikins, by any and every method, since it was the will of his Sacred Majesty;—failed in the Tulchan Apparatus, as is well known; earned for himself new plentiful clothes-suits, Dukedoms and promotions, from the Sacred Majesty; and from the Scotch People deep-toned universal sound of curses, not yet become inaudible; and shall, in this place, and we hope elsewhere, concern us no more.

On Friday the 12th of September the Lord General arrived in Town. Four dignified Members, of whom Bulstrode was one, specially missioned by vote of Parliament,[3] had met him the day before with congratulations, on the other side Aylesbury; "whom he received with all kindness and respect; and after ceremonies and salutations passed, he rode with them across the fields;—where Mr. Winwood the Member for Windsor's hawks met them; and the Lord General, with the other Gentlemen, went a little out of the way a-hawking. They came that night to Aylesbury; where they had much discourse; especially my Lord Chief Justice St. John," the dark Shipmoney Lawyer, now Chief Justice, "as they supped together." To me Bulstrode, and to each of the others, he gave a horse and two Scotch prisoners: the horse I kept for carrying me; the two Scots, unlucky gentlemen of that country, I handsomely sent home again without any ransom whatever.[4] And so on Friday we arrive in Town, in very great solemnity and triumph: Speaker and Parliament, Lord President and Council of State, Sheriffs, Mayors, and an

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 507, § 18.
[2] Roger Coke's Detection of the Court and State of England.
[3] Commons Journals, vii. 13 (9th Sept. 1651).
[4] Whitlocke, p. 484; see also 2d edit. p. 509.

innumerable multitude, of quality and not of quality, eagerly attending us; once more splitting the welkin with their human shoutings, and volleys of great shot and small: in the midst of which my Lord General "carried himself with much affability; and now and afterwards, in all his discourses about Worcester, would seldom mention anything of himself; mentioned others only; and gave, as was due, the glory of the Action unto God."[1] —Hugh Peters, however, being of loose-spoken, somewhat sibylline turn of mind, discerns a certain inward exultation and irrepressible irradiation in my Lord General, and whispers to himself, "This man will be King of England yet." Which, unless Kings are entirely superfluous in England, I should think very possible, O Peters! To wooden Ludlow Mr. Peters confessed so much, long afterwards; and the wooden head drew its inferences therefrom.[2]

This, then, is the last of my Lord General's Battles and Victories, technically so called. Of course his Life, to the very end of it, continues, as from the beginning it had always been, a *battle*, and a dangerous and strenuous one, with due modicum of victory assigned now and then; but it will be with other than the steel weapons henceforth. He here sheaths his war-sword; with that, it is not his Order from the Great Captain that he fight any more.

The distracted Scheme of the Scotch Governors to accomplish their Covenant by this Charles-Stuart method has here ended. By and by they shall have their Charles Stuart back, as a general Nell-Gwynn Defender of the Faith to us all; and shall see how they will like him! But as Covenanted King he is off upon his travels, and will never return more. Worcester Battle has cut the heart of that affair in two: and Monk, an assiduous Lieutenant to the Lord General in his Scotch affairs, is busy suppressing the details.

On Monday the 1st of September, two days before the Battle of Worcester, Lieutenant-General Monk had stormed Dundee, the last stronghold of Scotland; where much wealth, as in a place of safety, had been laid up. Governor Lumsden would not yield on summons: Lieutenant-General Monk stormed him; the Town took fire in the business; there was once more a grim scene, of flame and blood, and rage and despair, transacted in this Earth: and taciturn General Monk, his choler all up, was become surly as the Russian bear; nothing but negatory growls to be got out of him: nay, to one clerical dignitary of the place

[1] Whitlocke, p. 485. [2] Ludlow.

he not only gave his "No!" but audibly threatened a slap with the fist to back it,—"ordered him, Not to speak one word, or he would scobe his mouth for him!" [1]

Ten days before, some Shadow of a new Committee of Estates attempting to sit at Alyth on the border of Angus, with intent to concert some measures for the relief of this same Dundee, had been, by a swift Colonel of Monk's, laid hold of; and the members were now all shipped to the Tower. It was a snuffing-out of the Government-light in Scotland. Except some triumph come from Worcester to rekindle it:—and, alas, no triumph came from Worcester, as we see; nothing but ruin and defeat from Worcester! The Government-light of Scotland remains snuffed out.—Active Colonel Alured, a swift devout man, somewhat given to Anabaptist notions, of whom we shall hear again, was he that did this feat at Alyth; a kind of feather in his cap. Among the Captured in that poor Committee or Shadow of Committee was poor old General Leven, time-honoured Lesley, who went to the Tower with the others; his last appearance in Public History. He got out again, on intercession from Queen Christina of Sweden; retired to his native fields of Fife; and slept soon and still sleeps in Balgony Kirk under his stone of honour,—the excellent "crooked little Feldtmarshal" that he was. Excellent, though unfortunate. He bearded the grim Wallenstein at Stralsund once, and rolled him back from the bulwarks there, after long tough wrestle;—and in fact did a thing or two in his time. Farewell to him.[2]

But with the light of Government snuffed out in Scotland, and no rekindling of it from the Worcester side, resistance in Scotland has ended. Lambert, next summer, marched through the Highlands, pacificating them.[3] There rose afterwards rebellion in the Highlands, rebellion of Glencairn, of Middleton, with much mosstroopery and horsestealing; but Monk, who had now again the command there, by energy and vigilance, by patience, punctuality, and slow methodic strength, put it down, and kept it down. A taciturn man; speaks little; thinks more or less;—does whatever is doable here and elsewhere.

Scotland therefore, like Ireland, has fallen to Cromwell to be administered. He had to do it under great difficulties; the Governing Classes, especially the Clergy or Teaching Class, con-

[1] Balfour, iv. 316.

[2] Scotch Peerages; Förster's *Wallenstein als Feldherr* (Potsdam, 1834), p. 124. Granger (Biographic History of England) has some nonsense about Leven,—in his usual neat style.

[3] Whitlocke, p. 514.

tinuing for most part obstinately indisposed to him, so baleful to their formulas had he been. With Monk for an assiduous Lieutenant in secular matters, he kept the country in peace;—it appears on all sides, he did otherwise what was possible for him. He sent new Judges to Scotland; "a pack of kinless loons," who minded no claim but that of fair play. He favoured, as was natural, the *Remonstrant* Ker-and-Strahan Party in the Church;—favoured, above all things, the Christian-Gospel Party, who had some good message in them for the soul of man. Within wide limits he tolerated the *Resolutioner* Party; and beyond these limits would not tolerate them;—would not suffer their General Assembly to sit; marched the Assembly out bodily to Bruntisfield Links, and sent it home again, when it tried such a thing.[1] He united Scotland to England by act of Parliament; tried in all ways to unite it by still deeper methods. He kept peace and order in the country; was a little heavy with taxes:—on the whole, did what he could; and proved, as there is good evidence, a highly beneficial though unwelcome phenomenon there.

Alas, may we not say, In circuitous ways he proved the Doer of what this poor Scotch Nation really wished and willed, could it have known so much at sight of him! The true Governor of this poor Scotch Nation; accomplishing their Covenant *without* the Charles Stuart, since *with* the Charles Stuart it was a flat impossibility. But they knew him not; and with their stiff-necked ways obstructed him as they could. How seldom can a Nation, can even an individual man, understand what at heart his own real will is: such masses of superficial bewilderment, of respectable hearsay, of fantasy and pedantry, and old and new cobwebbery, overlie our poor will; much hiding *it* from us, for most part! So that if we can once get eye on *it*, and walk resolutely towards fulfilment of it, the battle is as good as gained!—

For example, who, of all Scotch or other men, is he that verily understands the "real ends of the Covenant," and discriminates them well from the superficial forms thereof; and with pious valour does them,—and continually struggles to see them done? I should say, this Cromwell, whom we call Sectary and Blasphemer! The Scotch Clergy, persisting in their own most hidebound formula of a Covenanted Charles Stuart, bear clear testimony, that at no time did Christ's Gospel so flourish in Scotland as now under Cromwell the Usurper. "These bitter

[1] Whitlocke, 25th July 1653; Life of Robert Blair (Edinburgh, 1754), pp. 118, 19; Blencowe's Sidney Papers, pp. 153-5.

waters," say they, "were sweetened by the Lord's remarkably blessing the labours of His faithful servants. A great door and an effectual was opened to man."[1] Not otherwise in matters civil. "Scotland," thus testifies a competent eye-witness, "was kept in great order. Some Castles in the Highlands had Garrisons put into them, which were so careful of their discipline, and so exact to their rules," the wild Highlanders were wonderfully tamed thereby. Cromwell built three Citadels, Leith, Ayr and Inverness, besides many little Forts, over Scotland. Seven or Eight thousand men, well paid, and paying well; of the strictest habits, military, spiritual and moral: these it was everywhere a kind of Practical Sermon to take note of! "There was good justice done; and vice was suppressed and punished. So that we always reckon those Eight Years of Usurpation a time of great peace and prosperity,"[2]—though we needed to be twice beaten, and to have our foolish Governors flung into the Tower, before we would accept the same. We, and mankind generally, are an extremely wise set of creatures.

[1] Life of Robert Blair, p. 120; Livingston's Life of Himself (Glasgow, 1754), pp. 54, 5, etc. etc.

[2] Bishop Burnet's History of his own Time, book i.

PART VII

THE LITTLE PARLIAMENT

1651–1653

LETTERS CLXXXIV—CLXXXVIII

THE LITTLE PARLIAMENT

Between Worcester Battle on the 3d of September 1651, and the Dismissal of the Long Parliament on the 20th of April 1653, are Nineteen very important months in the History of Oliver, which, in all our Books and Historical rubbish-records, lie as nearly as possible dark and vacant for us. Poor Dryasdust has emitted, and still emits, volumes of confused noise on the subject; but in the way of information or illumination, of light in regard to any fact, physiognomic feature, event or fraction of an event, as good as nothing whatever. Indeed, onwards from this point where Oliver's own Letters begin to fail us, the whole History of Oliver, and of England under him, becomes very dim;—swimming most indistinct in the huge Tomes of *Thurloe* and the like, as in shoreless lakes of ditchwater and bilgewater; a stagnancy, a torpor, and confused horror to the human soul! No historical genius, not even a Rushworth's, now presides over the matter: nothing but bilgewater *Correspondences;* vague jottings of a dull fat Bulstrode; vague printed babblements of this and the other Carrion Heath or Flunkey Pamphleteer of the Blessed-Restoration Period, writing from ignorant rumour and for ignorant rumour, from the winds and to the winds. After long reading in very many Books, of very unspeakable quality, earning for yourself only incredibility, inconceivability, and darkness visible, you begin to perceive that in the Speeches of Oliver himself once well read, such as they are, some shadowy outlines, authentic prefigurements of what the real History of the Time may have been, do first, in the huge inane night, begin to loom forth for you,—credible, conceivable in some measure, there for the first time.

My reader's patience is henceforth to be still more severely tried: there is unluckily no help for it, as matters stand.

Great lakes of watery *Correspondence* relating to the History of this Period, as we intimate, survive in print; and new are occasionally issued upon mankind:[1] but the essence of them has never yet in the smallest been elaborated by any man;—will require a succession and assiduous series of many men to elaborate it. To pluck up the great History of Oliver from it, like drowned Honour by the locks; and show it to much-wondering and, in the end, right-thankful England! The richest and noblest thing England hitherto has. The basis England will have to start from again, if England is ever to struggle Godward again, instead of struggling Devilward, and Mammonward merely. Serene element of Cant has been tried now for two Centuries; and fails. Serene element, general completed life-atmosphere, of Cant religious, Cant moral, Cant political, Cant universal, where England vainly hoped to live in a serene soft-spoken manner,—England now finds herself on the point of choking there; large masses of her People no longer able to get even potatoes in that serene element. England will have to come out of that; England, too terribly awakened at last, is everywhere preparing to come out of that. England, her Amazon-eyes once more flashing strange Heaven's-light, like Phœbus Apollo's fatal to the Pythian mud-serpents, will lift her hand, I think, and her heart, and swear "By the Eternal, I will not die in that! I had once men who knew better than that!"——

But with regard to the History of Oliver, as we were saying, for those Nineteen months there is almost no light to be communicated at present. Of Oliver's own uttering, I have found only Five Letters, short, insignificant, connected with no phasis of Public Transactions: there are Two Dialogues recorded by Whitlocke, of dubious authenticity; certain small splinters of Occurrences not pointing very decisively anywhither, sprinkling like dust of stars the dark vacancy; these, and Dryasdust's vociferous commentaries new and old;—and of discovered or discoverable, nothing more. Oliver's own *Speech*, which the reader is by and by to hear, casts backwards some straggling gleams; well accordant, as is usual, with whatever else we know; and worthy to be well believed and meditated, by Historical readers, among others. Out of these poor elements the candid imagination must endeavour to shape some not inconceivable scheme

[1] Thurloe's *State-Papers*, Milton's, Clarendon's, Ormond's, Sidney's, etc. etc. are old and very watery; new and still waterier are Vaughan's *Protectorate*, and others not even worth naming here.

and genesis of this very indubitable Fact, the Dismissal of the Long Parliament, as best it may. Perhaps if Dryasdust were once well gagged, and his vociferous commentaries all well forgotten, such a feat might not be very impossible for mankind!—

Concerning this Residue, Fag-end, or "Rump" as it had now got nicknamed, of the Long Parliament, into whose hands the Government of England had been put, we have hitherto, ever since the King's Death-Warrant, said almost nothing: and in fact there was not much to be said. "Statesmen of the Commonwealth" so-called: there wanted not among them men of real mark; brave men, of much talent, of true resolution, and nobleness of aim: but though their title was chief in this Commonwealth, all men may see their real function in it has been subaltern all along. Not in St. Stephen's and its votings and debatings, but in the battle-field, in Oliver Cromwell's fightings, has the destiny of this Commonwealth decided itself. One unsuccessful Battle, at Preston or at any time since, had probably wrecked it;—one stray bullet hitting the life of a certain man had soon ended this Commonwealth. Parliament, Council of State, they sat like diligent Committees of Ways and Means, in a very wise and provident manner: but the soul of the Commonwealth was at Dunbar, at Worcester, at Tredah: Destiny, there questioned, "Life or Death for this Commonwealth?" has answered, "Life yet for a time!"—That is a fact which the candid imagination will have to keep steadily in view.

And now if we practically ask ourselves, What is to become of this small junto of men, somewhat above a Hundred in all,[1] hardly above Half-a-hundred the active part of them, who now sit in the chair of authority? the shaping-out of any answer will give rise to considerations. These men have been raised thither by miraculous interpositions of Providence; they may be said to sit there only by a continuance of the like. They cannot sit there forever. They are not Kings by birth, these men; nor in any of them have I discovered qualities as of a very indisputable King by attainment. Of dull Bulstrode, with his lumbering lawpedantries, and stagnant official self-satisfactions, I do not speak; nor of dusky tough St. John, whose abstruse fanaticisms, crabbed logics, and dark ambitions, issue all, as was very natural, in "decided avarice" at last:—not of these. Harry Marten is a tight little fellow, though of somewhat loose life: his witty words

[1] One notices division-numbers as high as 121, and occasionally lower than even 40. Godwin (iii. 121), "by careful scrutiny of the Journals," has found that the utmost number of all that had still the right to come "could not be less than 150."

pierce yet, as light-arrows, through the thick oblivious torpor of the generations; testifying to us very clearly, Here was a right hard-headed, stout-hearted little man, full of sharp fire and cheerful light; sworn foe of Cant in all its figures; an indomitable little Roman Pagan if no better; but Harry is not quite one's King either; it would have been difficult to be altogether loyal to Harry! Doubtful too, I think, whether without great effort you could have worshipped even the Younger Vane. A man of endless virtues, says Dryasdust, who is much taken with him, and of endless intellect;—but you must not very specially ask, How or Where? Vane was the Friend of Milton: that is almost the only answer that can now be given. A man, one rather finds, of light fibre, this Sir Harry Vane. Grant all manner of purity and elevation; subtle high discourse; much intellectual and practical dexterity: there is an amiable, devoutly zealous, very pretty man;—but not a royal man; alas, no! On the whole rather a thin man. Whom it is even important to keep strictly subaltern. Whose tendency towards the Abstract, or Temporary-Theoretic, is irresistible; whose hold of the Concrete, in which lies always the Perennial, is by no means that of a giant, or born Practical King;—whose "astonishing subtlety of intellect" conducts him not to new clearness, but to ever new abstruseness, wheel within wheel, depth under depth; marvellous temporary empire of the air,—wholly vanished now, and without meaning to any mortal. My erudite friend, the astonishing intellect that occupies itself in splitting hairs, and not in twisting some kind of cordage and effectual draught-tackle to take the road with, is not to me the most astonishing of intellects! And if, as is probable, it get into narrow fanaticisms; become irrecognisant of the Perennial because not dressed in the fashionable Temporary; become self-secluded, atrabiliar, and perhaps shrill-voiced and spasmodic,—what can you do but get away from it, with a prayer, "The Lord deliver me from thee!" I cannot do with *thee*. I want twisted cordage, steady pulling, and a peaceable bass tone of voice: not split hairs, hysterical spasmodics, and treble! Thou amiable, subtle, elevated individual, the Lord deliver me from thee!

These men cannot continue Kings forever; nor in fact did they in the least design such a thing; only they find a terrible difficulty in getting abdicated. Difficulty very conceivable to us. Some weeks after Pride's Purge, which may be called the constituting of this remnant of members into a Parliament and Authority, there had been presented to it, by Fairfax and the Army, what we should now call a Bentham-Sieyes Constitution,

what was then called an "Agreement of the People,"[1] which might well be imperative on honourable members sitting there; whereby it was stipulated for one thing, That this present Parliament should dissolve itself, and give place to another "equal Representative of the People,"—in some three months hence; on the 30th of April, namely. The last day of April 1649: this Parliament was then to have its work finished, and go its ways, giving place to another. Such was our hope.

They did accordingly pass a vote to that effect: fully intending to fulfil the same: but, alas, it was found impossible. How summon a new Parliament, while the Commonwealth is still fighting for its existence? All we can do is to resolve ourselves into Grand Committee, and consider about it. After much consideration, all we can decide is, That we shall go weekly into Grand Committee, and consider farther. Duly every Wednesday we consider, for the space of eleven months and odd; find, more and more, that it is a thing of some considerableness! In brief, when my Lord General returns to us from Worcester, on the 16th of September 1651, no advance whatever towards a dissolution of ourselves has yet been made. The Wednesday Grand Committees had become a thing like the meeting of Roman augurs, difficult to go through with complete gravity; and so, after the eleventh month, have silently fallen into desuetude. We sit here very immovable. We are scornfully called the Rump of a Parliament by certain people; but we have an invincible Oliver to fight for us: we can afford to wait here, and consider to all lengths; and by one name we shall smell as sweet as by another.

I have only to add at present, that on the morrow of my Lord General's reappearance in Parliament, this sleeping question was resuscitated;[2] new activity infused into it; some show of progress made; nay, at the end of three months, after much labour and struggle, it was got decided, by a neck-and-neck division,[3] That the present *is* a fit time for fixing a limit beyond which this Parliament shall not sit. Fix a limit therefore; give us the *non-plus-ultra* of you. Next Parliament-day we do fix a limit, Three years hence, 3d November 1654; three years of rope still left us: a somewhat wide limit; which, under conceivable contingencies, may perhaps be tightened a little. My honourable friends, you ought really to get on with despatch of

[1] Commons Journals, 20th January 1648 9: some six weeks after the Purge; ten days before the King's Death.

[2] Ibid., 17th September 1651.

[3] 49 to 47: Commons Journals, 14th November 1651: "Lord General and Lord Chief Justice," Cromwell and St. John, are Tellers for the Yea.

this business; and know of a surety that not being, any of you, Kings by birth, nor very indubitably by attainment, you will actually have to go, and even in case of extremity to be shoved and sent!

LETTER CLXXXIV

At this point the law of dates requires that we introduce Letter Hundred-and-eighty-fourth; though it is as a mere mathematical point, marking its own whereabouts in Oliver's History; and imparts little or nothing that is new to us.

Reverend John Cotton is a man still held in some remembrance among our New-England friends. He had been Minister of Boston in Lincolnshire; carried the name across the Ocean with him; fixed it upon a new small Home he had found there,—which has become a large one since; the big busy Capital of Massachusetts, *Boston*, so called. *John Cotton his Mark*, very curiously stamped on the face of this Planet; likely to continue for some time!— —For the rest, a painful Preacher, oracular of high Gospels to New England; who in his day was well seen to be connected with the Supreme Powers of this Universe, the word of him being as a live-coal to the hearts of many. He died some years afterwards;—was thought, especially, on his death-bed, to have manifested gifts even of Prophecy,[1]—a thing not inconceivable to the human mind that well considers Prophecy and John Cotton.

We should say farther, that the Parliament, that Oliver among and before them, had taken solemn anxious thought concerning Propagating of the Gospel in New England; and, among other measures, passed an Act to that end;[2] not unworthy of attention, were our hurry less. In fact, there are traceable various small threads of relation, interesting reciprocities and mutualities, connecting the poor young Infant, New England, with its old Puritan Mother and her affairs, in those years. Which ought to be disentangled, to be made conspicuous and beautiful, by the Infant herself now that she has grown big; the busy old Mother having had to shove them, with so much else of the like, hastily out of her way for the present!—However, it is not in reference to this of Propagating the Gospel in New England; it is in congratulation on the late high Actings, and glorious Appearances of Providence in Old England, that Cotton has been addressing

[1] Thurloe, i. 565;—in 1653.

[2] Scobell (27th July 1649), ii. 66.

Oliver: introduced to him, as appears, by some small mediate or direct acquaintanceship, old or new;—founding too on their general relationship as Soldier of the Gospel and Priest of the Gospel, high brother and humble one; appointed, both of them, to fight for it to the death, each with such weapons as were given him. The Letter of Cotton, with due details, is to be seen in Hutchinson's *Collection*.[1] The date is "Boston in New England, 28th of Fifth" (*Fifth Month*, or *July*), "1651"; the substance, full of piety and loyalty, like that of hundreds of others, must not concern us here,—except these few interesting words, upon certain of our poor old Dunbar friends: "The Scots whom God delivered into your hands at Dunbar," says Cotton, "and whereof sundry were sent hither,—we have been desirous, as we could to make their yoke easy. Such as were sick of the scurvy, or other diseases, have not wanted physic and chirurgery. They have not been sold for Slaves, to *perpetual* servitude; but for six, or seven, or eight years, as we do our own. And he that bought the most of them, I hear, buildeth Houses for them, for every Four a House; and layeth some acres of ground thereto, which he giveth them as their own, requiring them three days in the week to work for him by turns, and four days for themselves; and promiseth, as soon as they can repay him the money he laid out for them, he will set them at liberty." Which really is a mild arrangement, much preferable to Durham Cathedral and the raw cabbages at Morpeth; and may turn to good for the poor fellows, if they can behave themselves!—

For my esteemed Friend Mr. Cotton, Pastor of the Church at Boston in New England: These.

'London,' 2d October 1651.

WORTHY SIR, AND MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

I received yours a few days since. It was welcome to me because signed by you, whom I love and honour in the Lord: but more 'so' to see some of the same grounds of our Actings stirring in you that are in us, to quiet us to our work, and support us therein. Which hath had the greatest difficulty in our engagement in Scotland; by reason we have had to do with some who were, I verily think, Godly, but, through weakness and the subtlety of Satan, 'were' involved in Interests against the Lord and His People.

[1] Papers relative to the History of Massachusetts (Boston, 1769), p. 236.

With what tenderness we have proceeded with such, and that in sincerity, our Papers (which I suppose you have seen) will in part manifest; and I give you some comfortable assurance of 'the same.' The Lord hath marvellously appeared even against them.[1] And now again when all the power was devolved into the Scottish King and the Malignant Party,—they invading England, the Lord rained upon them such snares as the Enclosed[2] will show. Only the Narrative in short is this, That of their whole Army, when the Narrative was framed, not five men were returned.

Surely, Sir, the Lord is greatly to be feared and to be praised! We need your prayers in this as much as ever. How shall we behave ourselves after such mercies? What is the Lord a-doing? What Prophecies are now fulfilling?[3] Who is a God like ours? To know His will, to do His will are both of Him.

I took this liberty from business, to salute you thus in a word. Truly I am ready to serve you and the rest of our Brethren and the Churches with you. I am a poor weak creature, and not worthy the name of a worm; yet accepted to serve the Lord and His People. Indeed, my dear Friend, between you and me, you know not me,—my weaknesses, my inordinate passions, my unskilfulness, and everyway unfitness to my work. Yet, yet the Lord, who will have mercy on whom He will, does as you see! Pray for me. Salute all Christian friends though unknown.

I rest,

Your affectionate friend to serve you,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[4]

About this time, for there is no date to it but an evidently vague and erroneous one, was held the famous Conference of Grandees, called by request of Cromwell; of which Bulstrode has given record. Conference held "one day" at Speaker Lenthall's house in Chancery Lane, to decide among the leading Grandees of the Parliament and Army, How this Nation *is* to be settled, — the Long Parliament having now resolved on actually dismissing itself by and by. The question is really complex; one would gladly know what the leading Grandees did think of it; even what they found good to say upon it! Unhappily our learned

[1] From Preston downward.

[2] Doubtless the Official Narrative of Worcester Battle; published about a week ago, as Preamble to the Act appointing a Day of Thanksgiving; 20th September 1651; reprinted in Parliamentary History, xx. 59-65.

[3] See Psalm Hundred-and-tenth.

[4] Harris, p. 518; Birch's Original,—copied in Additional Ayscough MSS. no. 4156, § 70.

Bulstrode's report of this Conference is very dim, very languid: nay Bulstrode, as we have found elsewhere, has a kind of dramaturgic turn in him, indeed an occasional poetic friskiness; most unexpected, as if the hippopotamus should show a tendency to dance;—which painfully deducts from one's confidence in Bulstrode's entire accuracy on such occasions! Here and there the multitudinous Paper Masses of learned Bulstrode do seem to smack a little of the date when he redacted them,—posterior to the Ever-blessed Restoration, not prior to it. We shall, nevertheless, excerpt this dramaturgic Report of Conference: the reader will be willing to examine, with his own eyes, even as in a glass darkly, any feature of that time; and he can remember always that a learned Bulstrode's fat terrene mind, imaging a heroic Cromwell and his affairs, is a very dark glass indeed!

The Speakers in this Conference,—Desborow, Oliver's Brother-in-law; Whalley, Oliver's Cousin; fanatical Harrison, tough St. John, my learned Lord Keeper or Commissioner Whitlocke himself, —are mostly known to us. Learned Widdrington, the mellifluous orator, once Lord Commissioner too, and like to be again, though at present "excused from it owing to scruples," will by and by become better known to us. A mellifluous, unhealthy, seemingly somewhat scrupulous and timorous man.[1] He is of the race of that Widdrington whom we still lament in doleful dumps,—but does not fight upon the stumps like him. There were "many other Gentlemen" who merely listened.

"Upon the defeat at Worcester," says Bulstrode vaguely,[2] "Cromwell desired a Meeting with divers Members of Parliament, and some chief Officers of the Army, at the Speaker's house. And a great many being there, he proposed to them, That now the old King being dead, and his Son being defeated, he held it necessary to come to a Settlement of the Nation. And in order thereunto, had requested this Meeting; that they together might consider and advise, What was fit to be done, and to be presented to the Parliament.

"SPEAKER. My Lord, this Company were very ready to attend your Excellence, and the business you are pleased to propound to us is very necessary to be considered. God hath given marvellous success to our Forces under your command; and if we do not improve these mercies to some Settlement, such as may be to God's honour, and the good of this Commonwealth, we shall be very much blameworthy.

[1] Wood, *in voce*.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 491; the date, 10th December 1651, is that of the Paper merely, and as applied to the Conference itself cannot be correct.

"Harrison. I think that which my Lord General hath propounded, is, To advise as to a Settlement both of our Civil and Spiritual Liberties; and so, that the mercies which the Lord hath given-in to us may not be cast away. How this may be done is the great question.

"Whitlocke. It is a great question indeed, and not suddenly to be resolved! Yet it were pity that a meeting of so many able and worthy persons as I see here, should be fruitless.—I should humbly offer, in the first place, Whether it be not requisite to be understood in what way this Settlement is desired? Whether of an absolute Republic, or with any mixture of Monarchy.

"Cromwell. My Lord Commissioner Whitlocke hath put us upon the right point: and indeed it is my meaning, that we should consider, Whether a Republic, or a mixed Monarchical Government will be best to be settled? And if anything Monarchical, then, In whom that power shall be placed?

"Sir Thomas Widdrington. I think a mixed Monarchical Government will be most suitable to the Laws and People of this Nation. And if any Monarchical, I suppose we shall hold it most just to place that power in one of the Sons of the late King.

"Colonel Fleetwood. I think that the question, Whether an absolute Republic, or a mixed Monarchy, be best to be settled in this Nation, will not be very easy to be determined!

"Lord Chief-Justice St. John. It will be found, that the Government of this Nation, without something of Monarchical power, will be very difficult to be so settled as not to shake the foundation of our Laws, and the Liberties of the People.

"Speaker. It will breed a strange confusion to settle a Government of this Nation without something of Monarchy.

"Colonel Desborow. I beseech you, my Lord, why may not this, as well as other Nations, be governed in the way of a Republic?

"Whitlocke. The Laws of England are so interwoven with the power and practice of Monarchy, that to settle a Government without something of Monarchy in it, would make so great an alteration in the Proceedings of our Law, that you will scarce have time [1] to rectify it, nor can we well foresee the inconveniences which will arise thereby.

"Colonel Whalley. I do not well understand matters of Law: but it seems to me the best way, Not to have anything of Monarchical power in the Settlement of our Government. And if we should resolve upon any, whom have we to pitch upon?

[1] Between this and November 1654.

The King's Eldest Son hath been in arms against us, and his Second Son [1] likewise is our enemy.

"SIR THOMAS WIDDRINGTON. But the late King's Third Son, the Duke of Gloucester, is still among us; and too young to have been in arms against us, or infected with the principles of our enemies.

"WHITLOCKE. There may be a day given for the King's Eldest Son,[2] or for the Duke of York his Brother, to come in to the Parliament. And upon such terms as shall be thought fit, and agreeable both to our Civil and Spiritual liberties, as Settlement may be made with them.

"CROMWELL. That will be a business of more than ordinary difficulty! But really I think, if it may be done with safety, and preservation of our Rights, both as Englishmen and as Christians, That a Settlement with somewhat of Monarchical power in it would be very effectual."

Much other discourse there was, says my learned friend;—but amounting to little. The Lawyers all for a mixed Government, with something of Monarchy in it; tending to call in one of the King's Sons,—I especially tending that way; secretly loyal in the worst of times. The Soldiers again were all for a Republic; thinking they had had enough of the King and his Sons. My Lord General always checked that secret-loyalty of mine, and put off the discussion of the King's Son; yet did not declare himself for a Republic either;—was indeed, as my terrene fat mind came at length to image him, merely "fishing for men's opinions," and for provender to himself and his appetites, as I in the like case should have been doing!—The Conference broke up, with what of "fish" in this kind my Lord General had taken, and no other result arrived at.

Many Conferences held by my Lord General have broken up so. Four years ago, he ended one in King Street by playfully "flinging a cushion" at a certain solid head of our acquaintance, and running down stairs.[3] Here too it became ultimately clear to the solid head that he had been "fishing." Alas, a Lord General has many Conferences to hold; and in terrene minds, ligneous, oleaginous, and other, images himself in a very strange

[1] James; who has fled to the Continent some time ago, "in women's clothes," with one Colonel Bamfield, and is getting fast into Papistry and other confusions.

[2] Charles Stuart: "a day" for him, upon whose *head* there was, not many weeks ago, a Reward of 1000*l.*? Did you actually *say* this, my learned friend? Or merely strive to think, and redact, at an after-period, that you had said it,—that you had thought it, meant to say it, which was virtually all the same, in a case of difficulty!

[3] Ludlow, i. 240.

manner!— —The candid imagination, busy to shape out some conceivable Oliver in these Nineteen months, will accept thankfully the following small indubitabilities, or glimpses of definite events.

December 8th, 1651. In the beginning of December (Whitlocke dates it 8th December) came heavy tidings over from Ireland, dark and heavy in the house of Oliver especially: that Deputy Ireton, worn out with sleepless Irish services, had caught an inflammatory fever, and suddenly died. Fell sick on the 16th of November 1561; died, at Limerick, on the 26th.[1] The reader remembers Bridget Ireton, the young wife at Cornbury:[2] she is now Widow Ireton; a sorrowful bereaved woman. One brave heart and subtle-working brain has ended: to the regret of all the brave. A man able with his pen and his sword; "very stiff in his ways."

Dryasdust, who much loves the brave Ireton in a rather blind way, intimates that Ireton's "stern virtue" would probably have held Cromwell in awe; that had Ireton lived, there had probably been no sacrilege against the Constitution on Oliver's part. A probability of almost no weight, my erudite friend. The "stern virtue" of Ireton was not sterner on occasion than that of Oliver; the probabilities of Ireton's disapproving what Oliver did, in the case alluded to, are very small, resting on solid Ludlow mainly; and as to those of Ireton's holding Cromwell "in awe," in this or in any matter he had himself decided to do, I think we may safely reckon them at zero, my erudite friend.

Lambert, now in Scotland, was appointed Deputy in Ireton's room; and meant to go; but did not. Some say the Widow Ireton, irritated that the beautiful and showy Lady Lambert should *already* "take precedence of her in St. James's Park," frustrated the scheme: what we find certain is, That Lambert did not go, that Fleetwood went; and farther, that the widow Ireton in due time became Wife of the Widower Fleetwood: the rest hangs vague in the head of zealous Mrs. Hutchinson, solid Ludlow, and empty Rumour.[3] Ludlow, already on the spot, does the Irish duties in the interim. Ireton has solemn Public Funeral in England; copious moneys settled on his Widow and Family; all honours paid to him, for his own sake and his Father-in-law's.

March 25th, 1652. Above two years ago, when this Rump

[1] Wood, iii. 300; Whitlocke, p. 491.—Letter (Oliver to his Sister) in Appendix, No. 25.

[2] Letter XLI. vol. i. p. 207; and antea, p. 186.

[3] Hutchinson's Memoirs (London, 1806), p. 195; Ludlow, pp. 414, 449, 450, etc.

Parliament was in the flush of youthful vigour, it decided on reforming the Laws of England, and appointed a working Committee for that object, our learned friend Bulstrode one of them. Which working Committee finding the job heavy, gradually languished; and after some Acts for having Law-proceedings transacted in the English tongue, and for other improvements of the like magnitude, died into comfortable sleep. On my Lord General's return from Worcester, it had been poked up again; and, now rubbing its eyes, set to work in good earnest; got a subsidiary Committee appointed, of Twenty-one persons not members of this House at all, To say and suggest what improvements were really wanted: such improvements they the working Committee would then, with all the readiness in life, effectuate and introduce in the shape of specific Acts. Accordingly, on March 25th, first day of the new year 1652, learned Bulstrode, in the name of this working Committee, reports that the subsidiary Committee has suggested a variety of things: among others, some improvement in our method of Transferring Property,—of enabling poor John Doe, who finds at present a terrible difficulty in doing it, to inform Richard Roe, "I John Doe do, in very fact, sell to thee Richard Roe, such and such a Property,—according to the usual human meaning of the word *sell;* and it is hereby, let me again assure thee, indisputably SOLD to thee Richard, by me John:" which, my learned friend thinks, might really be an improvement. To which end he will introduce an Act: nay there shall farther be an Act for the "Registry of Deeds in each County,"—if it please Heaven. "Neglect to register your Sale of Land in this promised County-Register within a given time," enacts the learned Bulstrode, "such sale shall be void. Be exact in registering it, the Land shall not be subject to any incumbrance." Incumbrance: yes, but what is "incumbrance"? asks all the working Committee, with wide eyes, when they come actually to sit upon this Bill of Registry, and to hatch it into some kind of perfection: What is incumbrance"? No mortal can tell. They sit debating it, painfully sifting it, "for three months";[1] three months by Booker's Almanac, and the Zodiac Horologe: March violets have become June roses; and still they debate what "incumbrance" is;—and indeed, I think, could never fix it at all; and are perhaps debating it, if so doomed, in some twilight foggy section of Dante's Nether World, to all Eternity, at this hour!—Are not these a set of men likely to reform English Law? Likely these to strip the accumulated owl-

[1] Ludlow, i. 430; Parliamentary History, xx. 84; Commons Journals, vii. 67, 110, etc.

droppings and foul guano-mountains from your rock-island, and lay the reality bare,—in the course of Eternities! The wish waxes livelier in Colonel Pride that he could see a certain addition made to the Scots Colours hung in Westminster Hall yonder.

I add only, for the sake of Chronology, that on the fourth day after this appearance of Bulstrode as a Law-reformer, occurred the famous *Black Monday;* fearfullest eclipse of the Sun ever seen by mankind. Came on about nine in the morning; darker and darker: ploughmen unyoked their teams, stars came out, birds sorrowfully chirping took to roost, men in amazement to prayers: a day of much obscurity; *Black Monday,* or *Mirk Monday,* 29th March 1652.[1] Much noised of by Lilly, Booker, and the buzzard Astrologer tribe. Betokening somewhat? Belike that Bulstrode and this Parliament will, in the way of Law-reform and otherwise, make a Practical Gospel, or real Reign of God, in this England?—

July 9th, 1652. A great external fact which, no doubt, has its effect on all internal movements, is the War with the Dutch. The Dutch, ever since our Death-Warrant to Charles First, have looked askance at this New Commonwealth, which wished to stand well with them; and have accumulated offence on offence against it. Ambassador Dorislaus was assassinated in their country; Charles Second was entertained there; evasive slow answers were given to tough St. John, who went over as new Ambassador: to which St. John responding with great directness, in a proud, brief and very emphatic manner, took his leave, and came home again. Came home again; and passed the celebrated Navigation Act,[2] forbidding that any goods should be imported into England except either in English ships or in ships of the country where the goods were produced. Thereby terribly maiming the "Carrying Trade of the Dutch"; and indeed, as the issue proved, depressing the Dutch Maritime Interest not a little, and proportionally elevating that of England. Embassies in consequence, from their irritated High Mightinesses; sea-fightings in consequence; and much negotiating, apologising, and bickering mounting ever higher;—which at length, at the date above given, issues in declared War. Dutch War: cannonadings and fierce sea-fights in the narrow seas; land-soldiers drafted to fight on shipboard; and land-officers, Blake, Dean, Monk, who became very famous sea-officers; Blake a thrice-famous one;—poor Dean lost his life in this business. They doggedly beat the

[1] Balfour, iv. 349; Law's Memorials, p. 6.

[2] Introduced, 5th August 1651; passed, 9th October 1651: given in Scobell, ii. 176.

Dutch, and again beat them: their best Van Tromps and De Ruyters could not stand these terrible Puritan Sailors and Gunners. The Dutch gradually grew tame. The public mind, occupied with sea-fights and sea-victories, finds again that the New Representative must be patiently waited for; that this is not a time for turning out the old Representative, which has so many affairs on its hands.

But the Dutch War brings another consequence in the train of it: renewed severity against Delinquents. The necessities of cash for this War are great: indeed the grand business of Parliament at present seems to be that of Finance,—finding of sinews for such a War. Any remnants of Royal lands, of Dean-and-Chapter lands,—sell them by rigorous auction; the very lead on the Cathedrals one is tempted to sell; nay almost the Cathedrals themselves,[1] if any one would buy them. The necessities of the Finance Department are extreme. Money, money: our Blakes and Monks, in deadly wrestle with the Dutch, must have money!

Estates of Delinquents, one of the readiest resources from of old, cannot, in these circumstances, be forgotten. Search out Delinquents: in every County make stringent inquest after them! Many, in past years, have made light settlements with lax Committee-men; neighbours, not without pity for them. Many of minor sort have been overlooked altogether. Bring them up, every Delinquent of them; up hither to the Rhadamanthus-bar of Goldsmiths' Hall and Haberdashers' Hall; sift them, search them; riddle the last due sixpence out of them. The Commons Journals of these months have formidable ell-long Lists of Delinquents; List after List; who shall, on rigorous terms, be ordered to compound. Poor unknown Royalist Squires, from various quarters of England; whose names and surnames excite now no notion in us except that of No. 1 and No. 2: my Lord General has seen them "crowding by thirties and forties in a morning"[2] about these Haberdasher-Grocer Halls of Doom, with haggard expression of countenance; soliciting, from what austere official person they can get a word of, if not mercy, yet at least swift judgment. In a way which affected my Lord General's feelings. We have now the third year of Peace in our borders: is this what you call Settlement of the Nation?

[1] Parliamentary History, xx. 90.

[2] Speech, *postea*.

LETTER CLXXXV

THE following Letter "to my honoured Friend Mr. Hungerford the Elder," which at any rate by order of time introduces itself here, has probably some reference to these Committee businesses:—at all events, there hangs by it a little tale.

Some six miles from Bath, in the direction towards Salisbury, are to be seen, "on the northeast slope of a rocky height called Farley Hill," the ruins of an old Castle, once well known by the name of *Farley Montfort*, or *Farley Hungerford:* Mansion once of the honourable Family of Hungerfords, while there was such a Family. The Hungerfords are extinct above a century ago; and their Mansion stands there as a Ruin, knowing little of them any more. But it chanced, long since, before the Ruin became quite roofless, some Land-Steward or Agent of a new Family, tapping and poking among the melancholy lumber there,—found "an old loose Chest" shoved loosely "under the old Chapel-altar"; and bethought him of opening the same. Masses of damp dust; unclean accumulation of beetle-and-spider exuviæ, to the conceivable amount: under these certain bundles of rubbish-papers, extinct lease-records, marriage-contracts, all extinct now,—among which, however, were Two Letters bearing Oliver Cromwell's signature. These Two the Land-Steward carefully copied, thanks to him;—and here, out of *Collinson's History of Somersetshire*, the first of them now is. Very dark to the Land-Steward, to Collinson, and to us. For the Hungerfords are extinct; their Name and Family, like their old Mansion, a mouldering ruin,—almost our chief light in regard to it, the Two little bits of Paper, rescued from the old Chest under the Chapel-altar, in that romantic manner!—

There were three Hungerfords in Parliament; all for Wiltshire constituencies. Sir Edward, "Knight of the Bath," Puritan original Member of Chippenham; Lord of this Mansion of Farley, as we find:[1] then Henry, Esq., "recruiter" for Bedwin since 1646; probably a cadet of the House, perhaps heir to it: both these are now "secluded Members"; purged away by Pride; nay it seems Sir Edward was already dead, about the time of Pride's Purge. The third, Anthony Hungerford, original Member for Malmesbury, declared for the King in 1642; was of course disabled, cast into the Tower when caught;—made his

[1] Collinson (iii. 357 *n.*) gives his Epitaph copied from the old Chapel; but is very dark and even self-contradictory in what he says farther.

composition, by repentance and due fine, "fine of 2,532*l.*," in 1646,[1] when the First Civil War ended; and has lived ever since a quiet repentant man. He is of "Blackbourton in Oxfordshire," this Anthony; but I judge by his Parliamentary connexion and other circumstances, likewise a cadet of the House of Farley. Of him by and by, when we arrive at the next Letter.

For the present, with regard to Sir Edward, lord of the Farley Mansion, we have to report, by tremulous but authentic lights, that he stood true for the Parliament; had controversies, almost duels, in behalf of it; among other services, lent it 500*l.* Furthermore, that he is now dead, "died in 1648"; and that his Widow cannot yet get payment of that 500*l.*; that she is yet only struggling to get a Committee to sit upon it.[2] One might guess, but nobody can know, that this Note was addressed to Henry Hungerford, in reference to that business of Sir Edward's Widow. Or possibly it may be Anthony Hungerford, the repentant Royalist, that is now the "Elder Hungerford"; a man with whom the Lord General is not without relations? Unimportant to us, either way. A hasty Note, on some "business" now unknown, about which an unknown "gentleman" has been making inquiry and negotiation; for the answer to which an unknown "servant" of some "Mr. Hungerford the Elder" is waiting in the hall of Oliver's house,—the Cockpit, I believe, at this date: —in such faintly luminous state, revealing little save its own existence, must this small Document be left.

For my honoured Friend Mr. Hungerford the Elder, at his House: These.

'London,' 30th July 1652.

SIR,

I am very sorry my occasions will not permit me to return [3] to you as I would. I have not yet fully spoken with the Gentleman I sent to wait upon you; when I shall do it, I shall be enabled to be more particular. Being unwilling to detain your servant any longer,—with my service to your Lady and Family, I take my leave, and rest,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[4]

[1] Commons Journals, iv. 565 (5th June 1646); ib. iii. 526, etc.

[2] Committee got, 18th February 1652-3, "the Lord General" Cromwell in it (Commons Journals, vii. 260): Danger of Duel (ib. ii. 928, 981; iii. 185, January—June 1643). See ib. iv. 161, v. 618, etc.

[3] reply.

[4] Collinson's History of Somersetshire (Bath, 1791), iii. 357 (Note).—Appendix, No. 27.

It is a sad reflection with my Lord General, in this Hungerford and other businesses, that the mere justice of any matter will so little avail a man in Parliament: you can make no way till you have got up some party on the subject there![1] In fact, red-tape has, to a lamentable extent, tied up the souls of men in this Parliament of the Commonwealth of England. They are becoming hacks of office; a savour of Godliness still on their lips, but seemingly not much deeper with some of them. I begin to have a suspicion *they* are no Parliament! If the Commonwealth of England had not still her Army Parliament, rigorous devout Council of Officers, men in right life-and-death earnest, who have spent their blood in this Cause, who in case of need can assemble and act again,—what would become of the Commonwealth of England? Earnest persons, from this quarter and that, make petition to the Lord General and Officers, That they would be pleased to take the matter in hand, and see right done. To which the Lord General and Officers answer always: Wait, be patient; the Parliament itself will yet do it.

What the "state of the Gospel in Wales" is, in Wales or elsewhere, I cannot with any accuracy ascertain; but see well that this Parliament has shownno zeal that way; has shackled rather, and tied-up with its sorrowful red-tape the movements of men that had any zeal.[2] Lamentable enough. The light of the Everlasting Truth was kindled; and you do not fan the sacred flame, you consider *it* a thing which may be left to itself! Unhappy: and for what did we fight then, and wrestle with our souls and our bodies as in strong agony; besieging Heaven with our prayers, and Earth and its Strengths, from Naseby on to Worcester, with our pikes and cannon? Was it to put an Official Junto of some Threescore Persons into the high saddle in England; and say, Ride ye? They would need to be Threescore beautifuller men! Our blood shed like water, our brethren's bones whitening a hundred fields; Tredah Storm, Dunbar death-agony, and God's voice from the battle-whirlwind: did they mean no more but you!—My Lord General urges us always to be patient: Patience, the Parliament itself will yet do it. That is what we shall see!—

On the whole, it must be seriously owned by every reader, this present Fag-end of a Parliament of England has failed altogether to realise the high dream of those old Puritan hearts. "Incumbrance," it appears, cannot in the abstract be defined: but if you would know in the concrete what it is, look there! The thing we fought for, and gained as if by miracle, it is ours this long while,

[1] Speech, *postea*. [2] Ibid.

and yet not ours; within grasp of us, it lies there unattainable, enchanted under Parliamentary formulas. Enemies are swept away; extinguished as in the brightness of the Lord: and no Divine Kingdom, and no clear incipiency of such, has yet in any measure come!—These are sorrowful reflections.

For, alas, such high dream is difficult to realise! Not the Stuart Dynasty alone that opposes it; all the Dynasties of the Devil, the whole perversions of this poor Earth, without us and within us, oppose it.—Yea, answers with a sigh the heart of my Lord General: Yea, it is difficult, and thrice difficult;—and yet woe to us, if we do not with our whole soul try it, make some clear beginning of it; if we sit defining "incumbrances," instead of bending every muscle to the wheel that is encumbered! Who art thou that standest still; that having put-to thy hand, turnest back? In these years of miracle in England, were there not great things, as if by divine voices, audibly promised? "The Lord said unto my Lord!"—And is it all to end here? In Juntos of Threescore; in Grocers-Hall Committees, in red-tape, and official shakings of the head?—

My Lord General, are there no voices, dumb voices from the depths of poor England's heart, that address themselves to you, even you? My Lord General hears voices; and would fain distinguish and discriminate them. Which, in all these, is the God's voice? That were the one to follow. My Lord General, I think, has many meditations, of a very mixed, and some of a very abstruse nature, in these months.

August 13th, 1652. This day came a "Petition from the Officers of my Lord General's Army," which a little alarmed us. Petition craving for some real reform of the Law; some real attempt towards setting up a Gospel Ministry in England; real and general ousting of scandalous, incompetent and plainly diabolic persons from all offices of Church and State; real beginning, in short, of a Reign of Gospel Truth in this England; —and for one thing, a swift progress in that most slow-going Bill for a New Representative; an actual ending of this present Fag-end of a Parliament, which has now sat very long! So, in most respectful language, prays this Petition [1] of the Officers. Petition prefaced, they say, with earnest prayer to God: that was the preface or prologue they gave it;—what kind of epilogue they might be prepared to give it, one does not learn: but the men carry swords at their sides; and we have known them!—"Many thought this kind of Petition dangerous; and counselled my Lord General to put a stop to the like: but he seemed to make light of it," says

[1] Whitlocke, p. 516.

Bulstrode. In fact, my Lord General does not disapprove of it: my Lord General, after much abstruse meditation, has decided on putting himself at the head of it. He, and a serious minority in Parliament, and in England at large, think with themselves, once more, If it were not for this Army Parliament, what would become of us?—Speaker Lenthall "thanked" these Officers, with a smile which I think must have been of the grimmest, like that produced in certain animals by the act of eating thistles.

September 14th, 1652. The somnolent slow-going Bill for a New Representative, which has slept much, and now and then pretended to move a little, for long years past, is resuscitated by this Petition; comes out, rubbing its eyes, disposed for decided activity;—and in fact sleeps no more; cannot think of sleep any more, the noise round it waxing ever louder. Settle how your Representative shall be; for be it now actually must!

This Bill, which has slept and waked so long, does not sleep again: but, How to settle the conditions of the New Representative?—there is a question! My Lord General will have good security against "the Presbyterial Party" that they come not into power again; good security against the red-tape Party, that they sit not for three months defining an incumbrance again. How shall we settle the New Representative;—on the whole, what or how shall we do? For the old stagnancy is verily broken up: these petitioning Army Officers, with all the earnest armed and unarmed men of England in the rear of them, have verily torn us from our moorings; and we do go adrift,—with questionable havens, on starboard and larboard, very difficult of entrance; with Mahlstroms and Niagaras very patent right ahead! We are become to mankind a Rump Parliament; sit here we cannot much longer; and we know not what to do!

"During the month of October, some ten or twelve conferences took place,"—private conferences between the Army Officers and the Leaders of the Parliament: wherein nothing could be agreed upon. Difficult to settle the New Representative; impossible for this Old Misrepresentative or Rump to continue! What shall or can be done? Summon, without popular intervention, by earnest selection on your and our part, a Body of godly wise Men, the Best and Wisest we can find in England; to them entrust the whole question; and do you abdicate, and depart straightway, say the Officers. Forty good Men, or a Hundred-and-forty; choose them well,—they will define an incumbrance in less than three months, we may hope, and tell us what to do! Such is the notion of the Army Officers, and my Lord General; a kind of Puritan "Convention of the Notables," so the French

would call it; to which the Parliament Party see insuperable objections. What other remedy, then? The Parliament Party mournfully insinuate that there is no remedy, except,—except continuance of the present Rump![1]

November 7th, 1652. "About this time," prior or posterior to it, while such conferences and abstruse considerations are in progress, my Lord General, walking once in St. James's Park, beckons the learned Bulstrode, who is also there; strolls gradually aside with him, and begins one of the most important Dialogues. Whereof learned Bulstrode has preserved some record; which is unfortunately much dimmed by just suspicion of dramaturgy on the part of Bulstrode; and shall not be excerpted by us here. It tends conspicuously to show, *first*, how Cromwell already entertained most alarming notions of "making oneself a King," and even wore them pinned on his sleeve, for the inspection of the learned; and *secondly*, how Bulstrode, a secret-royalist in the worst of times, advised him by no means to think of that, but to call in Charles Stuart—who had an immense popularity among the Powerful in England just then! "My Lord General did not in words express any anger, but only by looks and carriage; and turned aside from me to other company,"—as this Editor, in quest of certainty and insight, and not of doubt and fat drowsy pedantry, will now also do!

LETTER CLXXXVI

HERE, from the old Chest of Farley Castle, is the other Hungerford Letter; and a dim glance into the domesticities again. *Anthony* Hungerford, as we saw, was the Royalist Hungerford, of Blackbourton in Oxfordshire; once Member for Malmesbury; who has been living these six or seven years past in a repentant wholesomely secluded state. "Cousin Dunch" is young Mrs. Dunch of Pusey, once Ann Mayor of Hursley; she lives within visiting distance of Blackbourton, when at Pusey; does not forget old neighbours while in Town, and occasionally hears gloomy observations from them. "Your Lord General is become a great man now!"—From the Answer to which we gather at least one thing: That the "offer of a very great Proposition" as to Son Richard's marriage, which we once obscurely heard of,[2] was, to all appearance, made by this Anthony Hungerford,—

[1] Speech, *postea*.

[2] Antea, vol. i. p. 245.

perhaps in behalf of his kinsman Sir Edward, who, as he had no Son,[1] might have a Daughter that would be a very great Proposition to a young man. Unluckily "there was not that assurance of Godliness" that seemed to warrant it: however, the nobleness of the Overture is never to be forgotten.

For my honoured Friend Anthony Hungerford, Esquire: These.

Cockpit, 10th December 1652.

Sir,

I understand, by my Cousin Dunch, of so much trouble of yours, and so much unhandsomeness (at least seeming so) on my part, as doth not a little afflict me, until I give you this account of my innocency.

She was pleased to tell my Wife of your often resorts to my house to visit me, and of your disappointments. Truly, Sir, had I but once known of your being there, and "had concealed myself," it had been an action so below a gentleman or an honest man, so full of ingratitude for your civilities I have received from you, as would have rendered me unworthy of human society! Believe me, Sir, I am much ashamed that the least colour of the appearance of such a thing should have happened; and 'I' could not take satisfaction but by this plain-dealing for my justification, which I ingenuously offer you. And although Providence did not dispose other matters to our mutual satisfaction, yet your nobleness in that Overture obligeth me, and I hope ever shall whilst I live, to study upon all occasions to approve myself your Family's and your

Most affectionate and humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.

My Wife and I desire our service be presented to your Lady and Family.[2]

LETTER CLXXXVII

Seemingly belonging to the same neighbourhood is the following altogether domestic Letter to Fleetwood; which still survives

[1] Epitaph in *Collinson's Somersetshire.*

[2] Oliver Cromwell's Memoirs of the Protector (3d edition, London, 1822), ii. 488: see Collinson's History of Somersetshire, iii. 357 (Note).

in Autograph; but has no date whatever, and no indication that will enable us to fix its place with perfect exactness. Fleetwood's Commission for Ireland is dated 10th July 1652;[1] the precise date of his marriage with Bridget Ireton, of his departure for Ireland, or of any ulterior proceedings of his, is not recoverable, in those months. Of Henry Cromwell, too, we know only that he sat in the *Little Parliament;* and, indisputably therefore, was home from Ireland before summer next. From the total silence as to Public Affairs, in this Letter, it may be inferred that nothing decisive had yet been done or resolved upon;—that through this strange old Autograph, as through a dim Horn-Gate (not of Dreams but of Realities), we are looking into the interior of the Cromwell Lodging, and the Cromwell heart, in the Winter of 1652.

For the Right Honourable Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland: These.

'Cockpit, —— 1652.'

DEAR CHARLES,

I thank you for your loving Letter. The same hopes and desires, upon your planting into my Family, were much the same in me that you express in yours towards me. However, the dispensation of the Lord is, to have it otherwise for the present; and therein I desire to acquiesce; —not being out of hope that it may lie in His good pleasure, in His time, to give us the mutual comfort of our relation: the want whereof He is able abundantly to supply by His own presence; which indeed makes up all defects, and is the comfort of all our comforts and enjoyments.

Salute your dear Wife from me. Bid her beware of a *bondage* spirit.[2] Fear is the natural issue of such a spirit; —the antidote is, Love. The voice of Fear is: If I had done this; if I had avoided that, how well it had been with me! —I know this hath been her vain reasoning: 'poor Biddy!'

Love argueth in this wise: What a Christ have I; what a Father in and through Him! What a Name hath my Father: *Merciful, gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth; forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin.* What a Nature hath my Father: *He is* LOVE;—free in it, unchangeable infinite! What a Covenant between Him and Christ,—for all the Seed,

[1] Thurloe, i. 212.

[2] A Secretary has written hitherto; the Lord General now begins, himself, with a new pen.

for every one: wherein He undertakes all, and the poor Soul nothing. The new Covenant is *Grace*,—to or upon the Soul; to which it, 'the Soul,' is passive and receptive: *I'll do away their sins; I'll write my Law*, etc.; *I'll put it in their hearts: they shall never depart from me*, etc.[1]

This commends the Love of God: it's Christ dying for men *without* strength, for men whilst sinners, whilst enemies. And shall we seek for the root of our comforts within us,—What God hath done, what He is to us in Christ, is the root of our comfort: in this is stability; in us is weakness. Acts of obedience are not perfect, and therefore yield not perfect Grace. Faith, as an act, yields it not; but 'only' as it carries us into Him, who is our perfect rest and peace; in whom we are accounted of, and received by, the Father,—even as Christ Himself. This is our high calling. Rest we here, and here only.[2]

Commend me to Harry Cromwell: I pray for him, That he may thrive, and improve in the knowledge and love of Christ. Commend me to all the Officers. My prayers indeed are daily for them. Wish them to beware of bitterness of spirit; and of all things uncomely for the Gospel. The Lord give you abundance of wisdom, and faith and patience. Take heed also of your natural inclination to compliance.

Pray for me. I commit you to the Lord; and rest,

Your loving father,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

The Boy and Betty are very well. Show what kindness you well may to Colonel Clayton, to my nephew Gregory, to Clay pole's Brother.[4]

And so the miraculous Horn-Gate, not of Dreams but of Reali ties and old dim Domesticities, closes again, into totally opaque; —and we return to matters public.

December 1652—*March* 1653. The Dutch War prospers and has prospered, Blake and Monk beating the Dutch in tough sea-

[1] Has been crowding, for the last line or two, very close upon the bottom of the page; finds now that it will not do; and takes to the margin.

[2] Even so, my noble one! The noble soul will, one day, again come to understand these old words of yours.

[3] Has exhausted the long broad margin; inverts now, and writes atop.

[4] Ayscough MSS. no. 4165, f. 1. On the inner or blank leaf of this curious old Sheet are neatly pasted two square tiny bits of Paper; on one of them, "Fairfax" in autograph; on the other these words: "God blesse the now Lord Protector;" and crosswise, "Marquis Worcester writt it;"—concerning which Marquis, once "Lord Herbert," see antea, p. 248.

fights; Delinquents, monthly Assessments, and the lead of Cathedrals furnishing the sinews: the Dutch are about sending Ambassadors to treat of Peace. With home affairs, again, it goes not so well. Through winter, through spring, that Bill for a New Representative goes along in its slow gestation; reappearing Wednesday after Wednesday; painfully struggling to take a shape that shall fit both parties, Parliament Grandees and Army Grandees both at once. A thing difficult; a thing impossible! Parliament Grandees, now become a contemptible Rump, wish they could grow into a Reputable Full Parliament again, and have the Government and the Governing Persons go on as they are now doing; this naturally is their wish. Naturally too the Army Party's wish is the reverse of this: that a Full free Parliament, with safety to the Godly Interests, and due subordination of the Presbyterian and other factions, should assemble; but also that the present Governing Persons, with their red-tape habits unable to define an incumbrance in three months, should for most part be out of it. Impossible to shape a Bill that will fit both of these Parties: Tom Thumb and the Irish Giant, you cannot, by the art of Parliamentary tailoring, clip out a coat that will fit them both! We can fancy "conferences," considerations deep and almost awful; my Lord General looking forward to possibilities that fill even him with fear. Puritan Notables they will not have; these present Governing men are clear against that: not Puritan Notables;—and if they themselves, by this new Bill or otherwise, insist on staying there, what is to become of them?

Dryasdust laments that this invaluable Bill, now in process of gestation, is altogether lost to Posterity; no copy even of itself, much less any record of the conferences, debates, or contemporaneous considerations on it, attainable even in fractions by mankind. Much is lost, my erudite friend; —and we must console ourselves! The substantial essence of the Bill came out afterwards into full practice, in Oliver's own Parliaments. The present form of the Bill, I do clearly perceive, had one clause, That all the Members of this present Rump should continue to sit without re-election; and still better, another, That they should be a general Election Committee, and have power to say to every new Member, "Thou art dangerous, thou shalt not enter; go!" This clearly in the Bill: and not less clearly that the Lord General and Army Party would in no wise have a Bill with this in it,—or indeed have any Bill that was to be the old story over again under a new name. So much, on good evidence, is very clear to me;—the rest, which is all obliterated,

becomes not inconceivable. Cost what it may cost, this Rump Parliament, which has by its conduct abundantly "defined what an incumbrance is," shall go about its business. Terrible Voices, supernal and other, have said it, awfully enough, in the hearts of some men! Neither under its own shabby figure, nor under another more plausible, shall *it* guide the Divine Mercies and Miraculous Affairs of this Nation any farther.

The last of all the conferences was held at my Lord General's house in Whitehall, on Tuesday evening, 19th of April 1653. Above twenty leading Members of Parliament present, and many Officers. Conference of which we shall have some passing glimpse, from a sure hand, by and by.[1] Conference which came to nothing, as all the others had done. Your Bill, with these clauses and visible tendencies in it, cannot pass, says the one party: Your Scheme of Puritan Notables seems full of danger, says the other. What remedy? "No remedy except,—except that you leave us to sit as we are, for a while yet!" suggest the Official persons.—"In no wise!" answer the Officers, with a vehemence of look and tone, which my Lord General, seemingly anxious to do it, cannot repress. You must not, and cannot sit longer, say the Officers;—and their look says even, Shall not! Bulstrode went home to Chelsea, very late, with the tears in his big dull eyes, at thought of the courses men were getting into. Bulstrode and Widdrington were the most eager for sitting; Chief-Justice St. John, strange thing in a Constitutional gentleman, declared that there could be no sitting for us any longer. We parted, able to settle on nothing, except the engagement to meet here again to-morrow morning, and to leave the Bill asleep till something were settled on. "A leading person," Sir Harry Vane or another, undertook that nothing should be done in it till then.

Wednesday, 20th April 1653. My Lord General accordingly is in his reception-room this morning, "in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings;" he, with many Officers: but few Members have yet come, though punctual Bulstrode and certain others are there. Some waiting there is; some impatience that the Members would come. The Members do not come: instead of Members, comes a notice that they are busy getting on with their Bill in the House, hurrying it double-quick through all the stages. Possible? New message that it will be Law in a little while, if no interposition take place! Bulstrode hastens off to the House: my Lord General, at first incredulous, does now also hasten off,—nay orders that a Company of Musketeers of his

[1] Speech, *postea*; see also Whitlocke, p. 529.

own regiment attend him. Hastens off, with a very high expression of countenance, I think;—saying or feeling: Who would have believed it of them? "It is not honest; yea, it is contrary to common honesty!"—My Lord General, the big hour is come!

Young Colonel Sidney, the celebrated Algernon, sat in the House this morning; a House of some Fifty-three.[1] Algernon has left distinct note of the affair; less distinct we have from Bulstrode, who was also there, who seems in some points to be even wilfully wrong. Solid Ludlow was far off in Ireland, but gathered many details in after-years; and faithfully wrote them down, in the unappeasable indignation of his heart. Combining these three originals, we have, after various perusals and collations and considerations, obtained the following authentic, moderately conceivable account:[2]

"The Parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate upon the Bill with the amendments, which it was thought would have been passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came into the House, clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings, and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place." For some time he listens to this interesting debate on the Bill; beckoning once to Harrison, who came over to him, and answered dubitatingly. Whereupon the Lord General sat still, for about a quarter of an hour longer. But now the question being to be put, That this Bill do now pass, he beckons again to Harrison, says, "'This is the time; I must do it!'"—and so "rose up, put off his hat, and spake. At the first, and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the Parliament for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults,"—rising higher and higher, into a very aggravated style indeed. An honourable Member, Sir Peter Wentworth by name, not known to my readers, and by me better known than trusted, rises to order, as we phrase it; says, "It is a strange language this; unusual within the walls of Parliament this! And from a trusted servant too; and one whom we have so highly honoured; and one"—"'Come, come!'" exclaims my Lord General in a very high key, "we have had enough of this,"—and in fact my Lord General now blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, "'I will put an end to your prating,'" and steps forth

[1] That is Cromwell's number; Ludlow, far distant, and not credible on this occasion, says "Eighty or a Hundred."

[2] Blencowe's Sidney Papers (London, 1825), pp. 139-41; Whitlocke, p. 529; Ludlow, ii. 456;—the last two are reprinted in Parliamentary History, xx. 128.

into the floor of the House, and "clapping on his hat," and occasionally "stamping the floor with his feet," begins a discourse which no man can report! He says—Heavens! he is heard saying: "'It is not fit that you should sit here any longer!' You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately. 'You shall now give place to better men!—Call them in!'" adds he briefly, to Harrison, in word of command: and "some twenty or thirty" grim musketeers enter, with bullets in their snaphances; grimly prompt for orders; and stand in some attitude of Carry-arms there. Veteran men: men of might and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains;—not beautiful to honourable gentlemen at this moment!

"You call yourselves a Parliament," continues my Lord General in clear blaze of conflagration: "'You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards,'" and his eye flashes on poor Mr. Chaloner, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottle; "'some of you are ——'" and he glares into Harry Marten, and the poor Sir Peter who rose to order, lewd livers both; "living in open contempt of God's Commandments. Following your own greedy appetites, and the Devil's Commandments. 'Corrupt unjust persons,'" and here I think he glanced "at Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, giving him and others very sharp language, though he named them not:" "'Corrupt unjust persons; scandalous to the profession of the Gospel;' how can you be a Parliament for God's People? Depart, I say; and let us have done with you. In the name of God,—go!"

The House is of course all on its feet,—uncertain almost whether not on its head: such a scene as was never seen before in any House of Commons. History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred Mace itself, said, "'What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!'"—and gave it to a musketeer. And now,—"Fetch him down!" says he to Harrison, flashing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than anything else, declares, He will not come till forced. "Sir," said Harrison, "I will lend you a hand;" on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished. They all vanished; flooding gloomily clamorously out, to their ulterior businesses, and respective places of abode: the Long Parliament is dissolved! "'It's you that have forced me to this,'" exclaims my Lord General: "'I have sought the Lord night and day, that He would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work.'" "At their going out, some say the Lord General

said to young Sir Harry Vane, calling him by his name, That *he* might have prevented this; but that he was a juggler, and had not common honesty." "'O Sir Harry Vane,' thou with thy subtle casuistries and abstruse hair-splittings, thou art other than a good one, I think! 'The Lord deliver me from thee, Sir Harry Vane!'" "All being gone out, the door of the House was locked, and the Key with the Mace, as I heard, was carried away by Colonel Otley;"—and it is all over, and the unspeakable Catastrophe has come, and remains.

Such was the destructive wrath of my Lord General Cromwell against the Nominal Rump Parliament of England. Wrath which innumerable mortals since have accounted extremely diabolic; which some now begin to account partly divine. Divine or diabolic, it is an indisputable fact; left for the commentaries of men. The Rump Parliament has gone its ways;—and truly, except it be in their own, I know not in what eyes are tears at their departure. They went very softly, softly as a Dream, say all witnesses. "We did not hear a dog bark at their going!" asserts my Lord General elsewhere.

It is said, my Lord General did not, on his entrance into the House, contemplate quite as a certainty this strong measure; but it came upon him like an irresistible impulse, or inspiration, as he heard their Parliamentary eloquence proceed. "Perceiving the spirit of God so strong upon me, I would no longer consult flesh and blood."[1] He has done it, at all events; and is responsible for the results it may have. A responsibility which he, as well as most of us, knows to be awful: but he fancies it was in answer to the English Nation, and to the Maker of the English Nation and of him; and he will do the best he may with it.

LETTER CLXXXVIII

We have to add here an Official Letter, of small significance in itself, but curious for its date, the Saturday after this great Transaction, and for the other indications it gives. Except the Lord General, "Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces raised and to be raised," there is for the moment no Authority very clearly on foot in England;—though Judges, and all manner of

[1] Godwin, iii. 456 (who cites Echard; not much of an authority in such matters).

Authorities whatsoever do, after some little preliminary parleying, consent to go on as before.

The Draining of the Fens had been resumed under better auspices when the War ended;[1] and a new Company of Adventurers, among whom Oliver himself is one, are vigorously proceeding with a New Bedford Level,—the same that yet continues. A "Petition" of theirs, addressed "To the Lord General," in these hasty hours, sets forth that upon the "20th of this instant April" (exactly while Oliver was turning out the Parliament), "about a Hundred-and-fifty persons," from the Towns of Swaffham and Botsham,—which Towns had petitioned about certain rights of theirs, and got clear promise of redress in fit time,—did "tumultuously assemble," to seek redress for themselves; did "by force expel your Petitioners' workmen from their diking and working in the said Fens;" did tumble-in again "the dikes by them made;" and in fine did peremptorily signify that if they or any other came again to dike in these Fens, it would be worse for them. "The evil effects of which"—are very apparent indeed. Whereupon this Official Letter, or Warrant; written doubtless in the press of much other business.

'To Mr. Parker, Agent for the Company of Adventurers for Draining the Great Level of the Fens.'

'Whitehall,' 23d April 1653.

MR. PARKER,

I hear some unruly persons have lately committed great outrages in Cambridgeshire, about Swaffham and Botsham, in throwing down the works making by the Adventurers, and menacing those they employ thereabout. Wherefore I desire you to send one of my Troops, with a Captain, who may by all means persuade the people to quiet, by letting them know, They must not riotously do anything, for that must not be suffered: but 'that' if there be any wrong done by the Adventurers,—upon complaint, such course shall be taken as appertains to justice, and right will be done. I rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[2]

The *Declaration of the Lord General and his Council of Officers*,[3]

[1] Act for that object (Scobell, ii. 33), 29th May 1649.

[2] From the Records of the Fen Office, in Sergeants' Inn, London; communicated, with other Papers relating thereto, by Samuel Wells, Esq.

[3] 22d April. Cromwelliana, p. 120.

which came out on the Friday following the grand Catastrophe, does not seem to be of Oliver's composition: it is a Narrative of calm pious tone, of considerable length; promises, as a second Declaration still more explicitly does,[1] a Real Assembly of the Puritan Notables;—and on the whole can be imagined by the reader; nay we shall hear the entire substance of it from Oliver's own mouth, before long. These Declarations and other details we omit. Conceive that all manner of Authorities, with or without some little preambling, agree to go on as heretofore; that adherences arrive from Land-Generals and Sea-Generals by return of post; that the old Council of State having vanished with its Mother, a new interim Council of State, with "Oliver Cromwell Captain General" at the head of it, answers equally well; in a word, that all people are looking eagerly forward to those same "Known Persons, Men fearing God, and of approved Integrity," who are now to be got together from all quarters of England, to say what *shall* be done with this Commonwealth,—whom there is now no Fag-end of a corrupt Parliament to prevent just men from choosing with their best ability. Conceive all this; and read the following

SUMMONS

To ——— ———.

FORASMUCH as, upon the dissolution of the late Parliament, it became necessary, that the peace, safety and good government of this Commonwealth should be provided for: And in order thereunto, divers Persons fearing God, and of approved Fidelity and Honesty, are, by myself with the advice of my Council of Officers, nominated; to whom the great charge and trust of so weighty affairs is to be committed: And having good assurance of your love to, and courage for, God and the interest of His Cause, and 'that' of the good People of this Commonwealth:

I, Oliver Cromwell, Captain General and Commander-in-Chief of all the Armies and Forces raised and to be raised within this Commonwealth, do hereby summon and require You, ——— ———, being one of the Persons nominated,—Personally to be and appear at the Council-Chamber, commonly known or called by the name of the Council-Chamber at Whitehall, within the City of

[1] 30th April, Cromwelliana, p. 122.

Westminster, upon the Fourth day of July next ensuing the date hereof; Then and there to take upon you the said Trust; unto which you are hereby called, and appointed to serve as a Member for the County of ——. And hereof you are not to fail.

Given under my hand and seal the 6th day of June 1653.

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

SPEECH FIRST

A HUNDRED-AND-FORTY of these Summonses were issued; and of all the Parties so summoned, "only two" did not attend. Disconsolate Bulstrode says, "Many of this Assembly being persons of fortune and knowledge, it was much wondered-at by some that they would, at this Summons, and from such hands, take upon them the Supreme Authority of this Nation: considering how little right Cromwell and his Officers had to give it, or those Gentlemen to take it."[2] My disconsolate friend, it is a sign that Puritan England in general accepts this action of Cromwell and his Officers, and thanks them for it, in such a case of extremity; saying as audibly as the means permitted: Yea, we did wish it so! Rather mournful to the disconsolate official mind!—Lord Clarendon again, writing with much latitude, has characterised this Convention as containing in it "divers Gentlemen who had estates, and such a proportion of credit" in the world as might give some colour to the business; but consisting on the whole of a very miserable beggarly sort of persons, acquainted with nothing but the art of praying; "artificers of the meanest trades," if they even had any trade:—all which the reader shall, if he please, add to the general *guano*-mountains, and pass on not regarding.

The undeniable fact is, these men were, as Whitlocke intimates, a quite reputable Assembly; got together by anxious "consultation of the godly Clergy" and chief Puritan lights in their respective Counties; not without much earnest revision, and solemn consideration in all kinds, on the part of men adequate enough for such a work, and desirous enough to do it well. The List of the Assembly exists;[3] not yet entirely gone dark for mankind. A fair proportion of them still recognisable to mankind. Actual Peers one or two: founders of Peerage Families, two or

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 125).

[2] Whitlocke, p. 534

[3] Somers Tracts, i. 216.

three, which still exist among us,—Colonel Edward Montague, Colonel Charles Howard, Anthony Ashley Cooper. And better than King's Peers, certain Peers of Nature; whom if not the King and his pasteboard Norroys have had the luck to make Peers of, the living heart of England has since raised to the Peerage, and means to keep there,—Colonel Robert Blake the Sea-King, for one. "Known persons," I do think; "of approved integrity, men fearing God;" and perhaps not entirely destitute of sense any one of them! Truly it seems rather a distinguished Parliament,—even though Mr. Praisegod Barbone, "the Leather-merchant in Fleet-street," be, as all mortals must admit, a member of it. The fault, I hope, is forgivable? Praisegod, though he deals in leather, and has a name which can be misspelt, one discerns to be the son of pious parents; to be himself a man of piety, of understanding and weight,—and even of considerable private capital, my witty flunkey friends! We will leave Praisegod to do the best he can, I think.—And old Francis Rouse is there from Devonshire; once member for Truro; Provost of Eton College; whom by and by they make Speaker;—whose Psalms the Northern Kirks still sing. Richard Mayor of Hursley is there, and even idle Dick Norton; Alexander Jaffray of Aberdeen, Laird Swinton of the College of Justice in Edinburgh; Alderman Ireton, brother of the late Lord Deputy, colleague of Praisegod in London. In fact, a real Assembly of the Notables in Puritan England; a Parliament, *Parliamentum*, or real *Speaking-Apparatus* for the now dominant Interest in England, as exact as could well be got,—much more exact, I suppose, than any ballot-box, free hustings or ale-barrel election usually yields.

Such is the Assembly called the Little Parliament, and wittily *Barebones's Parliament;* which meets on the 4th of July. Their witty name survives; but their history is gone all dark; and no man, for the present, has in his head or in his heart the faintest intimation of what they did, or what they aimed to do. They are very dark to us; and will never be illuminated much! Here is one glance of them face to face; here in this Speech of Oliver's, —if we can read it, and listen along with them to it. There is this one glance; and for six generations, we may say, in the English mind there has not been another.

Listening from a distance of two Centuries, across the Death-chasms, and howling kingdoms of Decay, it is not easy to catch everything! But let us faithfully do the best we can. Having once packed Dryasdust, and his unedifying cries of "Nonsense! Mere hypocrisy! Ambitious dupery!" etc. etc. about his business;

closed him safe under hatches, and got silence established,—we shall perhaps hear a word or two; have a real glimpse or two of things long vanished; and *see* for moments this fabulous Barebones's Parliament itself, standing dim in the heart of the extinct Centuries, as a recognisable fact, once flesh and blood, now air and memory; not untragical to us!

Read this first, from the old Newspapers; and then the Speech itself, which a laborious Editor has, with all industry, copied and corrected from Two Contemporaneous Reports by different hands, and various editions of these. Note, however: The *Italic* sentences in brackets, most part of which, and yet perhaps not enough of which I have suppressed, are evidently by an altogether modern hand!

"*July 4th*, 1653. This being the day appointed by the Letters of Summons from his Excellency the Lord General, for the meeting of the Persons called to the Supreme Authority, there came about a Hundred-and-twenty of them to the Council Chamber in Whitehall. After each person had given-in a Ticket of his Name, they all entered the room, and sat down in chairs appointed for them, round about the table. Then his Excellency the Lord General, standing by the window opposite to the middle of the table, and as many of the Officers of the Army as the room could well contain, some on his right hand and others on his left, and about him,—made the following Speech to the Assembly:"

GENTLEMEN,

I suppose the Summons that hath been instrumental to bring you hither gives you well to understand the occasion of your being here. Howbeit, I have something farther to impart to you, which is an Instrument drawn up by the consent and advice of the principal Officers of the Army; which is a little (as we conceive) more significant than the Letter of the Summons. We have that here to tender you; and somewhat likewise to say farther for our own exoneration;[1] which we hope may be somewhat farther for your satisfaction. And withal seeing you sit here somewhat uneasily by reason of the scantness of the room, and heat of the weather, I shall contract myself with respect thereunto.

We have not thought it amiss a little to remind you of that Series of Providences wherein the Lord hath appeared, dispensing wonderful things to these Nations from the beginning of our Troubles to this very day.

[1] "exoneration" does not here mean "excuse" or "shifting-away of blame," but mere laying down of office with due form.

If I should look much backward, we might remind you of the state of affairs as they were before the Short, that is the last, Parliament,—in what posture the things of this Nation then stood: but they do so well, I presume, occur to all your memories and knowledge, that I shall not need to look so far backward. Nor yet to those hostile occasions which arose between the King that was and the Parliament [1] that then followed. And indeed should I begin much later, the things that would fall very necessarily before you, would rather be for a History than for a verbal Discourse at this present.

But thus far we may look back. You very well know, it pleased God, much about the midst of this War, to winnow (if I may so say) the Forces of this Nation:[2] and to put them into the hands of other men of other principles than those that did engage at the first. By what ways and means that was brought about, would ask more time than is allotted me to mind you of it. Indeed there are Stories that do recite those Transactions, and give you narratives of matters of fact: but those things wherein the life and power of them lay; those strange windings and turnings of Providence; those very great appearances of God, in crossing and thwarting the purposes of men, that He might raise up a poor and contemptible company of men,[3] neither versed in military affairs, nor having much natural propensity to them, 'into wonderful success—!' Simply by their owning a Principle of Godliness and Religion; which so soon as *it* came to be owned, and the state of affairs put upon the foot of that account,[4] how God blessed them, furthering all undertakings, yet using the most improbable and the most contemptible and despicable means (for that we shall ever own): is very well known to you.

What the several Successes and Issues have been, is not fit to mention at this time neither;—though I confess I thought to have enlarged myself upon that subject; forasmuch as Considering the works of God, and the operations of His hands, is a principal part of our duty; and a great encouragement to the strengthening of our hands and of our faith, for that which is behind.[5] And among other ends which those marvellous Dispensations have been given us for, that's a principal end, which ought to be minded by us.

'Certainly' in this revolution of affairs, as the issue of those Successes which God was pleased to give to the Army, and 'to'

[1] The Long Parliament.
[2] Self-denying Ordinance; beginning of 1645: see vol. i. p. 157 et seq.
[3] Fairfax's Army. [4] upon that footing. [5] still to come

the Authority that then stood, there were very great things brought about;—besides those dints that came upon the Nations[1] and places where the War itself was, very great things in Civil matters too. 'As first,' the bringing of Offenders to justice,—and the Greatest of them. Bringing of the State of this Government to the name (at least) of a Commonwealth. Searching and sifting of all persons and places. The King removed, and brought to justice; and many great ones with him. The House of Peers laid aside. The House of Commons itself, the representative of the People of England, winnowed, sifted, and brought to a handful; as you very well remember.

And truly God would not rest there:—for by the way, although it's fit for us to ascribe[2] our failings and miscarriages to ourselves, yet the gloriousness of the work may well be attributed to God Himself, and may be called His strange work. You remember well that at the Change of the Government there was not an end of our Troubles, [*No!*]—although in that year were such high things transacted as indeed made it to be the most memorable year (I mean the year 1648) that this Nation ever saw. So many Insurrections,[3] Invasions, secret Designs, open and public Attempts, all quashed in so short a time, and this by the very signal appearance of God Himself; which, I hope, we shall never forget!—You know also, as I said before, that, as the first effect of that memorable year of 1648 was to lay a foundation, by bringing Offenders to Punishment, so it brought us likewise to the Change of Government:—although it were worth the time 'perhaps, if one had time,' to speak of the carriage of some in places of trust, in most eminent places of trust, which was such as (had not God miraculously appeared) would have frustrated us of the hopes of all our undertakings. I mean by the closure of the Treaty that was endeavoured with the King;[4] whereby they would have put into his hands all that we had engaged for, and all our security should have been a little piece of Paper! That thing going off, you very well know how it kept this Nation still in broils by sea and land. And yet what God wrought in Ireland and Scotland you likewise know; until He had finished these Troubles, upon the matter,[5] by His marvellous salvation wrought at Worcester.

[1] England, Ireland, Scotland.

[2] "intitle" *in orig.*

[3] Kent, St. Neot's, Colchester, Welsh Poyer at Pembroke, Scotch Hamilton at Preston, etc. etc.

[4] Treaty of the Isle of Wight, again and again endeavoured.

[5] Means "so to speak"; a common phrase of those times; a perpetual one with Clarendon, for instance.

I confess to you, that I am very much troubled in my own spirit that the necessity of affairs requires I should be so short in those things: because, as I told you, that is the *leanest* part of the Transactions, this mere historical Narrative of them; there being in every particular; in the King's first going from the Parliament, in the pulling-down of the Bishops, the House of Peers, in every step towards that Change of the Government,—I say there is not any one of these things, thus removed and reformed, but hath an evident print of Providence set upon it, so that he who runs may read it. I am sorry I have not an opportunity to be more particular on these points, which I principally designed, this day; thereby to stir up your hearts and mine to gratitude and confidence.

I shall now begin a little to remind you of the passages that have been transacted since Worcester. Coming from whence, with the rest of my fellow Officers and Soldiers, we did expect, and had some reasonable confidence our expectations would not be frustrated, That, having such an history to look back unto, such a God, so eminently visible, even our enemies confessing that "God Himself was certainly engaged against them, else they should never have been disappointed in *every* engagement,"—and that may be used by the way, That if we had but miscarried in the least,[1] all our former mercies were in danger to be lost:—I say, coming up then, we had some confidence That the mercies God had shown, and the expectations which were upon our hearts, and upon the hearts of all good men, would have prompted those who were in Authority to do those good things which might, by honest men, have been judged fit for such a God, and worthy of such mercies; and indeed been a discharge of duty from those to whom all these mercies had been shown, for the true interest of this Nation! [*Yes!*]—If I should now labour to be particular in enumerating how businesses have been transacted from that time to the Dissolution of the late Parliament, indeed I should be upon a theme which would be troublesome to myself. For I think I may say for myself and my fellow Officers, That we have rather desired and studied Healing and Looking-forward than to rake into sores and to look backward,—to give things forth in those colours that would not be very pleasing to any good eye to look upon. Only this we shall say for our own vindication, as pointing out the ground for that unavoidable necessity, nay even that duty that was incumbent upon us, to make this last great Change—I think it will not be

[1] lost one battle of these many.

amiss to offer a word or two to that. [*Hear, hear!*] As I said before, we are loath to rake into businesses, were there not a necessity so to do.

Indeed we may say that, ever since the coming-up of myself and those Gentlemen who have been engaged in the military part, it hath been full in our hearts and thoughts, To desire and use all the fair and lawful means we could to have the Nation reap the fruit of all the blood and treasure that had been spent in this Cause: and we have had many desires, and thirstings in our spirits, to find out ways and means wherein we might be anywise instrumental to help it forward. We were very tender, for a long time, so much as to petition. For some of the Officers being Members; and others having very good acquaintance with, and some relations to, divers Members of Parliament,—we did, from time to time, solicit such; thinking if there had been nobody to prompt them, nor call upon them, these things might have been attended to, from ingenuity [1] and integrity in those that had it in their power to answer such expectations.

Truly when we saw nothing would be done, we did, as we thought according to our duty, a little, to remind them by a Petition; which I suppose you have seen: it was delivered, as I remember, in August last.[2] What effect that had, is likewise very well known. The truth is, we had no return at all for our satisfaction,—a few words given us; the things presented by us, or the most of them, we were told, " were under consideration ": and those not presented by us had very little or no consideration at all. Finding the People dissatisfied in every corner of the Nation, and ' all men ' laying at our doors the non-performance of these things, which had been promised, and were of duty to be performed,—truly we did then think ourselves concerned, if we would (as becomes honest men) keep up the reputation of honest men in the world. And therefore we, divers times, endeavoured to obtain meetings with divers Members of Parliament;—and we did not begin those till about October last. And in these meetings we did, with all faithfulness and sincerity, beseech them that they would be mindful of their duty to God and men, in the discharge of the trust reposed in them. I believe (as there are many gentlemen here know), we had at least ten or twelve meetings; most humbly begging and beseeching of them, That by their own means they would bring forth those good things which had been promised and expected; that so it might appear they did not do them by any suggestion from the Army,

[1] ingenuousness.

[2] Antea, p. 301; Commons Journals, vii. 164 (13th August 1652).

but from their own ingenuity: so tender were we to preserve them in the reputation of the People. Having had very many of those meetings; and declaring plainly that the issue would be the displeasure and judgment of God, the dissatisfaction of the People, the putting of 'all' things into a confusion: yet how little we prevailed, we very well know, and we believe it's not unknown to you.

At last, when indeed we saw that things would not be laid to heart, we had a very serious consideration among ourselves what other ways to have recourse unto [*Yea, that is the question!*]; and when we grew to more closer considerations, then they 'the Parliament men' began to take the Act for a Representative[1] to heart, and seemed exceeding willing to put it on. And had it been done with integrity, there could nothing have happened more welcome to our judgments than that. But plainly the intention was, Not to give the People a right of choice; it would have been but a seeming right: that 'semblance' of giving them a choice was only to recruit the House, the better to perpetuate *themselves*. And truly, having been, divers of us, spoken unto to give way hereunto, to which we made perpetual aversions, indeed abominating the thoughts of it,—we declared our judgments against it, and our dissatisfaction with it. And yet they that would not hear of a Representative formerly, when it lay three years before them, without proceeding one line, or making any considerable progress,—I say, those that would not hear of this Bill formerly, did now, when they saw us falling into more closer considerations, make. instead of protracting their Bill, as much preposterous haste with it on the other side, and run into that 'opposite' extremity.

Finding that this spirit was not according to God; and that the whole weight of this Cause,—which must needs be very dear unto us who had so often adventured our lives for it, and we believe it was so to you,—did hang upon the business now in hand; and seeing plainly that there was not here any consideration to assert this Cause, or provide security for *it*, but only to cross the troublesome people of the Army, who by this time were high enough in their displeasures: Truly, I say, when we saw all this, having power in our hands, 'we could not resolve' to let such monstrous proceedings go on, and so to throw away all our liberties into the hands of those whom we had fought against [*Presbyterian-Royalists; at Preston and elsewhere,—"fought against," yea and beaten to ruin, your Excellency might add!*]; we came, first, to this conclusion among ourselves, That if we had

[1] For a New Parliament and Method of Election.

been *fought* out of our liberties and rights, Necessity would have taught us patience; but that to deliver them 'sluggishly' up would render us the basest persons in the world, and worthy to be accounted haters of God and of His People. When it pleased God to lay this close to our hearts; and indeed to show us that the interest of His People was grown cheap, 'that *it* was' not at all laid to heart, but that if things came to real competition, His Cause, even among themselves, would also in every point go to the ground: indeed this did add more considerations to us, That there was a duty incumbent upon us, 'even upon us.' And,—I speak here, in the presence of some that were at the closure of our consultations, and as before the Lord,—the thinking of an act of violence was to us worse than any battle that ever we were in, or that could be, to the utmost hazard of our lives [*Hear him!*]: so willing were we, even very tender and desirous if possible that these men might quit their places with honour.

I am the longer upon this; because it hath been in our own hearts and consciences, justifying us, and hath never been yet thoroughly imparted to any; and we had rather begin with you than have done it before;—and do think indeed that this Transaction is more proper for a verbal communication than to have it put into writing. I doubt, he whose pen is most gentle in England would, in recording that, have been tempted, whether he would or no, to dip it deep in anger and wrath. [*Stifled cries from Dryasdust.*]—But affairs being at this posture; we seeing plainly, even in some critical cases,[1] that the Cause of the People of God was a despised thing;—truly we did believe then that the hands of other men 'than these' must be the hands to be used for the work. And we thought then, it was very high time to look about us, and to be sensible of *our* duty. [*Oliver's voice somewhat rising; Major-General Harrison and the others looking rather animated!*]

If, I say, I should take up your time to tell you what instances we have to satisfy our judgments and consciences, That these are not vain imaginations, nor things fictitious, but which fell within the compass of our own certain knowledge, it would bring me, I say, to what I would avoid, to rake into these things too much. Only this. If anybody was in competition for any place of real and signal trust, 'if any really public interest was at stake in that Parliament,' how hard and difficult a matter was it to get anything carried without making parties,—without practices [1] indeed unworthy of a Parliament! When things must be carried so in a Supreme Authority, indeed I think it is not as

[1] "things" *in orig.*

it ought to be, to say no worse [*Nor do I*]!—Then, when we came to other trials, as in that case of Wales, 'of establishing a Preaching Ministry in Wales,' which, I must confess for my own part, I set myself upon,—if I should relate what discountenance that business of the poor People of God there had (who had men [1] watching over them like so many wolves, ready to catch the lambs so soon as they were brought forth into the world); how signally that Business was trodden under foot 'in Parliament,' to the discountenancing of the Honest People, and the countenancing of the Malignant Party, of this Commonwealth—! I need but say it was so. For many of you know, and by sad experience have felt it to be so. And somebody I hope will, at leisure, better impart to you the state of that Business 'of Wales'; which really, to myself and Officers, was as plain a trial of their spirits, 'the Parliament's spirits,' as anything,—it being known to many of us that God had kindled a seed there [*Such is the metaphor*] indeed hardly to be paralleled since the Primitive time.—

I would these had been all the instances we had! Finding, 'however,' which way the spirits of men went, finding that good was never intended to the People of God,—I mean, when I say the People of God, I mean the *large* comprehension of them, under the several Forms of Godliness in this Nation;—finding, I say, that all tenderness was forgotten to the Good People (though it was by *their* hands and their means, under the blessing of God, that *those* sat where they did),—we thought this very bad requital! I will not say, they were come to an utter inability of working Reformation,—though I might say so in regard to one thing: the Reformation of the Law, so much groaned under in the posture it now is in. [*Hear, hear!*] That was a thing we had many good words spoken for; but we know that many months together were not enough for the settling of one word, "Incumbrances" [*Three calendar months! A grim smile on some faces*],—I say, finding that this was the spirit and complexion of men,—although these were faults for which no man should lift up his hand against the Superior Magistrate; not simply for these faults and failings,—yet when we saw that this New Representative of theirs' was meant to perpetuate men of such spirits; nay when we had it from their own mouths, that they could not endure to hear of the Dissolution of this Parliament: we thought this an high breach of trust. If they had been a Parliament never violence was upon,[2] sitting as free

[1] Clergymen so-called.

[2] Had no Pride's Purge, Apprentice-riot, or the like, ever come upon them

and clear as any in former ages, it was thought, this, to be a breach of trust, such as a greater could not be.

And that we might not be in doubt about these matters; having had that Conference among ourselves which I gave you an account of, we did desire one more,—and indeed it was the night before the Dissolution; it had been desired two or three nights before: we did desire that we might speak with some of the principal persons of the House. That we might with ingenuity open our hearts to them; that we might either be convinced of the certainty of their intentions; or else that they would be pleased to hear our expedients to prevent these inconveniences. And indeed we could not attain our desire till the night before the Dissolution. There is a touch of this in our Declaration.[1] As I said before, at that time we had often desired it, and at that time we obtained it: where about Twenty of them were, none of the least in consideration for their interest and ability; with whom we desired some discourse upon these things; and had it. And it pleased these Gentlemen, who are here, the Officers of the Army, to desire me to offer their sense for them, which I did, and it was shortly thus: We told them "the reason of our desire to wait upon them now was, that we might know from them, What security lay in their manner of proceeding, so hastened, for a New Representative; wherein they had made a few qualifications, such as they were: and How the whole business would, 'in actual practice,' be executed: Of which we had as yet no account; and yet we had our interest, our lives, estates and families therein concerned; and, we thought likewise, the Honest People had interest in us: 'How all this was to be?' That so, if it did seem they meant to appear in such honest and just ways as might be security to the Honest Interest, we might therein acquiesce: or else that they would hear what we had to offer." Indeed, when this desire was made, the answer was, "That nothing would do good for this Nation but the continuance of this Parliament!" We wondered we should have such a return. We said little to that: but, seeing they would not give us satisfaction that their ways were honourable and just, we craved their leave to make our objections. We then told them, That the way they were going in would be impracticable. 'That' we could not tell how to send out an Act with such qualifications as to be a rule for electing and for being elected, Until we first knew who the persons were that should be admitted to elect. And above all, Whether any of the qualifi-

[1] Of April 22d; referred to, not given, at p. 312.

cations reached ' so far as to include ' the Presbyterian Party.[1] And we were bold to tell them, That none of that judgment who had deserted this Cause and Interest [2] should have any power therein. We did think we should profess it, That we had as good deliver up our Cause into the hands of any as into the hands of those who had deserted us, or who were as neuters! For it's one thing to love a brother, to bear with and love a person of different judgment in matters of religion; and another thing to have anybody so far set in the saddle on that account, as to have all the rest of his brethren at mercy.

Truly, Gentlemen, having this discourse concerning the impracticableness of the thing, the bringing-in of neuters, and such as had deserted this Cause, whom we very well knew; objecting likewise how dangerous it would be by drawing concourses of people in the several Counties (every person that was within the qualification or without); and how it did fall obvious to us that the power would come into the hands of men who had very little affection to this Cause: the answer again was made, and that by very eminent persons, " That nothing would save the Nation but the continuance of this Parliament." This being so, we humbly proposed,—since neither our counsels, our objections to their way of proceeding, nor their answers to justify that, did give us satisfaction; nor did we think they ever intended to give us any, which indeed some of them have since declared ' to be the fact,'—we proposed to them, I say, *our* expedient; which was indeed this: That the Government of the Nation being in such a condition as we saw, and things ' being ' under so much ill sense abroad, and likely to end in confusion ' if we so proceeded,'—we desired they would devolve the trust over to some Well-affected Men, such as had an interest in the Nation, and were known to be of good affection to the Commonwealth. Which, we told them, was no new thing when this Land was under the like hurlyburlies. And we had been labouring to get precedents ' out of History ' to convince them of it; and it was confessed by them it had been no new thing. This expedient we offered out of the deep sense we had of the Cause of Christ; and were answered so as I told you, That nothing would save this Nation but the continuance of that Parliament. ' The continuance: ' they would not ' be brought to ' say the *perpetuating* of it, at this time; yet we found their endeavours did directly tend that way; they gave us this answer, " That the thing we offered was of a very high nature and of tender consideration: How

[1] " Presbytery " *in orig.*
[2] None of your Royalists, Hamilton-Invasion Presbyterians.

would money be raised?"—and made some other objections. We told them 'how'; and that we here offered an expedient five times better than that 'of theirs,' for which no reason was given, nor we thought could be given [*Why should the Fag-end of this poor old Parliament, now fallen impotent except to raise money for itself, continue? No reason is given, nor we think can be, that will convince mankind*];—and desired them that they would lay things seriously to heart! They told us, They would take time for the consideration of these things till to-morrow; they would sleep upon them, and consult some friends; 'some friends,'—though, as I said, there were about Twenty-three 'of them here,' and not above Fifty-three in the House. And at parting, two or three of the chief of them, one of the Chief [*O Sir Harry Vane!*], and two or three more, did tell us, That they would endeavour to suspend farther proceedings about their Bill for a New Representative until they had another conference with us. And upon this we had great satisfaction; and had hope, if our expedient could receive a loving debate, that the next day we should have some such issue thereof as would give satisfaction to all.[1] And herewith they went away, 'it' being late at night.

The next morning, we considering how to order what we had farther to offer to them in the evening, word was brought us that the House was proceeding with all speed upon the New Representative! We could not believe it, that such persons would be so unworthy; we remained there till a second and third messenger came, with tidings That the House was really upon that business, and had brought it near to the issue,—and with that height [2] as was never before exercised; leaving out all things relating to the due exercise of the qualifications (which had appeared all along 'in it till now'); and 'meaning,' as we heard, to pass it only on paper, without engrossing, for the quicker despatch of it.—Thus, as we apprehend, would the Liberties of the Nation have been thrown away into the hands of those who had never fought for it. And upon this we thought it our duty not to suffer it. [*No!*]—And upon this the House was dissolved, even when the Speaker was going to put the last question. [*Let* HIM *travel, at any rate!*]

I have too much troubled you with this: but we have made this relation, that you might know that what hath been done in the Dissolution of the Parliament was as necessary to be done as the preservation of this Cause. And the necessity which led us to do that, hath brought us to this 'present' issue, Of exer-

[1] "hoping by conference to have satisfaction to all" *in orig.*
[2] violence, height of temper.

cising an extraordinary way and course to draw You together 'here'; upon this account, that you are men who know the Lord, and have made observations of His marvellous Dispensations; and may be trusted, as far as men may be trusted, with this Cause.

It remains now for me to acquaint you 'a little' farther with what relates to your taking upon you this great Business. 'But indeed' that is contained in the Paper [1] here in my hand, which will be offered presently to you to read.[2] But having done that we have done [*Dissolving of the Parliament; which cannot be repented of, and need not be boasted of!*] upon such ground of necessity as we have 'now' declared, which was not a feigned necessity but a real,—'it did behove us,' to the end we might manifest to the world the singleness of our hearts and our integrity who did these things, Not to grasp at the power ourselves, or keep it in military hands, no not for a day; but, as far as God enabled us with strength and ability, to put it into the hands of Proper Persons that might be called from the several parts of the Nation. This necessity; and I hope we may say for ourselves, this integrity of concluding to divest the Sword of all power in the Civil Administration,—hath been that that hath moved us to put You to this trouble 'of coming hither'; and having done that, truly we think we cannot, with the discharge of our own consciences, but offer somewhat to you on the devolving of the burden on your shoulders.[3] It hath been the practice of others who have, voluntarily and out of a sense of duty, divested themselves, and devolved the Government into new hands; I say, it hath been the practice of those that have done so; it hath been practised, and is very consonant to reason, To lay 'down,' together with their Authority, some Charge 'how to employ it' [4] (as we hope we have done), and to press the duty 'of employing it

[1] An Indenture or Instrument of Government, some account of which can be found, if any one is curious about it, in Parliamentary History, xx. 175.

[2] Considerable discrepancies in the Two Reports throughout this paragraph; indicating some embarrassment and intricacy in the Speaker. Which with our best industry we endeavour to reconcile; to elicit from them what the real utterance, or thought and attempted utterance, of the Speaker may have been. The two Reporters being faithful according to their ability, and the Speaker faithful according to his, all discrepancies ought to dissolve themselves in clearer insight and conviction; as we hope they do.

[3] "for our own exoneration" *in orig.*

[4] He seems embarrassed lest he be thought to have some authority over this new Little Parliament, and to treat them as if he were their King. The dissolving of the old Parliament has also its embarrassment, though not so prominent here; and both together make an intricate paragraph. Our Two Reports, from this point, virtually coincide again.

well'; concerning which we have a word or two to offer you.

Truly God hath called you to this Work by, I think, as wonderful providences as ever passed upon the sons of men in so short a time. And truly I think, taking the argument of necessity, for the Government must not *fall;* taking the appearance of the hand of God in this thing,—'I think' you would have been loath it should have been resigned into the hands of wicked men and enemies! I am sure, God would not have it so. It's come, therefore, to you by the way of necessity; by the way of the wise Providence of God,—through weak hands. And therefore, I think, coming through our hands, though such as we are, it may not be ill taken if we do offer somewhat (as I said before) as to the discharge of the Trust which is now incumbent upon you. [*Certainly not!*] And although I seem to speak of that which may have the face and interpretation of a Charge, it's a very humble one: and if he that means to be a Servant to you, who hath now called you to the exercise of the Supreme Authority, discharge what he conceives to be a duty to you, we hope you will take it in good part.

And truly I shall not hold you long in it; because I hope it's written in your hearts to approve yourselves to God. Only this Scripture I shall remember to you, which hath been much upon my spirit: *Hosea*, xi. 12, "Judah yet ruleth with God, and is faithful with the Saints." It's said before, that "Ephraim compassed God about with lies, and the house of Israel with deceit." How God hath been compassed about by fastings and thanksgivings,[1] and other exercises and transactions, I think we have all cause to lament. Truly you are called by God, 'as Judah was,' to "rule with Him," and for Him. And you are called to be faithful with the Saints who have been instrumental to your call. 'Again,' *Second Samuel*, xxi. 3, "He that ruleth over men," the Scripture saith, "must be just, ruling in the fear of God." [*Groans from Dryasdust. Patience, my friend! Really, does not all this seem an incredibility;—a palpable hypocrisy, since it is not the mouth of an imbecile that speaks it?*]

[1] There was a Monthly Fast, the Last Wednesday of every Month, held duly for about Seven Years; till, after the King's Death, we abolished it. Immense preaching and howling, all over the country, there has been on these stated Wednesdays; sincere and insincere. Not to speak of due Thanksgivings for victories and felicities innumerable; all ending in this infelicitous condition! His Excellency thinks we ought to restrain such habits; not to imitate Ephraim, or the Long Parliament, in such. The rest of this Discourse is properly a Sermon of his; and one conceived in a different style.

My estimable, timberheaded, leadenhearted friend, can there be any doubt of it!]

And truly it's better to *pray* for you than to *counsel* you in that matter, That you may exercise the judgment of mercy and truth! It's better, I say, to pray for you than counsel you; to ask wisdom from Heaven for you; which I am confident many thousands of Saints do this day, 'and' have done, and will do, through the permission of God and His assistance. I say it's better to pray than advise: yet truly I think of another Scripture, which is very useful, though it seems to be for a common application to every man as a Christian,—wherein he is counselled to ask wisdom;[1] and he is told what that is. That's "from Above," we are told; it's "pure, peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits"; it's without partiality and without hypocrisy." Truly my thoughts run much upon this place, that to the execution of judgment (the judgment of truth, for that's the judgment) you must have wisdom "from Above"; and that's "pure." That will teach you to exercise the judgment of truth; it's "without partiality." Purity, impartiality, sincerity: these are the effects of "wisdom," and these will help you to execute the judgment of truth. And then if God give you hearts to be "easy to be entreated," to be "peaceably spirited," to be "full of good fruits," bearing good fruits to the Nation, to men as men, to the People of God, to all in their several stations,—*this* will teach you to execute the judgment of mercy and truth. [*Yes, if thou understand it; still yes,—and nothing else will!*] And I have little more to say to this. I shall rather bend my prayers for you in that behalf, as I said; and many others will.

Truly the "judgment of truth," it will teach you to be as just towards an Unbeliever as towards a Believer; and it's our duty to do so. I confess I have said sometimes, foolishly it may be: I had rather miscarry to a Believer than an Unbeliever.[2] This may seem a paradox:—but let's take heed of doing that which is evil to either! Oh, if God fill your hearts with such a spirit as Moses had, and as Paul had,—which was not a spirit for Believers only, but for the whole People! Moses, he could die for them; wish himself "blotted out of God's Book:"[3] Paul could wish himself "accursed for his countrymen after the flesh"[4] [*Let us*

[1] "But the Wisdom that is from Above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated; full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace" (*James*, iii. 17, 18).

[2] Do wrong to a good than to a bad man; a remarkable sentiment.

[3] Exodus, xxxii. 32. [4] Romans, ix. 3.

never forget that, in Moses and Paul.—Are not these amazing sentiments, on their part, my estimable, timberheaded, leadenhearted friend?]: so full of affection were their spirits unto all. And truly this would help you to execute the judgment of truth, and of mercy also.

A second thing is, To desire you would be faithful with the Saints; to be touched with them. And I hope, whatever others may think, it may be a matter to us all of rejoicing to have our hearts touched (with reverence be it spoken) as Christ, "being full of the spirit," was "touched with our infirmities," that He might be merciful. So should we be; we should be pitiful. Truly, this calls us to be very much touched with the infirmities of the Saints; that we may have a respect unto all, and be pitiful and tender towards all, though of different judgments. And if I did seem to speak something that reflected on those of the Presbyterial judgment,—truly I think if we have not an interest of love for them too, we shall [1] hardly answer this of being faithful to the Saints.

In my pilgrimage, and some exercises I have had abroad, I did read that Scripture often, Forty-first of *Isaiah;* where God gave me, and some of my fellows, encouragement 'as to' what He would do there and elsewhere; which He hath performed for us. He said, "He would plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree, and the myrtle and the oil-tree; and He would set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine-tree, and the box-tree together." For what end will the Lord do all this? "That they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, That the hand of the Lord hath done this;"—that it is He who hath wrought all the salvations and deliverances we have received. For what end! To see, and know, and understand together, that He hath done and wrought all this for the good of the Whole Flock. [*Even so. For "Saints" read "Good Men"; and it is true to the end of the world.*] Therefore, I beseech you,—but I think I need not,—have a care of the Whole Flock! Love the sheep, love the lambs; love all, tender all, cherish and countenance all, in all things that are good. And if the poorest Christian, the most mistaken Christian, shall desire to live peaceably and quietly under you,—I say, if any shall desire but to lead a life of godliness and honesty, let him be protected.

I think I need not advise, much less press you, to endeavour the Promoting of the Gospel; to encourage the Ministry; [2] such a Ministry and such Ministers as be faithful in the Land; upon whom the true character is. Men that have received the Spirit,

[1] "will" *in orig.*

[2] Preaching Clergy.

which Christians will be able to discover, and do 'the will of'; men that "have received Gifts from Him who is ascended up on high, who hath led captivity captive, to *give* gifts to men,"[1] even for this same work of the Ministry! And truly the Apostle, speaking in another place, in the Twelfth of the *Romans*, when he has summed up all the mercies of God, and the goodness of God; and discoursed, in the former Chapters, of the foundations of the Gospel, and of those things that are the subject of those first Eleven Chapters,—he beseecheth them to "present their bodies a living sacrifice." [*Vote that!*] He beseecheth them that they would not esteem highly of themselves, but be humble and sober-minded, and not stretch themselves beyond their line; and also that they would have a care for those that "had received gifts" to the uses there mentioned. I speak not,—I thank God it is far from my heart,—for a Ministry deriving itself from the Papacy, and pretending to that which is so much insisted on, "Succession." ["*Hear, hear!*" *from the Puseyites.*] The true Succession is through the Spirit—[*I should say so!*]—given in its measure. The Spirit is given for that use, 'To make proper Speakers-forth of God's eternal Truth;' and that's right Succession. But I need not discourse of these things to you; who, I am persuaded, are taught of God, much more and in a greater measure than myself, concerning these things.

Indeed I have but one word more to say to you; though in that perhaps I shall show my weakness: it's by way of encouragement to go on in this Work. And give me leave to begin thus. I confess I never looked to see such a Day as this,—it may be nor you neither,—when Jesus Christ should be so owned as He is, this day, in this Work. Jesus Christ is owned this day by the Call of You; and you own Him, by your willingness to appear for Him. And you manifest this, as far as poor creatures may do, to be a Day of the Power of Christ. I know you well remember that Scripture, "He makes His People willing in the day of His power."[2] God manifests this to be the Day of the Power of Christ; having, through so much blood, and so much trial as hath been upon these Nations, made this to be one of the great issues thereof: To have His People called to the Supreme Authority. [*A thing, I confess, worth striving for; and the one thing worth striving for!*] He makes this to be the greatest mercy, next to His own Son. God hath owned His Son; and He hath owned you, and made you own Him. I con-

[1] Ephesians, iv. 8.
[2] Psalm cx. 3, a favourite Psalm of Oliver's,—as we know already, and solid Ludlow knows.

fess I never looked to have seen such a day; I did not.—Perhaps you are not known by face to one another; 'indeed' I am confident you are strangers, coming from all parts of the Nation as you do: but we shall tell you that indeed we have not allowed ourselves the choice of one person in whom we had not this good hope, That there was in him faith in Jesus Christ, and love to all His People and Saints. [*What a Parliament; unexampled before and since in this world!*]

Thus God hath owned you in the eyes of the world; and thus, by coming hither, you own Him: and, as it is in *Isaiah*, xliii. 21, —it's an high expression; and look to your own hearts whether, now or hereafter, God shall apply it to *you:* "This People," saith God, "I have formed for Myself, that they may show forth my praise." I say, it's a memorable passage; and, I hope, not unfitly applied: the Lord apply it to each of your hearts! I shall not descant upon the words; they are plain: indeed you are as like the "forming of God" as ever people were. If a man should tender a Book to you 'to swear you upon,' I dare appeal to all your consciences, Neither directly nor indirectly did you seek for your coming hither. You have been passive in coming hither; being *called*,—and indeed that's an active work,—'though not on your part!' "This People have *I formed:*" consider the circumstances by which you are "called" hither; through what strivings [*At Marston Moor, at Naseby, Dunbar and elsewhere*], through what blood you are come hither,—where neither you nor I, nor no man living, three months ago, had any thought to have seen such a company taking upon them, or rather being called to take, the Supreme Authority of this Nation! Therefore, own your call! Indeed, I think it may be truly said that there never was a Supreme Authority consisting of such a Body, above One-hundred-and-forty, I believe; 'never such a body' that came into the Supreme Authority 'before,' under such a notion 'as this,' in such a way of owning God, and being owned by Him. And therefore I may also say, never such a "People" so "formed," for such a purpose, 'were' thus called before. [*These are lucent considerations; lucent, nay radiant!*]

If it were a time to compare your standing with 'that of' those that have been "called" by the Suffrages of the People—[*He does not say what the result would be*]—Which who can tell how soon God may fit the People for such a thing? None can desire it more than I! Would all were the Lord's People; as it was said, "Would all the Lord's People were Prophets." [*Fit to sit in Parliament and make Laws: alas, hitherto but few of them can "prophesy!"*] I would all were fit to be called. It ought

to be the longing of our hearts to see men brought to own the Interest of Jesus Christ. And give me leave to say: If I know anything in the world, what is there likelier to win the People to the interest of Jesus Christ, to the love of Godliness (and therefore what stronger duty lies on you, being thus called), than an humble and godly conversation? So that they may see 'that' you love them; 'that' you lay yourselves out, time and spirits, for them! Is not this the likeliest way to bring them to their liberties? [*To make them free by being servants of God; free, and fit to elect for Parliament!*] And do not you by this put it upon God to find out times and seasons for you; 'fit seasons' by putting forth His Spirit? At least you convince them that, as men fearing God have fought them out of their bondage under the Regal Power, so men fearing God do now rule them in the fear of God, and take care to administer Good unto them.—But this is some digression. I say, own your call; for it is of God! Indeed, it is marvellous, and it hath been unprojected. It's not long since either you or we came to know of it. And indeed this hath been the way God dealt with us all along, To keep things from our eyes all along, so that we have seen nothing, in all His dispensations, long beforehand;—which is also a witness, in some measure, to our integrity. [*"Integrity!" from Dryasdust.—Husht, my friend, it is incredible! A flat impossibility, how can it be believed? To the human Owl, living in his perennial London Fog, in his Twilight of all imaginable corrupt Exhalations, and with his poor head, too, overspun to such extent with red-tape, parliamentary eloquence, force of public opinion and such like, how shall the Azure Firmaments and Everlasting Stars become credible? They are and remain incredible. From his shut sense all light-rays are victoriously repelled; no light shall get admittance there. In no Heaven's-light will he for his part ever believe;—till at last, as is the necessity withal, it come to him as lightning! Then he will believe it.*]—I say, you are called with an high calling. And why should we be afraid to say or think, That *this* may be the door to usher-in the Things that God has promised; which have been prophesied of; which He has set the hearts of His People to wait for and expect?[1] We know who they are that shall war with the Lamb, "against His enemies:" they shall be "a people called, and chosen and faithful." And God hath, in a Military way,—we may speak it without flattering ourselves, and I believe you know it,—He hath appeared with them, 'with that same "people,"' and for

[1] Hundred-and-tenth Psalm, and other Scriptures, are known to Ludlow and us!

them; and now in these Civil Powers and Authorities 'does not He appear?' These are not ill prognostications of the God we wait for. Indeed I do think somewhat is at the door: we are at the threshold;—and therefore it becomes us to lift up our heads, and encourage ourselves in the Lord. And we have thought, some of us, That it is our duties to *endeavour* this way; not merely to *look* at that Prophecy in Daniel, "And the Kingdom shall not be delivered to another people," 'and passively wait.' Truly God hath brought this to your hands; by the owning of your call; blessing the Military Power. The Lord hath directed their [*our*] hearts to be instrumental to call you; and set it upon our hearts to deliver over the Power "to another people." [*Therefore "we" are not the persons prophesied of?*]—But I may appear to be beyond my line here; these things are dark. Only, I desire my thoughts[1] to be exercised in these things, and so I hope are yours.

Truly seeing things are thus, that you are at the edge of the Promises and Prophecies—[*Does not say what results*]—At least, if there were neither Promise nor Prophecy, yet you are carrying on the best things, you are endeavouring after the best things; and, as I have said elsewhere,[2] if I were to chose any servant, the meanest Officer for the Army or the Commonwealth, I would choose a godly man that hath principles. Especially where a trust is to be committed. Because I know where to *have* a man that hath principles. I believe if any one of you should choose a servant, you would do thus. And I would all our Magistrates were so chosen:—this may be done; there may be good effects of this! Surely it's our duty to choose men that fear the Lord, and will praise the Lord: such hath the Lord "formed for Himself;" and He expects no praises from *other* 'than such.' [*O Secretary of the Home Department, my right honourable friend!*]

This being so, truly it puts me in mind of another Scripture, that famous Psalm, Sixty-eighth Psalm;[3] which indeed is a

[1] "senses" *in orig.*

[2] In some Speech now lost:—probably in many Speeches; certainly in all manner of Practice and Action.

[3] We remember it ever since Dunbar morning; let us read a passage or two of it again: His Excellency and the Little Parliament will perhaps wait a moment; and it may do us good!

"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered: let them also that hate Him flee before Him. As smoke is driven away, so drive them away; as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish before the presense of God." The unhappy!

"But let the righteous be glad: let them rejoice before God, yea let them rejoice exceedingly. Sing unto God, sing praises to His name. A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation.—

glorious Prophecy, I am persuaded, of the Gospel Churches,—it may be, of the Jews also. There it prophesies that "He will bring His People again from the depths of the Sea, as once He led Israel through the Red Sea." And it may be, as some think, God will bring the Jews home to their station "from the isles of the sea," and answer their expectations "as from the depths of the sea." But, 'at all events,' sure I am, when the Lord shall set up the glory of the Gospel Church, it shall be a gathering of people as "out of deep waters," "out of the multitude of waters": such are His People, drawn out of the multitudes of the Nations and People of this world.—And truly that Psalm is very glorious in many other parts of it: When He gathers them, "great was the company" of them that publish His word. "Kings of Armies did flee apace, and she that tarried at home divided the spoil" [*Consider Charles Stuart, First and Second; and what we see this day!*]; and "Although ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." [*Hah!*] And indeed the triumph of that Psalm is exceeding high and great; and God is accomplishing it. And the close of it,—that closeth with my heart, and I do not doubt with yours, "The Lord shakes the hills and mountains, and they reel." And God hath a Hill too; "an high Hill as the Hill of Bashan: and the chariots of God are twenty-thousand, even thousands of Angels, and God will dwell upon this Hill forever!"—[PROCUL PROFANI! *The man is without a soul that looks into this Great Soul of a man, radiant with the splendours of very Heaven, and sees nothing there but the shadow of his own mean darkness. Ape of the Dead Sea, peering asquint into the Holy of Holies, let us have done with* THY *commentaries! Thou canst not fathom it.*]

I am sorry I have troubled you, in such a place of heat as this is, so long. All I have to say, in my own name, and that of my fellow Officers who have joined with me in this work, is: That we shall commend you to the grace of God, to the Guidance of His Spirit: 'That' having thus far served you, or rather our

"O God, when Thou wentest forth before Thy People,— —the Earth shook, the Heavens also dropped. Kings of Armies did flee apace; and she that tarried at home divided the spoil." Ye poor and brave, be ye of courage! "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

"The Hill of God is as the Hill of Bashan; an high Hill as the Hill of Bashan." Inexpugnable, that! "Why leap ye, ye high Hills? This is the Hill of God which God desireth to dwell in; yea the Lord will dwell in it forever. The chariots of God are twenty-thousand, even thousands of Angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai in the holy place."

Lord Jesus Christ 'in regard to you,' we shall be ready in our stations, according as the Providence of God shall lead us, to be subservient to the 'farther' work of God, and to that Authority which we shall reckon God hath set over us. And though we have no formal thing to present you with, to which the hands, or visible expressions, of the Officers and Soldiers of the three Nations of England, Scotland and Ireland, 'are set'; yet we may say of them, and we may say also with confidence for our brethren at Sea,—with whom neither in Scotland, Ireland, nor at Sea, hath there been any artifice used to persuade their consents to this work,—that nevertheless their consents have flowed into us from all parts, beyond our expectations: and we may with all confidence say, that as we have their approbation and full consent to the other work, so you have their hearts and affections unto this.[1] And not only theirs: we have very many Papers from the Churches of Christ throughout the Nation; wonderfully both approving what hath been done in removing of obstacles, and approving what we have done in this very thing. And having said this, we shall trouble you no more. But if you will be pleased that this Instrument [2] be read to you, which I have signed by the advice of the Council of Officers,—we shall then leave you to your own thoughts and the guidance of God; to dispose of yourselves for a farther meeting, as you shall see cause.[3]

I have only this to add. The affairs of the Nation lying on our hands to be taken care of; and we knowing that both the Affairs at Sea, the Armies in Ireland and Scotland, and the providing of things for the preventing of inconveniences, and the answering of emergencies, did require that there should be no Interruption, but that care ought to be taken for these things; and foreseeing likewise that before you could digest yourselves into such a method, both for place, time and other circumstances, as you shall please to proceed in, some time would be required, —which the Commonwealth could not bear in respect to the managing of things: I have, within a week 'past,' set up a Council of State, to whom the managing of affairs is committed. Who, I may say, very voluntarily and freely, before they see

[1] "other work" delicately means *dissolving the old Parliament;* "this" is *assembling of you,* "this very thing."

[2] The Instrument is to be found among the Old Pamphlets; but being of a much lower strain, mere constitutionalities, etc., in phrase and purport alike leaden, we do not read it.

[3] Report in *Parliamentary History,* and the common Pamphlets, ends here.

how the issue of things will be, have engaged themselves in business; eight or nine of them being Members of the House that late was.—I say I did exercise that power which, I thought, was devolved upon me at that time; to the end affairs might not have any interval ' or interruption.' And now when you are met, it will ask some time for the settling of your affairs and your way. And, ' on the other hand,' a day cannot be lost, ' or left vacant,' but they must be in continual Council till you take farther order. So that the whole matter of their consideration also which regards them, is at your disposal, as you shall see cause. And therefore I thought it my duty to acquaint you with thus much, to prevent distractions in your way: That things have been thus ordered; that your affairs will ' not stop, but ' go on, ' in the meanwhile,'—till you see cause to alter this Council; they having no authority or continuance of sitting, except simply until you take farther order.[1]

The reader has now struggled through this First Speech of my Lord General's; not without astonishment to find that he has some understanding of it. The Editor has had his difficulties: but the Editor too is astonished to consider how such a Speech should have lain so long before the English Nation, asking, " Is there no meaning whatever in me, then? "—with negatory response from almost all persons. Incompetent Reporters;—still more the obscene droppings of an extensive Owl-population, the accumulated *guano* of Human Stupor in the course of ages, do render Speeches unintelligible! It ought to be added, that my Lord General always spoke extempore; ready to speak, if his mind were full of meaning; very careless about the words he put it into. And never, except in one instance, which we shall by and by come upon, does he seem to have taken any charge as to what Report might be published of it. One of his Parliaments once asks him for a correct Report of a certain Speech, spoken some days before: he declares, " He cannot remember four lines of it." [2] It appears also that his meaning, much as Dryasdust may wonder, was generally very well understood by his audience: —it was not till next generation, when the owl-droppings already lay thick, and Human Stupor had decidedly set in, that the cry

[1] Milton State-Papers, pp. 106-114; and Parliamentary History, xx. 153-175; which latter is identical with Harleian Miscellany (London, 1810), vi. 331-334. Our Report, in some cramp passages, which could not always be indicated without confusion, is a *tertium quid* between these two. Generally throughout we adhere to Milton's, which is the more concise, intelligible and everyway better Report.

[2] Burton's Diary. Postea, Speech XVII.

of Unintelligibility was much heard of. Tones and looks do much;—yes, and the *having* a meaning in you is also a great help! Indeed, I fancy he must have been an opaque man to whom these utterances of such a man, all in a blaze with such a conviction of heart, had remained altogether dark.

The printed state of this Speech, and still more of some others, will impose hard duties on an Editor; which kind readers must take their share of. In the present case, it is surprising how little change has been needed, beyond the mere punctuation, and correct division into sentences. Not the slightest change of meaning has, of course, anywhere seemed, or shall anywhere seem, permissible; nor indeed the twentieth part of that kind of liberty which a skilful Newspaper Reporter takes with every speech he commits to print in our day.

A certain Critic, whom I sometimes cite from, but seldom without some reluctance, winds up his multifarious Commentaries on the present Speech in the following extraordinary way:

"Intelligent readers," says he, "have found intelligibility in this Speech of Oliver's: but to one who has had to read it as a painful Editor, reading every fibre of it with magnifying-glasses, has to do,—it becomes all glowing with intelligibility, with credibility; with the splendour of genuine Veracity and heroic Depth and Manfulness;—and seems in fact, as Oliver's Speeches generally do, to an altogether singular degree, the express image of the soul it came from!—Is not this the end of all speaking, and wagging of the tongue in every conceivable sort, except the false and accursed sorts? Shall we call Oliver a *bad* Speaker, then; shall we not, in a very fundamental sense, call him a good Speaker?—

"Art of Speech? Art of Speech? The Art of Speech, I take it, will first of all be the art of having something genuine to speak! Into what strange regions has it carried us, that same sublime 'Art,' taken up otherwise! One of the saddest bewilderments, when I look at all the bearings of it, nay properly the fountain of all the sad bewilderments, under which poor mortals painfully somnambulate in these generations. 'I have made an excellent Speech about it, written an excellent Book about it,'—and there an end. How much better, hadst thou done a moderately good deed about it, and not had anything to speak at all! He who is about *doing* some mute veracity has a right to be heard speaking, and consulting of the doing of it; and properly no other has. The light of a man shining all as a paltry phosphorescence on the surface of him, leaving the interior dark,

chaotic, sordid, dead-alive,—was once regarded as a most mournful phenomenon!

"False Speech is probably capable of being the falsest and most accursed of all things. False Speech; so false that it has not even the veracity to know that it is false,—as the poor commonplace *liar* still does! I have heard Speakers who gave rise to thoughts in me *they* were little dreaming of suggesting! Is man then no longer an 'Incarnate Word,' as Novalis calls him,—sent into this world to utter out of him, and by all means to make audible and visible what of *God's*-Message he has; sent hither and made alive even for that, and for no other definable object? Is there no sacredness, then, any longer, in the miraculous tongue of man? Is his head become a wretched cracked pitcher, on which you jingle to frighten crows, and make bees hive? He fills me with terror, this two-legged Rhetorical Phantasm! I could long for an Oliver without Rhetoric at all. I could long for a Mahomet, whose persuasive-eloquence, with wild-flashing heart and scimitar, is: 'Wretched mortal, give up that; or by the Eternal, thy Maker and mine, I will kill thee! Thou blasphemous scandalous Misbirth of Nature, is not even that the kindest thing I can do for thee, if thou repent not and alter, in the name of Allah?'"—

LETTERS CLXXXIX—CXCI

Concerning this Puritan Convention of the Notables, which in English History is called the *Little Parliament*, and derisively *Barebones's Parliament*, we have not much more to say. They are, if by no means the remarkablest Assembly, yet the Assembly for the remarkablest purpose who have ever met in the Modern World. The business is, No less than introducing of the Christian Religion into real practice in the Social Affairs of this Nation. Christian Religion, Scriptures of the Old and New Testament: such, for many hundred years, has been the universal solemnly recognised Theory of all men's Affairs; Theory sent down out of Heaven itself: but the question is now that of reducing it to Practice in said Affairs;—a most noble, surely, and most necessary attempt; which should not have been put off so long in this Nation! We have conquered the Enemies of Christ; let us now, in real practical earnest, set about doing the Commandments of

Christ, now that there is free room for us! Such was the purpose of this Puritan Assembly of the Notables, which History calls the *Little Parliament*, or derisively *Barebones's Parliament*.

It is well known they failed: to us, alas, it is too evident they could not but fail. Fearful impediments lay against that effort of theirs: the sluggishness, the slavish half-and-halfness, the greediness, the cowardice, and general opacity and falsity of some ten million men against it;—alas, the whole world, and what we call the Devil and all his angels, against it! Considerable angels, human and other: most extensive arrangements, investments, to be sold off at a tremendous sacrifice;—in general the entire set of luggage-traps and very extensive stock of merchant-goods and real and floating property, amassed by that assiduous Entity above-mentioned, for a thousand years or more! For these, and also for other obstructions, it could not take effect at that time;—and the *Little Parliament* became a *Barebones's Parliament*, and had to go its ways again.

Read these three Letters, two of them of small or no significance as to it or its affairs; and then let us hasten to the catastrophe.

LETTER CLXXXIX

THE Little Parliament has now sat some seven weeks; the dim old world of England, then in huge travail-throes, and somewhat of the Lord General's sad and great reflections thereon, may be dimly read here.

'*For the Right Honourable Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland: These.*'

Cockpit, 22d August 1653.

DEAR CHARLES,

Although I do not so often as is desired by me acquaint you how it is with me, yet I doubt not of your prayers in my behalf, That, in all things, I may walk as becometh the Gospel.

Truly I never more needed all helps from my Christian Friends than now! Fain would I have my service accepted of the Saints, if the Lord will,—but it is not so. Being of different judgments, and 'those' of each sort seeking most to propagate their own,

that spirit of kindness that is [1] to them all, is hardly accepted of any. I hope I can say it, My life has been a willing sacrifice,—and I hope,—for them *all*. Yet it much falls out as when the Two Hebrews were rebuked: you know upon whom they turned their displeasure! [2]

But the Lord is wise; and will, I trust, make manifest that I am no enemy. Oh, how easy is mercy to be abused:—Persuade friends with you to be very sober! If the Day of the Lord *be* so near as some say, how should our moderation appear! If every one, instead of contending, would justify his form ' of judgment ' by love and meekness, Wisdom would be " justified of her children." But alas!— —

I am, in my temptation, ready to say, " Oh, would I had wings like a dove, then would I," etc.: [3] but this, I fear, is my " haste." I bless the Lord I have somewhat keeps me alive: some sparks of the light of His countenance, and some sincerity above man's judgment. Excuse me thus unbowelling myself to you: pray for me; and desire my Friends to do so also. My love to thy dear Wife,—whom indeed I entirely love, both naturally, and upon the best account;—and my blessing, if it be worth anything, upon thy little Babe.

Sir George Ayscough having occasions with you, desired my Letters to you on his behalf: if he come or send, I pray you show him what favour you can. Indeed his services have been considerable for the State; and I doubt he hath not been answered with suitable respect. Therefore again I desire you and the Commissioners to take him into a very particular care, and help him so far as justice and reason will anyways afford.

Remember my hearty affections to all the Officers. The Lord bless you all. So prayeth

Your truly loving father,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

' P.S.' All here love you, and are in health, your Children and all. [4]

[1] " in me " modestly suppressed.

[2] " And he," the wrongdoer of the Two, " said unto Moses, ' Who made thee a Prince and a Judge over us? Intendest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the Egyptian! ' " (*Exodus*, iii. 14.)

[3] " then would I fly away and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest! " (*Psalm* lv. 6, 7, 8.)

[4] Harleian MSS. no. 7502, f. 13: " Copyed from the Original in ye hands of Mrs. Cook (Grandaughter to Lieutenant-General Fleetwood) of Newington, Midsex: Novr. 5, 1759, By A. Gifford." Printed, without reference, incorrectly, in *Annual Register* for 1761, p. 49; in *Gentleman's Magazine*, etc.—Appendix, No. 29.

LETTER CXC

In the Commons Journals,[1] while this Little Parliament sat, we find that, among other good services, the arrangement of the Customs Department was new-modelled; that instead of Farmers of the Customs, there was a "Committee" of the Parliament appointed to regulate and levy that impost: Committee appointed on the 23d of September 1653: among whom we recognise "Alderman Ireton," the deceased General's Brother; "Mr. Mayor," of Hursley, Richard Cromwell's Father-in-Law; "Alderman Titchborne"; "Colonel Montague," afterwards Earl of Sandwich; and others. It is to this Committee that Oliver's Letter is addressed. It has no date of time; but as the Little Parliament ended, in Self-dissolution and Protectorship, on the 12th of December, the date of the Letter lies between the 23d September and that other limit. My Lord General,—who is himself a Member of the Parliament, he and his chief Officers having been forthwith invited to sit,—feels evidently that his recommendations, when grounded in justice, ought to be attended to.

For my honoured Friends, the Committee for Regulating the Customs: These present.

'Cockpit, October 1653.'

Gentlemen,

I am sorry after recommendation of a Friend of mine the Bearer hereof,—considering him in relation to his poor Parents an object of pity and commiseration, yet well deserving and not less qualified for employment,—he should find such cold success amongst you.

His great necessities and my love once more invite me to write unto you, in his behalf, To bestow on him, if it may not be in the City by reason of multiplicity of suitors, a place in the Out-ports: and I doubt not but his utmost abilities will be improved to the faithful discharging of such trust as you shall impose on him, for the good of the Commonwealth. And thereby you will engage him who remains,

Your affectionate friend,
Oliver Cromwell.[2]

[1] vii. 323, 23d September 1653.
[2] Letter genuine, *teste me;* reference unfortunately lost.

LETTER CXCI

THIS "Henry Weston," otherwise unknown to all Editors, is a Gentleman of Surrey; his "House at Ockham," not *Oakham*, is in the neighbourhood of Guildford in that County. So much, strangely enough, an old stone Tablet still legible in Ockham Church, which a beneficent hand has pointed out, enables me to say;—an authentic dim old Stone in Surrey, curiously reflecting light on a dim old Piece of Paper which has fluttered far about the world before it reached us here! "Brother Ford," I find by the same authority, is of knightly rank in Sussex: and Henry Weston's Father "lieth buried in the Chancel of Speldhurst Church" in Kent; his Uncle, a childless man, resting here at Ockham, "since the 8th day of July 1638, in the clymacteric of his age, 63." [1]—"Reverend Mr. Draper" has not elsewhere come across me. Happily we can hope he officiates well in Kent; and read this Letter without other light.

For my honoured Friend Henry Weston, Esquire, at his House in Ockham: These.

'London,' 16th Nov. 1653.

SIR, MY NOBLE FRIEND,

Your Brother Ford was lately with me, acquainting me with my presumption in moving for, and your civility in granting, the Advowson of Speldhurst to one Mr. Draper, who is now incumbent there, and who, it seems, was there for three or four years before the death of the old incumbent, by virtue of a sequestration.

Sir, I had almost forgot upon what account I made thus bold with you; but now have fully recollected. I understand the person is very able and honest, well approved of by most of the good Ministers thereabout; and much desired by the honest people who are in a Religious Association in those parts.[2] Wherefore I now most heartily own and thank you for your favour showed Mr. Draper for my sake; beseeching the continuance of your respects to the Gentleman,—who shall be very

[1] Copy of the Inscription *penes me.*

[2] Has crossed out "thereabouts"; and written "in those parts," as preferable.

much tied to pay you all service; and so shall, in what lieth in his power,

Your affectionate friend to serve you,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

And now to Parliament affairs again,—to the catastrophe now nigh.

On the whole, we have to say of this Little Parliament, that it sat for five months and odd days, very earnestly striving; earnestly, nobly,—and by no means unwisely, as the ignorant Histories teach. But the farther it advanced towards real Christianism in human affairs, the louder grew the shrieks of Sham-Christianism everywhere profitably lodged there;—and prudent persons, responsible for the issue, discovered that of a truth, for one reason or another, for reasons evident and for reasons not evident, there could be no success according to that method. We said, the History of this Little Parliament lay all buried very deep in the torpors of Human Stupidity, and was not likely ever to be brought into daylight in this world. In their five months' time they passed various good Acts; chose, with good insight, a new Council of State; took wise charge of the needful Supplies; did all the routine business of a Parliament in a quite unexceptionable, or even in a superior manner. Concerning their Council of State, I find this Note; which, though the Council had soon to alter itself, and take new figures, may be worth appending here.[2]

Routine business done altogether well by this Little Parliament. But, alas, they had decided on abolishing Tithes, on supporting a Christian Ministry by some other method than Tithes; —nay far worse, they had decided on abolishing the Court of

[1] Additional Ayscough MSS. no. 12,098. Original, in good preservation; with this endorsement in a newer hand: "The General Cromwell's letter about Spelderst living;" and this Note appended: "In an old Bible I had from England with other Books, March 1726." Some Transatlantic Puritan, to all appearance.

[2] Council of State elected,—Tuesday 1st November 1653 (Commons Journals, vii. 344). The Election is by ballot, 113 Members present; "Colonel Montague" (Sandwich), "Colonel Cromwell" (Henry), and "Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper," are three of the Four Scrutineers. Among the Names reported as chosen, here are some, with the Numbers voting for them: Lord General Cromwell (113, one and all); Sir Gilbert Pickering (Poet Dryden's Cousin and Patron,—110); Desborow (74); Harrison (58); Mayor (of Hursley,—57); Colonel Montague (59); Ashley Cooper (60); Lord Viscount Lisle (Algernon Sidney's Brother,—58); Colonel Norton (idle Dick, recovered from the Pride's Purge again, but liable to relapse again,—57). The Council is of Thirty-one; Sixteen of the Old or Interim Council (above referred to in Cromwell's Speech) are to continue; Fifteen new: these mentioned here are all among the Old, whom the Lord General and his Officers had already nominated.

Chancery! Finding grievances greater than could be borne; finding, for one thing, "Twenty-three thousand Causes of from five to thirty years continuance" lying undetermined in Chancery, it seemed to the Little Parliament that some Court ought to be contrived which would actually determine these and the like causes;—and that, on the whole, Chancery would be better for abolition. Vote to that effect stands registered in the Commons Journals;[1] but still, for near two-hundred years now, only expects fulfilment.—So far as one can discover in the huge twilight of Dryasdust, it was mainly by this attack on the Lawyers, and attempt to abolish Chancery, that the Little Parliament perished. Tithes helped, no doubt; and the clamours of a safely-settled Ministry, Presbyterian-Royalist many of them. But the Lawyers exclaimed: "Chancery? Law of the Bible? Do you mean to bring-in the *Mosaic Dispensation*, then; and deprive men of their properties? Deprive men of their properties; and us of our learned wigs, and lucrative longwindednesses,—with your search for "Simple Justice," and "God's Law," instead of Learned-Sergeant's Law?"—There was immense "carousing in the Temple" when this Parliament ended; as great tremors had been in the like quarters while it continued.[2]

But in brief, on Friday the 2d of December 1653, there came a "Report from the Tithes-Committee," recommending that Ministers of an incompetent, simoniacal, loose, or otherwise scandalous nature, plainly unfit to preach any Gospel to immortal creatures, should have a Travelling Commission of chosen Puritan Persons appointed, to travel into all Counties, and straightway inspect them, and eject them, and clear Christ's Church of them:—whereupon there ensued high debatings: Accept the Report, or Not accept it? High debatings, for the space of ten days; with Parliamentary manœuverings, not necessary to specify here. Which rose ever higher; and on Saturday the 10th, had got so high that, as I am credibly informed, certain leading persons went about colleaguing and consulting, instead of attending Public Worship on the Lord's Day:—and so, on Monday morning early, while the extreme Gospel Party had not yet assembled in the House, it was surreptitiously moved and carried, old Speaker Rouse somewhat treacherously assenting to it, "That the sitting of this Parliament any longer, as now constituted, will not be for the good of the Commonwealth; and that therefore it is requisite to deliver up unto the Lord

[1] vii. 296; 5th August 1653.

[2] Exact Relation of the Transactions of the late Parliament, by a Member of the same (London, 1654): reprinted in Somers Tracts, vi. 266-84.

General Cromwell the Powers which we received from him!" Whereupon, adds the same Rhadamantine Record, "the House rose; and the Speaker, with many of the Members of the House, departed out of the House to Whitehall: where they, being the greater number of the Members sitting in Parliament, did, by a Writing," hastily redacted in the waiting-room there, and signed on separate bits of paper hastily wafered together, "resign unto his Excellency their said Powers. And Mr. Speaker, attended by the Members, did present the same unto his Excellency accordingly,"—and retired into private life again.[1]

The Lord General Cromwell testified much emotion and surprise at this result;—emotion and surprise which Dryasdust knows well how to interpret. In fact the Lord General is responsible to England and Heaven for this result; and it is one of some moment! He and the established Council of State, "Council of Officers and" non-established "Persons of Interest in the Nation," must consider what they will now do!

Clearly enough to them, and to us, there can only one thing be done: search be made, Whether there is any King, *Könning*, Canning, or Supremely Able-Man that you can fall-in with, to take charge of these conflicting and colliding elements, drifting towards swift wreck otherwise;—any "Parish Constable," as Oliver himself defines it, to bid good men keep the peace to one another. To your unspeakable good-luck, such Supremely Able-Man, King, Constable, or by whatever name you will call him, is already found,—known to all persons for years past: your Puritan Interest is not yet necessarily a wreck; but may still float, and do what farther is in it, while he can float!

From Monday onwards, the excitement of the public mind in old London and whithersoever the news went, in those winter days, must have been great. The "Lord General called a Council of Officers and other Persons of Interest in the Nation," as we said; and there was "much seeking of God by prayer," and abstruse advising of this matter,—the matter being really great, and to some of us even awful! The dialogues, conferences, and abstruse advisings are all lost; the result we know for certain. Monday was 12th of December; on Friday 16th, the result became manifest to all the world: That the ablest of Englishmen,

[1] Commons Journals, vii. 363; Exact Relation, *ubi supra:* Whitlocke, p. 551, etc.

Oliver Cromwell, was henceforth to be recognised for Supremely Able; and that the Title of him was to be LORD PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND, with "Instrument of Government," "Council of Fifteen or of Twenty-one," and other necessary less important circumstances, of the like conceivable nature.

The Instrument of Government, a carefully constitutional piece in Forty-two Articles; the Ceremony of Installation, transacted with due simplicity and much modest dignity, "in the Chancery Court in Westminster Hall," that Friday afternoon;—the chair of state, the Judges in their robes, Lord Mayors with caps of maintenance; the state-coaches, outriders, outrunners, and "great shoutings of the people;" the procession from and to Whitehall, and "Mr. Lockier the Chaplain's Exhortation" to us there: these, with the inevitable adjuncts of the case, shall be conceived by ingenious readers, or read in innumerable Pamphlets and Books,[1] and omitted here. "His Highness was in a rich but plain suit; black velvet, with cloak of the same: about his hat a broad band of gold." Does the reader see him? A rather likely figure, I think. Stands some five feet ten or more; a man of strong solid stature, and dignified, now partly military carriage: the expression of him valour and devout intelligence, —energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old, gone April last; ruddy-fair complexion, bronzed by toil and age; light-brown hair and moustache are getting streaked with gray. A figure of sufficient impressiveness;—not lovely to the man-milliner species, nor pretending to be so. Massive stature; big massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect, "evident workshop and storehouse of a vast treasury of natural parts." Wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerable blunt-aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and also if need were, of all fiercenesses and rigours; deep loving eyes, call them grave, call them stern, looking from under those craggy brows, as if in lifelong sorrow, and yet not thinking it sorrow, thinking it only labour and endeavour:—on the whole, a right noble lion-face and hero-face; and to me royal enough.[2] The reader, in his mind, shall conceive this event and its figures.

Conceived too, or read elsewhere than here, shall Dryasdust's multifarious unmelodious commentaries be,—and likewise Anti-

[1] Whitlocke, pp. 552-61; Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 131, in Parliamentary History, xx.); etc. etc.

[2] Maidston's Letter to Winthrop, in *Thurloe*, i. 763-8; Cooper's Portraits; Mask of Cromwell's Face (in the Statuaries' Shops).

Dryasdust's; the two together cancelling one another; and amounting pretty well, by this time, to *zero* for us. "Love of power," as flunkeys love it, remains the one credibility for Dryasdust; and will forever remain. To the valet-soul how will you demonstrate that, in this world, there is or was anything heroic? You cannot do it; you need not try to do it.—I cite with some reluctance from a Manuscript Author, often enough referred to here, the following detached sentences, and so close this Seventh Part.

"Dryasdust knows not the value of a King," exclaims he; "the bewildered mortal has forgotten it. Finding Kings'-cloaks so cheap, hung out on every hedge, and paltry as beggars' gabardines, he says, "What use is in a King? This King's-cloak, if this be your King, is naught!"—

"Power? Love of power? Does 'power' mean the faculty of giving places, of having newspaper paragraphs, of being waited on by sycophants? To ride in gilt coaches, escorted by the flunkeyisms and most sweet voices,—I assure thee, it is not the Heaven of all, but only of many! Some born Kings I myself have known, of stout natural limbs, who, in shoes of moderately good fit, found quiet *walking* handier; and crowned themselves, almost too sufficiently, by putting on their own private hat, with some spoken or speechless, 'God enable me to be King of what lies under this! For Eternities lie under it, and Infinitudes, and Heaven also and Hell. And it is as big as the Universe, this Kingdom; and I am to conquer it, or be forever conquered by it, now while it is called To-day!'—

"The love of 'power,' if thou understand what to the manful heart 'power' signifies, is a very noble and indispensable love. And here and there, in the outer world too, there is a due throne for the noble man;—which let him see well that he seize, and valiantly defend against all men and things. God gives it him; let no Devil take it away. Thou also art called by the God's-message: This, if thou canst read the Heavenly omens and dare do them, this work is *thine*. Voiceless, or with no articulate voice, Occasion, god-sent, rushes storming on, amid the world's events; swift, perilous; like a whirlwind, like a fleet lightning-steed: manfully thou shalt clutch it by the mane, and vault into thy seat on it, and ride and guide there, thou! Wreck and ignominious overthrow, if thou have dared when the Occasion was *not* thine: everlasting scorn to thee if thou dare not when it is;—if the cackling of Roman geese and Constitutional ganders, if the clack of human tongues and leading-articles, if the steel of armies and the crack of Doom deter thee, when the voice *was*

God's!—Yes, this too is in the law for a man, my poor quack-ridden, bewildered Constitutional friends; and we ought to remember this withal. *Thou shalt* is written upon Life in characters as terrible as *Thou shalt not*,—though poor Dryasdust reads almost nothing but the latter hitherto."

And so we close Part Seventh; and proceed to trace with all piety, what faint authentic vestiges of Oliver's Protectorate the envious Stupidities have not obliterated for us.

LIST OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT

In the old *Parliamentary History*,[1] and in other Books, is given, "compiled from the Chancery Records and Commons Journals," a List of the Long-Parliament Members, arranged according to their Counties and Boroughs; which is very welcome to the historical inquirer. But evidently, for every purpose of historical inquiry connected with this Period, there is needed farther,—if not some well-investigated brief "Biographical Dictionary of the Long-Parliament Members," such as the pious historical student is free to imagine for himself, but will not soon get,—at least and lowest, some Alphabetical List of their Names; the ready index and memento of a great many things to us. As no such List was anywhere discoverable, I had to construct one for my own behoof; a process by no means difficult in proportion to its usefulness, the facts being already all given in the extant List by Places, and only requiring to be rearranged for the new object of a List by Names. This latter List, after long doing duty in the manuscript state, is now, for the use of others, appended here in print,—there being accidentally a corner of room for it in this New Edition.

It is not vitally connected with Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches; yet neither is it quite without relation to the man. Here are the Names of some five or six hundred men, whom Oliver Cromwell sat in view of, and worked along with, through certain years of time in this world; their Names and Localities, if we have nothing more. More is attainable concerning several of them, and is very well worth attaining; but little more, to the general reader, is yet attained. Featureless, to the general reader; little o' r than ticketed shadows, a strange sanhedrim of phantoms, most of these men;—not unlikely all of them to become shadows and invisible, except where kindled by some contact with this the luminous and living one! Here are their Names, at whatever worth the reader may put upon them: "adjoined" to the Name of Oliver in this place, but capable of being disjoined again; and perhaps worth printing, there being a corner of room for them.

What is a more questionable point, this List I am aware is not quite free from errors; one or two of which it has even fallen in my own way not only to surmise, but to prosecute to their source, and correct. Numerous I do not suppose them to be, nor important: but I cannot certify that there are none; nor help farther in removing what there may be. The List itself, once printed, offers to all studious persons the opportunity to help; which certainly it would be a beneficence of its sort if some strict antiquary, or series of antiquaries, would effectually do. The constituent elements of the "most remarkable Parliament that ever sat,"—which indeed is definable as the Father of Parliaments, which first rendered Parlia-

[1] Parliamentary History (London, 1763), ix. 12-57.

ments supreme, and has since set the whole world upon chase of f
Parliaments, a notable speculation very lively in most parts of
Europe at this day,—deserve at least to have their names accurately
given. They deserve, and perhaps they will one day get, much
more; they deserve a History, constitutional, biographical, political,
practical, picturesque, better than most Entities that yet have one
among us; and, in all points of view, they will be found *not* imaginary
but real, and well worth remembering and attending to. Mean-
while, in the absence of all History, constitutional or other, of the
Long Parliament, let this imperfect foreshadow of the incipiency of
one be welcome.

The asterisk *, prefixed to a Member's name, denotes that he was a
"Recruiter" (see *Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. p. 198), not an
original Member: "disab." means *disabled*, declared incapable of
sitting henceforth, for some reason, generally for *Royalism*, for
desertion to the King; the year when, is also indicated. "King's
judge" is one nominated to that office, and only in part or not at
all risking to perform it; "regicide" is one who performed and
completed it, who signed the Death-warrant: both titles, I find,
are now and then, especially in the cases where nothing not
already known was to be learned from them, omitted in this List.
Other contractions will probably require no explanation.

Abbot, George, Esq. (dead '45) . .	*Guildford.*
*Abbot, George, Esq. . . .	*Tamworth.*
Acton, Sir Edward, Knight (disab. '44)	*Bridgnorth.*
Aldburgh, Richard, Esq. (disab. '42, Yorkshire petition) . . .	*Aldborough, Yorkshire.*
*Aldworth, Richard, Esq. . .	*Bristol.*
Alford, Sir Edward, Knight (disab. '44)	*Arundel.*
Alford, Sir Edward, Knight (void, though twice)	*Tewkesbury.*
Alford, John, Esq. . . .	*Shoreham.*
Allanson, Sir William, Knight (King's judge)	*York.*
*Allen, Francis, Esq. (King's judge) .	*Cockermouth.*
*Allen, Matthew, Esq. . . .	*Weymouth.*
Allestre, William, Esq. (Recorder; disab.)	*Derby.*
Alured, John, Esq. (regicide) . .	*Heydon, Yorkshire.*
Anderson, Sir Henry, Knight (disab. '44)	*Newcastle-on-Tyne.*
Andover, Charles, Viscount (e. s. of E. of Berkshire; made Peer '40, in his father's lifetime) . . .	*Oxford.*
*Andrews, Robert, Esq. . . .	*Weobly, Herefordshire.*
*Anlaby, John, Esq. (King's judge) .	*Scarborough.*

*Annesley, Arthur, Esq.	*Radnorshire.*
*Apsley, Edward, Esq.	*Steyning.*
Armyn, Sir William, Baronet (King's judge)	*Grantham.*
*Armyn, William, Esq. (since '45)	*Cumberland.*
*Arthington, Henry, Esq.	*Pontefract.*
Arundel, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	(*St. Michaels*, but preferred) *Bodmin.*
*Arundel, John, Esq.	*West Looe.*
Arundel, Richard, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Lostwithiel.*
Arundel, Thomas, Esq. (died)	*West Looe.*
*Arundel, Thomas, Esq.	*West Looe.*
*Ash, James, Esq.	*Bath.*
Ashburnham, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Hastings.*
Ashburnham, William, Esq. (army-plot '41, expelled)	*Ludgershall, Wilts.*
Ashe, Edward, Esq.	*Heytesbury, Wilts.*
Ashe, John, Esq.	*Westbury, Wilts.*
Ashton, Ralph, Esq.	*Clithero.*
Ashton, Sir Ralph, Baronet	*Lancashire.*
Ashurst, William, Esq.	*Newton, Lancashire.*
*Atkins, Thomas, Esq. (King's judge)	*Norwich.*
Ayscough, Sir Edward, Knight	*Lincolnshire.*
*Ayscough, William, Esq.	*Thirsk.*
*Bacon, Francis, Esq.	*Ipswich.*
*Bacon, Nathaniel, Esq.	*Cambridge University.*
*Bagot, Sir Harvey, Knight (disab. '42)	*Staffordshire.*
Bagshaw, Edward, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Southwark.*
*Baker, John, Esq.	*East Grinstead.*
Baldwin, Charles, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Ludlow.*
*Ball, John, Esq. (dead '48)	*Abingdon.*
Bampfield, Sir John, Baronet	*Penryn.*
Barker, Anthony, Esq. (void)	*Wallingford.*
Barker, John, Esq., Alderman	*Coventry.*
Barnardiston, Sir Nathaniel, Knight	*Suffolk.*
*Barnardiston, Sir Thomas, Knight	*Bury St. Edmunds.*
Barnham, Sir Francis, Knight (dead '46)	*Maidstone.*
*Barrington, Sir John, Baronet (King's judge)	*Newton, Hants.*
Barrington, Sir Thomas, Bart. (dead '44)	*Colchester.*
*Barrow, Morris, Esq.	*Eye, Suffolk.*
Barwis, Richard, Esq. (died)	*Carlisle.*
Basset, William, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Bath.*
Baynton, Sir Edward, Knight (King's judge)	*Chippenham.*
Baynton, Sir Edward, Knight	*Devizes.*
Bedingfield, Sir Anthony, Knight	*Dunwich.*
Bell, William, Esq.	*Westminster.*
Bellasis, Henry, Esq. (disab. '42, Yorkshire petition)	*Yorkshire.*

Bellasis, John, Esq. (disab. '42, Yorkshire petition; made Lord '44)	*Thirsk.*
Bellingham, Sir Henry, Bart. (disab. '45)	*Westmoreland.*
*Bellingham, James, Esq.	*Westmoreland.*
Bence, Squire, Esq.	*Aldborough, Suffolk.*
*Bence, Alexander, Esq. (succeeded Rainsborough)	*Aldborough, Suffolk.*
*Bendlowes, Sir Robert, Knight	*Lancaster.*
*Bennet, Thomas, Esq. (dead '44)	*Hindon, Wilts.*
Benson, Henry, Esq. (expelled '41, for selling protections)	*Knaresborough.*
Berkeley, Sir Henry, Knight (void)	*Ilchester.*
*Biddulph, Michael, Esq.	*Lichfield.*
*Bingham, John, Esq.	*Shaftesbury.*
*Birch, John, Esq. (the Colonel; Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, part ii. p. 34)	*Leominster.*
*Birch, Thomas, Esq. (from Oct. '49)	*Liverpool.*
Bishop, Sir Edward, Knight (void)	*Bramber.*
*Blackiston, John, Esq. (regicide)	*Newcastle-on-Tyne.*
*Blagrave, Daniel, Esq. (regicide)	*Reading.*
*Blake, Robert, Esq. (the Admiral)	*Taunton.*
Bludworth, Sir Thomas, Knight (disab.)	*Reigate.*
Bodville, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Anglesea.*
Bond, Dennis, Esq. (King's judge)	*Dorchester.*
*Bond, John, LL.D.	*Melcomb Regis.*
*Boone, Thomas, Esq. (King's judge)	*Clifton, Dartmouth, Hardness* (*Devonshire*, united).
*Booth, George, Esq. (May '46)	*Cheshire.*
*Booth, John, Esq.	*Portsmouth.*
*Borde, Herbert, Esq. (died)	*Steyning.*
Borlace, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Corfe Castle.*
Borlace, John, Esq. (void)	*Marlow.*
*Boscawen, Hugh, Esq.	*Cornwall.*
*Bosville, Godfrey, Esq. (King's judge)	*Warwick.*
*Boughton, Thomas, Esq.	*Warwickshire.*
*Bourchier, Sir John, Knight (regicide)	*Ripon.*
Bowyer, Sir Thomas, Baronet (disab. '42, for Chichester garrison)	*Bramber.*
Bowyer, Sir William (died '40)	*Staffordshire.*
*Bowyer, John, Esq.	*Staffordshire.*
Boyle, Richard, Viscount Dungarvon (e. s. of E. of Cork, whom he succeeded in '43; disab. '43)	*Appleby.*
*Boynton, Sir Matthew, Bart. (dead '47)	*Scarborough.*
Boys, Sir Edward, Knight (dead '46)	*Dover.*
*Boys, John, Esq.	*Kent.*

Brereton, Sir William, Bart. (King's judge)	*Cheshire.*
Brett, Henry, Esq. (disab.)	*Gloucester.*
*Brewster, Robert, Esq.	*Dunwich.*
Bridgeman, Orlando, Esq. (Lawyer, see *D'Ewes*, 118; disab. for assisting Lord Strange '42)	*Wigan.*
*Briggs, Sir Humphrey, Knight	*Great Wenlock.*
Brooke, Sir John, Knight (disab. '43, for raising money in Lincolnshire)	*Appleby.*
*Brooke, Peter, Esq.	*Newton, Lancashire.*
Brown, Sir Ambrose, Baronet	*Surrey.*
*Brown, Richard, Esq.	*Romney.*
*Brown, Major-General Richard (disab. '49)	*Wycombe.*
Brown, Samuel, Esq.	*Clifton, Dartmouth, Hardness* (united).
*Browne, John, Esq. (King's judge)	*Dorsetshire.*
Broxholme, John, Esq. (dead '47)	*Lincoln.*
Buckhurst, Lord Richard (e. s. of E. of Dorset, disab. '44)	(*Steyning, Sussex*, but prefers) *East Grinstead.*
*Bulkeley, John, Esq.	*Newton, Hants.*
Buller, Francis, Esq.	*East Looe.*
Buller, George, Esq. (died)	*Saltash.*
Buller, Sir Richard, Knight (dead '46)	*Fowey.*
*Burgoyne, Sir John, Baronet	*Warwickshire.*
*Burgoyne, Sir Roger, Baronet	*Bedfordshire.*
Burrel, Abraham, Esq. (King's judge)	*Huntingdon.*
Button, John, Esq.	*Lymington.*
Byshe, Edward, junior, Esq.	*Bletchingley.*
Cage, William, Esq. (dead '44)	*Ipswich.*
Campbell, James, Esq.	*Grampound.*
Campion, Henry, Esq.	*Lymington.*
Capel, Arthur, Esq. (created Lord, '41)	*Hertfordshire.*
Carew, Sir Alexander (treachery of Plymouth; beheaded '44)	*Cornwall.*
*Carew, John, Esq. (regicide)	*Tregony, Cornwall.*
*Carew, William, Esq.	*Milborn Port.*
Carnaby, Sir William, Knight (disab. '42)	*Morpeth.*
Catalyn, Richard, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Norwich.*
Cave, Sir Richard, Knight (disab. '42)	*Lichfield.*
Cawley, William, Esq. (regicide)	*Midhurst, Sussex.*
Cecil, Robert, Esq. (2d s. of E. of Salisbury)	*Old Sarum.*
*Celye, Thomas, Esq.	*Bridport, Dorsetshire.*
*Chadwell, William, Esq. (disab. '44)	*St. Michaels, Cornwall.*
*Challoner, James, Esq. (King's judge)	*Aldborough, Yorkshire.*

*Challoner, Thomas, Esq. (regicide)	*Richmond, Yorkshire.*
*Charlton, Robert, Esq.	*Bridgnorth.*
Chaworth, Dr. (not duly)	*Midhurst, Sussex.*
Cheeke, Sir Thomas, Knight	(*Beeralston, Devon*, but preferred) *Harwich.*
*Chettle, Francis, Esq.	*Corfe Castle.*
Cheyne, William, Esq. (died)	*Amersham.*
Chichely, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '42)	*Cambridgeshire.*
Chomley, Sir Henry, Knight	*Northallerton.*
Cholmley, Sir Hugh (disab. '43)	*Scarborough.*
*Cholmley, Thomas, Esq.	*Carlisle.*
*Clark, Samuel, Esq.	*Exeter.*
*Clement, Gregory, Esq. (regicide; disab. '52)	*Camelford.*
Clifton, Sir Gervase, Baronet (disab.)	*East Retford.*
Clinton, Lord Edward (e. s. of E. of Lincoln)	*St. Michaels, Cornwall.*
*Clive, Robert, Esq.	*Bridgnorth.*
Clotworthy, Sir John, Knight (disab., one of the 11)	(*Bossiney, Cornwall*, but prefers) *Malden, Essex.*
Coke, Henry, Esq. (disab. '42)	*Dunwich.*
Coke, Sir John, Knight	*Derbyshire.*
Colepepper, Sir John, Knight (disab. '44; made Lord 21 Oct. '44)	*Kent.*
Combe, Edward, Esq. (void)	*Warwickshire.*
Compton, Lord James (e. s. of E. of Northampton; disab.)	*Warwickshire.*
Coningsby, Fitzwilliam, Esq. (disab. '41, monopolist)	*Herefordshire.*
*Coningsby, Humphrey, Esq. (disab. '46)	*Herefordshire.*
*Constable, Sir William, Baronet (regicide; instead of Benson the jobber, and in preference to Deerlove, '42)	*Knaresborough.*
Constantine, William, Esq. (disab. '43)	*Poole.*
Cook, Sir Robert, Knight (died)	*Tewkesbury.*
Cook, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Leicester.*
*Copley, Lionel, Esq. (disab. with the 11)	*Bossiney.*
*Corbet, John, Esq. (King's judge)	*Bishop's Castle, Salop.*
*Corbet, Sir John, Baronet	*Shropshire.*
Corbet, Miles, Esq. (regicide)	*Yarmouth.*
Cornwallis, Sir Frederick, Baronet (disab. '42, for sending officers from Holland)	*Eye, Suffolk.*
Coryton, William, Esq. (not duly)	*Launceston* (*alias Dunchevit*).
*Coventry, John, Esq. (2d s. of late Lord Keeper, disab. '42)	*Evesham.*
Cowcher, John, Esq.	*Worcester.*

Cradock, Matthew, Esq. (died '40) . *London.*
Cranbourne, Viscount Charles (e. s. of E. of Salisbury) . . . *Hertford.*
Crane, Sir Robert, Baronet (dead '44) *Sudbury.*
Craven, John, Esq. (void; made Baron Craven 21 March '43) . *Tewkesbury.*
Creswell, Sergeant Richard . . *Evesham.*
Crew, John, Esq. . . . . *Brackley.*
Crispe, Sir Nicholas, Knight (expelled '41, for monopoly in copperas) . . . . . *Winchelsea.*
*Crompton, Thomas, Esq. . . *Staffordshire.*
Cromwell, Oliver, Esq. . . . *Cambridge.*
*Cromwell, Richard, Esq. . . *Portsmouth.*
Crooke, Sir Robert, Knight (disab. '43) . . . . . *Wendover, Bucks.*
*Crowther, William, Esq. . . *Weobly.*
*Crynes, Elizeus, Esq. . . . *Tavistock.*
Curwen, Sir Patricius, Baronet (disab. '44) . . . . . *Cumberland.*
Curzon, Sir John, Baronet . . *Derbyshire.*
*Dacres, Sir Thomas, Knight (instead of Capel) . . . . . *Hertfordshire.*
*Dacres, Thomas, Esq. . . . *Kellington.*
Dalston, Sir George, Knight (disab. '44) . . . . . *Cumberland.*
Dalston, Sir William, Baronet (disab. '44) . . . . . *Carlisle.*
Danby, Sir Thomas, Knight (disab. '42, Yorkshire petition) . . *Richmond, Yorkshire.*
*Danvers, Sir John, Knight (E. Danby's brother; regicide) . . *Malmsbury.*
*Darley, Henry, Esq. . . . *Malton.*
*Darley, Richard, Esq. (King's judge) *Northallerton.*
Davies, Matthew, Esq. (disab. '43) . *Christchurch, Hants.*
*Davies, William, Esq. . . . *Carmarthen.*
Deering, Sir Edward, Baronet (disab. '42, for printing his speeches) . *Kent.*
*Deerlove, William, Esq. (void) . *Knaresborough.*
Denton, Sir Alexander, Knight (disab. '44) . . . . . *Buckingham.*
*Devereux, George, Esq. . . *Montgomery.*
D'Ewes, Sir Simond, Baronet . . *Sudbury.*
Digby, Lord George (e. s. of E. of Bristol; till 10 June '41, writ to House of Peers) . . . . (*Milborn Port*, but preferred) *Dorsetshire.*
Digby, John, Esq. (disab. '42) . . *Milborn Port.*
Dives, Sir Lewis, Knight (disab.) . *Bridport.*
*Dixwell, John, Esq. (regicide) . *Dover.*
*Dobins, Daniel, Esq. . . . *Bewdley.*
*Dodderidge, John, Esq. . . *Barnstaple.*
*Dormer, John, Esq. (in '46) . . *Buckingham.*

*Dove, John, Esq. (King's judge)	*Salisbury.*
*Downes, John, Esq. (regicide)	*Arundel.*
*Dowse, Edward, Esq. (dead '48)	*Portsmouth.*
*Doyley, John, Esq.	*Oxford.*
Drake, Sir William, Knight	*Amersham, Bucks.*
*Drake, Francis, Esq.	*Amersham.*
*Drake, Sir Francis, Baronet	*Beeralston.*
Dryden, Sir John, Baronet	*Northamptonshire.*
Dunch, Edmund, Esq.	*Wallingford.*
Dutton, John, Esq. (disab.)	*Gloucestershire.*
*Earle, Erasmus, Esq.	*Norwich.*
Earle, Thomas, Esq.	*Wareham, Dorset.*
Earle, Sir Walter, Knight	*Weymouth.*
Eden, Thomas, LL.D. (dead in '44)	*Cambridge University.*
Edgcombe, Piers, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Camelford.*
Edgecumbe, Richard, Esq. (disab.)	*Newport, Cornwall.*
*Edwards, Humphrey, Esq. (regicide)	*Shropshire.*
*Edwards, Richard, Esq. (Nov. '50)	*Bedford.*
*Edwards, Richard, Esq.	*Christchurch, Hants.*
*Edwards, William, Esq.	*Chester.*
*Egerton, Sir Charles, Knight	*Ripon.*
*Elford, John, Esq.	*Tiverton.*
Ellis, William, Esq.	*Boston.*
*Ellison, Robert, Esq.	*Newcastle-on-Tyne.*
Erisy, Richard, Esq.	*St. Mawes, Cornwall.*
Eure, Sergeant Samuel (disab. '44)	*Leominster.*
*Evelyn, George, Esq.	*Reigate.*
Evelyn, Sir John, Knight	*Bletchingley, Surrey.*
Evelyn, Sir John, Knight	*Ludgershall, Wilts.*
Eversfield, Sir Thomas, Knight (disab. '44)	*Hastings.*
Exton, Edward, Esq.	*Southampton.*
*Fagg, John, Esq. (King's judge)	*Rye.*
Fairfax, Lord Ferdinando (died '47)	*Yorkshire.*
*Fairfax, Sir Thomas, Knight (from 7 Feb. '49)	*Cirencester.*
Falkland, Lord (disab. '42, killed at Newbury, Sept. '43)	*Newport, Wight.*
Fanshaw, Sir Thomas, K.B. (disab. '43)	*Hertford.*
Fanshaw, Sir Thomas, Knight (disab. '42)	*Lancaster.*
*Fell, Thomas, Esq. (after Fanshaw)	*Lancaster.*
Fenwick, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Morpeth.*
*Fenwick, George, Esq. (King's judge)	*Morpeth.*
Fenwick, Sir John, Knight (disab. '44)	(*Cockermouth*, but preferred) *Northumberland.*
*Fenwick, William, Esq.	*Northumberland.*
Fernfold, Sir Thomas (dead '45)	*Steyning.*
Ferrers, Richard, Esq. (disab.)	*Barnstaple.*
Fettiplace, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Berkshire.*
*Fielder, John, Esq.	*St. Ives, Cornwall.*

Fiennes, Hon. James (e. s. of "Old Subtlety," Say and Seale) . . *Oxfordshire.*
*Fiennes, Hon. John (3d s. of Subtlety) . . . . . *Morpeth.*
Fiennes, Hon. Nathaniel (2d s. of Subtlety) . . . . . *Banbury.*
Finch, Sir John, Knight (dead '44) . *Winchelsea.*
Fitzwilliam, Hon. William (e. s. of Lord Visc. Fitzwilliam; till Jan. '44) . . . . . *Peterborough.*
*Fleetwood, Charles, Esq. . . *Marlborough.*
*Fleetwood, George, Esq. (regicide; succeeded Goodwin, '45) . . *Buckinghamshire.*
Fleetwood, Sir Miles, Knight (died) *Hindon, Wilts.*
Fountaine, Thomas, Esq. (in place of Hampden; dead '46) . . . *Wendover.*
*Fowel, Edmund, Esq. . . . *Tavistock.*
Fowel, Sir Edmund, Knight . . *Ashburton.*
*Foxwist, William, Esq. . . . *Carnarvon.*
Franklyn, John, Esq. (dead '45) . *Marlborough.*
Franklyn, Sir John, Knight (dead in '48) . . . . . *Middlesex.*
*Frye, John, Esq. (King's judge; against the Trinity; disab. '51) . *Shaftesbury.*
Gallop, George, Esq. . . . *Southampton.*
Gamul, Francis, Esq. (disab. '44; see *Rushworth*, iv. 3) . . . *Chester.*
*Gardiner, Samuel, Esq. . . *Evesham.*
*Garland, Augustin, Esq. (regicide) . *Queenborough.*
Garton, Henry, Esq. (dead '41) . *Arundel.*
Gawdy, Framlingham, Esq. . . *Thetford.*
*Gawen, Thomas, Esq. . . . *Launceston, alias Dunchevit.*
*Gell, Thomas, Esq. . . . *Derby.*
George, John, Esq. (disab.) . . *Cirencester.*
Gerrard, Francis, Esq. . . . *Seaford (Cinque Ports).*
Gerrard, Sir Gilbert, Baronet . . *Middlesex.*
Glanville, Sergeant John (instead of Humphrey Hooke, monopolist) . *Bristol.*
Glanville, William, Esq. (disab. '44) . *Camelford.*
Glynn, John, Esq. (Recorder; disab., one of the 11) . . . . *Westminster.*
Godolphin, Francis, Esq. (disab.) . *St. Ives, Cornwall.*
Godolphin, Francis, Esq. (disab. '44) *Helston, Cornwall.*
Godolphin, Sidney, Esq. (killed at Saltash '42) . . . . *Helston.*
*Gold, Nicholas, Esq. (died) . . *Fowey.*
Goodwin, Arthur, Esq. (died May '45) *Buckinghamshire.*
Goodwin, Ralph, Esq. (disab. '44; Secretary to Rupert) . . . *Ludlow.*
Goodwin, Robert, Esq. . . . *East Grinstead.*
Goodwyn, John, Esq. . . . *Haslemere, Surrey*
Gorges, Sir Theobald, Knight (disab. '44) . . . . . *Cirencester.*

Goring, Colonel George (disab. '42, for surrendering Portsmouth)	*Portsmouth.*
*Got, Samuel, Esq.	*Winchelsea.*
*Gourdon, Brampton, jun., Esq.	*Sudbury.*
Gourdon, John, Esq. (King's judge)	*Ipswich.*
Grantham, Thomas, Esq.	*Lincoln.*
*Gratwick, Roger, Esq. (King's judge)	*Hastings.*
*Green, Giles, Esq.	*Corfe Castle.*
Greenville, Sir Bevil (disab. '42; killed at Lansdown, July '43)	*Cornwall.*
Grey, Henry de (commonly called Lord Ruthen; House of Peers, on father E. Kent's death, in '43)	*Leicestershire.*
Grey, Lord Thomas, of Groby (e. s. of E. of Stamford; regicide)	*Leicester.*
Griffith, Sir Edward, Knight (disab. '44)	*Downton, Wilts.*
Griffith, John, sen., Esq. (died '42)	*Beaumaris.*
Griffith, John, jun., Esq. (disab. '42)	*Carnarvonshire.*
Grimston, Harbottle, Esq. (afterwards Sir)	*Colchester.*
Grimston, Sir Harbottle, Bart. (dead '47)	*Harwich.*
*Grove, Thomas, Esq.	*Milborn Port.*
Hales, Sir Edward, Baronet (disab.)	*Queenborough, Kent.*
Hallows, Nathaniel, Esq. (Alderman)	*Derby.*
Hampden, John, Esq. (slain June '43)	(*Wendover*, but preferred) *Buckinghamshire.*
Harding, Sir Richard, Knight (disab. '44)	*Bedwin, Wilts.*
*Harley, Edward, Esq. (till '47; one of the 11)	*Herefordshire.*
Harley, Sir Robert, K.B.	*Herefordshire.*
*Harley, Robert, Esq.	*Radnor.*
Harman, Richard, Esq. (dead '46)	*Norwich.*
*Harrington, Sir James, Knight (King's judge)	*Rutlandshire.*
*Harrington, John, Esq. (void)	*Somersetshire.*[1]
*Harris, John, Esq.	*Launceston (alias Dunchevit).*
Harris, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Liskeard.*
Harrison, Sir John, Knight (disab. '43)	*Lancaster.*
*Harrison, Thomas, Esq. (Major-General, regicide)	*Wendover.*
Harrison, William, Esq. (disab. '43)	*Queenborough.*
Hartnoll, George, Esq. (disab.)	*Tiverton.*
*Harvey, Edmund, Esq. (instead of Smith; King's judge)	*Bedwin, Wilts.*
*Harvey, Edward, Esq.	*Higham Ferrers.*

[1] Sat afterwards for Castle Carey, as appears; and took some dim meagre *Notes*, which are still in existence among the *Brit. Mus. Mss.*

Harvey, John, Esq. (dead '45)	*Hythe.*
Haselrig, Sir Arthur, Baronet (King's judge)	*Leicestershire.*
Hatcher, Thomas, Esq.	*Stamford.*
Hatton, Sir Christopher (disab. '42, array; made Baron '43)	(*Castle Rising*, but preferred) *Higham Ferrers.*
Hatton, Sir Robert (in place of Sir Christopher; disab. '42)	*Castle Rising.*
*Hay, Herbert, Esq.	*Arundel.*
*Hay, William, Esq.	*Rye.*
Hayman, Sir Henry, Baronet	*Hythe.*
Hayman, Sir Peter, Knight (dead '41)	*Dover.*
Heblethwaite, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Malton.*
*Hele, Sir Thomas (disab.)	*Plimpton, Devon.*
Herbert, Edward, Esq. (till Jan. '41, made Attorney-General)	*Old Sarum.*
Herbert, Sir Henry, Knight (disab. '42, array)	*Bewdley.*
*Herbert, Henry, Esq.	*Monmouthshire.*
*Herbert, John, Esq.	*Monmouthshire.*
*Herbert, Hon. James (2d s. of E. of Pembroke)	*Wiltshire.*
Herbert, Ld. Phil. (e. s. of E. of Pembroke)	*Glamorganshire.*
Herbert, Richard, Esq. (disab. '42, array)	*Montgomery.*
Herbert, William, Esq. (disab., killed at Edgehill)	*Cardiff.*
Herbert, William, Esq. (disab. '44)	(*Woodstock*, but preferred) *Monmouthshire.*
Heveningham, William, Esq. (King's judge)	*Stockbridge, Hants.*
*Hill, Roger, Esq. (King's judge)	*Bridport.*
Hippesley, Gabriel, Esq. (void)	*Marlow.*
Hippesley, Sir John, Knight	*Cockermouth.*
*Hobart, Sir John, Baronet (dead '47)	*Norfolk*
Hobby, Peregrine, Esq. (in place of Borlace)	*Marlow.*
*Hodges, Luke, Esq. (died)	*Bristol.*
Hodges, Thomas, Esq.	*Cricklade.*
*Hodges, Thomas, Esq.	*Ilchester.*
Holborn, Robert, Esq. (disab. '42)	*St. Michaels.*
*Holcrofte, John, Esq.	*Wigan.*
Holland, Cornelius, Esq. (King's judge; in place of Roe)	*New Windsor.*
Holland, Sir John, Baronet	*Castle Rising, Norfolk.*
Holles, Denzil, Esq. (till '47; one of the 11)	*Dorchester.*
*Holles, Francis, Esq.	*Lostwithiel.*
Holles, Gervase, Esq. (disab. '42)	*Great Grimsby.*

Hooke, Humphrey, Esq. (monopolist, not duly: Evans's *Bristol*, p. 181) *Bristol.*
Hopton, Sir Ralph, K.B. (disab. '42) *Wells.*
*Horner, George, Esq. (void; Harrington's partner) . . . *Somersetshire.*
*Hoskins, Bennet, Esq. . . . *Hereford.*
Hotham, John, Esq. (beheaded 1 Jan. '44) . . . . . *Scarborough.*
Hotham, Sir John, Baronet (beheaded 2 Jan. '44) . . . . . *Beverley.*
*Houghton, Sir Richard, Bart. (from '45) . . . . . *Lancashire.*
* Howard, Lord Edward, of Escrick (in '49; disab. '51) . . . *Carlisle.*
Howard, Sir Robert, K.B. (disab. '42) *Bishop's Castle, Salop.*
Howard, Thomas, Esq. (in place of Barker; disab. '44; D'Ewes, 219) *Wallingford.*
Hoyle, Thomas, Esq. (Alderman) . *York.*
*Hudson, Edmund, Esq. (disab. '47) *Lynn.*
Hungerford, Anthony, Esq. (disab.) . *Malmesbury.*
Hungerford, Sir Edward, K.B. . *Chippenham.*
*Hungerford, Henry, Esq. . . *Bedwin, Wilts.*
Hunt, Robert, Esq. (void, but re-elected; disab. '44) . . . *Ilchester.*
*Hunt, Thomas, Esq. . . . *Shrewsbury.*
*Hussey, Thomas, Esq. (after Jervoise died) . . . . . *Whitchurch, Hants.*
*Hutchinson, John, Esq. (the Colonel; regicide) . . . *Nottinghamshire.*
Hutchinson, Sir Thomas, Knight (dead '44) . . . . . *Nottinghamshire.*
Hyde, Edward, Esq. (Clarendon; disab. '42) . . . . . *Saltash.*
Hyde, Sergeant Robert (disab. '42) . *Salisbury.*
*Ingoldsby, Richard, Esq. (the signer) . . . . . *Wendover.*
Ingram, Sir Arthur, Knight (died) . *Kellington.*
Ingram, Sir Thomas, Knight (disab. '42, for Yorkshire petition) . . *Thirsk.*
Irby, Sir Anthony, Knight . . *Boston.*
*Ireton, Henry, Esq. . . . *Appleby.*
Jacob, Sir John, Knight (expelled '41, monopolist of tobacco) . . *Rye.*
Jane, Joseph, Esq. (disab. '44) . *Liskeard.*
Jenner, Robert, Esq. . . . *Cricklade.*
Jennings, Sir John, Knight (died '42) *St. Albans.*
*Jennings, Richard, Esq. (succeeds Sir John) . . . . . *St. Albans.*
Jephson, William, Esq. . . . *Stockbridge, Hants.*
Jermyn, Henry, Esq. (disab. '43; Lord Jermyn) . . . . *Bury St. Edmunds.*
Jermyn, Sir Thomas, Knight (disab. '44) . . . . . *Bury St. Edmunds.*

Jervoise, Richard, Esq. (dead '45)	*Whitchurch, Hants.*
Jervoise, Sir Thomas, Knight	*Whitchurch, Hants.*
Jesson, William, Esq. (Alderman)	*Coventry.*
Jones, Arthur, Lord Ranelagh (disab.)	*Weobly.*
*Jones, John, Esq. (regicide)	*Merionethshire.*
*Jones, Colonel Philip (in Feb. '50)	*Brecknockshire.*
*Jones, William, Esq.	*Beaumaris.*
*Kekewich, George, Esq.	*Liskeard.*
*Kemp, John, Esq.	*Christchurch, Hants.*
Killegrew, Henry, Esq. (disab. '44)	*West Looe.*
King, Richard, Esq. (disab. '43)	*Melcomb Regis.*
Kirkby, Roger, Esq. (disab. '42)	*Lancashire.*
*Kirkham, Roger, Esq. (dead '46)	*Old Sarum.*
Kirle, Walter, Esq.	*Leominster.*
Kirton, Edward, Esq. (disab. '42)	*Milborn Port.*
*Knatchbull, Sir Norton, Baronet	*Romney.*
Knightley, Richard, Esq.	*Northampton.*
Knowles, Sir Francis, sen., Knight (died '48)	*Reading.*
Knowles, Sir Francis, jun., Knight (dead '45)	*Reading.*
Lane, Thomas, Esq.	*Wycombe.*
*Langton, William, Esq.	*Preston.*
*Lascelles, Francis, Esq. (King's judge)	*Thirsk.*
*Lawrence, Henry, Esq.	*Westmoreland.*
*Lechmere, Nicholas, Esq.	*Droitwich.*
Lee, Richard, Esq.	*Rochester.*
Lee, Sir Richard, Baronet (disab. '42)	*Shropshire.*
*Leach, Nicholas, Esq. (dead '47)	*Newport, Cornwall.*
Leeds, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '42)	*Steyning.*
Legh, Peter, Esq. (dead '41)	*Newton, Lancashire.*
Legrose, Sir Charles, Knight	*Orford, Suffolk.*
*Leigh, Edward, Esq.	*Stafford.*
Leigh, Sir John, Knight	*Yarmouth, Wight.*
*Leman, William, Esq.	*Hertford.*
*Lenthall, John, Esq. (King's judge)	*Gloucester.*
Lenthall, William, Esq. (Speaker)	*Woodstock.*
Leveson, Sir Richard, K.B. (disab. '42)	*Newcastle-under-Line.*
*Lewis, Ludovicus, Esq.	*Brecon.*
Lewis, Sir William, Baronet (disab., one of the 11, in '47)	*Petersfield.*
Lewkenor, Christopher, Esq. (disab. '42)	*Chichester.*
Lisle, John, Esq. (King's judge)	*Winchester.*
Lisle, Lord Philip (e. s. of Robert E. of Leicester; King's judge)	(*St. Ives, Cornwall,* but preferred) *Yarmouth, Wight.*
Lister, Sir John, Knight (died)	*Hull.*
*Lister, Thomas, Esq. (King's judge)	*Lincoln.*
*Lister, Sir William, Knight	*East Retford.*

Littleton, Sir Edward, Baronet (disab. '44)	*Staffordshire.*
Littleton, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Great Wenlock.*
Litton, Sir William, Knight	*Hertfordshire.*
*Livesey, Sir Michael, Baronet (regicide)	*Queenborough.*
Lloyd, Francis, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Carmarthen.*
*Lloyd, John, Esq.	*Carmarthenshire.*
Lloyd, Walter, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Cardiganshire.*
*Long, Lislebone, Esq.	*Wells.*
Long, Richard, Esq. (monopolist, not duly)	*Bristol.*
*Long, Walter, Esq. (instead of Ashburnham; one of the 11, in '47)	*Ludgershall, Wilts.*
*Love, Nicholas, Esq. (King's judge)	*Winchester.*
Low, George, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Calne.*
Lower, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '44)	*East Looe.*
Lowry, John, Esq. (King's judge; see *Harris*, Appendix)	*Cambridge.*
Lucas, Henry, Esq.	*Cambridge University.*
*Luckyn, Capel, Esq.	*Harwich.*
*Lucy, Sir Richard, Baronet	*Old Sarum.*
Lucy, Sir Thomas, Knight (died '40)	*Warwick.*
*Ludlow, Edmund, Esq.	*Hindon, Wilts.*
Ludlow, Sir Henry, Knight (dead '44)	*Wiltshire.*
*Ludlow, Lieut.-General Edmund (regicide)	*Wiltshire.*
Luke, Sir Oliver, Knight	*Bedfordshire.*
Luke, Sir Samuel, Knight (died)	*Bedford.*
Lumley, Sir Martin, Baronet	*Essex.*
Lutterel, Alexander, Esq. (dead '44)	*Minehead.*
Lyster, Sir Martin, Knight	*Brackley, Northamptonshire.*
*Mackworth, Thomas, Esq.	*Ludlow.*
Mallory, Sir John, Knight (disab. '43)	*Ripon.*
Mallory, William, Esq. (disab. '42, Yorkshire petition)	*Ripon.*
Manaton, Ambrose, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Launceston (alias Dunchevit).*
Mansfield, Charles Viscount (e. s. of E. of Newcastle, disab. '44)	*East Retford.*
Marlot, William, Esq. (dead '46)	*Shoreham.*
Marten, Henry, Esq. (regicide)	*Berkshire.*
*Martin, Christopher, Esq.	*Plimpton.*
*Martin, Sir Nicholas, Knight	*Devonshire.*
*Masham, Sir William, Baronet (King's judge)	*Essex.*
*Masham, William, Esq.	*Shrewsbury.*
*Massey, Edward, Esq. (the soldier; disab., one of the 11)	*Wootton Basset.*
Masters, Sir Edward, Knight (dead '48)	*Canterbury.*
*Matthews, Roger, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Clifton, Dartmouth, Hardness* (united).

Mauleverer, Sir Thomas, Baronet (regicide)	*Boroughbridge.*
May, Thomas, Esq. (not May historian; disab. '42)	*Midhurst.*
*Maynard, Sir John, K.B. (disab., one of the 11)	*Lostwithiel.*
Maynard, John, Esq. (refusing *Newport, Cornwall*, whereupon Prynne)	*Totness.*
*Mayne, Simon, Esq. (regicide)	*Aylesbury.*
Melton, Sir John (died '40)	*Newcastle-on-Tyne.*
Merrick, Sir John, Knight	*Newcastle-under-Line.*
Meux, Sir John, Knight (disab. '44)	*Newton, Hants.*
Middleton, Sir Thomas, Knight	*Denbighshire.*
*Middleton, Thomas, Esq.	*Flint.*
Middleton, Thomas, Esq.	*Horsham.*
Mildmay, Sir Henry, Knight (King's judge)	*Malden.*
*Millington, Gilbt. Esq. (regicide; *D'Ewes*, 211, 13 Dec. '41)	*Nottingham.*
Monson, William, Viscount Monson in Ireland (King's judge)	*Reigate.*
Montague, Sir Sidney, Knight (disab. '42)	*Huntingdonshire.*
*Montague, Edward, Esq. (Colonel, E. of Sandwich;—after his father Sir Sidney)	*Huntingdonshire.*
Montague, Edward, Esq. (succeeds Lord M. of Boughton, in '44; till then)[1]	*Huntingdon.*
*Moody, Miles, Esq. (dead '46)	*Ripon.*
Moor, Richard, Esq. (dead '44)	*Bishop's Castle.*
Moor, Thomas, Esq.	*Heytesbury.*
*Moor, Thomas, Esq.	*Ludlow.*
Moore, John, Esq. (regicide)	*Liverpool.*
More, Sir Poynings, Baronet (dead '49)	*Haslemere.*
Morgan, William, Esq. (dead '49)	*Brecknockshire.*
Morley, Herbert, Esq. (King's judge)	*Lewes.*
Morley, Sir William, Knight (disab. '42, for garrison there)	*Chichester.*
Mostyn, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Flintshire.*
Mountford, Sir Edward, Knight (dead '44)	*Norfolk.*
*Moyle, John, Esq.	*East Looe.*
Moyle, John, jun. Esq. (dead '46)	*St. Germains.*
Musgrave, Sir Philip, Baronet (disab. '43, array)	*Westmoreland.*
Napier, Sir Gerard, Knight (disab. '44)	*Melcomb Regis.*
Napier, Sir Robert, Baronet	*Peterborough.*
Nash, John, Esq.	*Worcester.*

[1] A "George Montague" is also indisputably a member (*Commons Journals*, iv. 60), I know not for what place.

*Needham, Sir Robert, Knight.	*Haverford West.*
*Nelthorp, James, Esq. (King's judge)	*Beverley.*
*Nelthorp, John, Esq.	*Beverley.*
*Nevil, —, Esq. (from '49)	*East Retford.*
*Neville, Henry, Esq. (from '50)	*Berkshire.*
Newport, Francis, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Shrewsbury.*
Newport, Sir Richard, Knight (disab.; made Lord '42)	*Shropshire.*
Nicholas, Edward, Esq. (Secretary after Falkland; disab.)	*Newton, Hants.*
Nichols, Anthony, Esq. (disab., one of the 11)	*Bodmin.*
Nichols, Sergeant Robert (King's judge)	*Devizes.*
*Nixon, John, Esq. (Alderman)	*Oxford.*
Noble, Michael, Esq.	*Lichfield.*
Noel, Hon. Baptist (e. s. of Viscount Camden; disab.)	*Rutlandshire.*
North, Sir Dudley, Baronet	*Cambridgeshire.*
North, Sir Roger, Knight (disab.?)	*Eye, Suffolk.*
Northcote, Sir John, Baronet	*Ashburton.*
*Norton, Sir Gregory, Baronet (regicide)	*Midhurst.*
*Norton, Richard, Esq. (Colonel)	*Hampshire.*
Nutt, John, Esq. (King's judge)	*Canterbury.*
Ogle, Sir William, Knight (disab. '43)	*Winchester.*
Oldsworth, Michael, Esq.	(*Plimpton, Devon,* but preferred) *Salisbury.*
Onslow, Arthur, Esq. (void, but re-elected)	*Bramber.*
Onslow, Sir Richard, Knight	*Surrey.*
Osborne, Sir Edward, Knight (void)	*Berwick.*
*Owen, Arthur, Esq.	*Pembrokeshire.*
Owen, Sir Hugh, Knight	*Pembroke.*
Owfield, Sir Samuel, Knight (dead '44)	*Gatton.*
*Owfield, William, Esq.	*Gatton.*
Owner, Edward, Esq.	*Yarmouth.*
*Oxenden, Henry, Esq.	*Winchelsea.*
*Packer, Robert, Esq.	*Wallingford.*
Packington, Sir John, Baronet (disab. '42; array)	*Aylesbury.*
*Palgrave, Sir John, Baronet	*Norfolk.*
Palmer, Geoffrey, Esq. (disab. '42)	*Stamford.*
*Palmer, John, M.D.	*Bridgwater.*
*Palmer, Sir Roger, Knight (succeeded Legh in '42; disab. '44)	*Newton, Lancashire.*
Palmes, Sir Guy, Knight (disab. '43)	*Rutlandshire.*
Parker, Sir Philip, Knight	*Suffolk.*
Parker, Sir Thomas, Knight	*Seaford* (*Cinque Ports*).
Parkhurst, Sir Robert, Knight (died)	*Guildford.*
Parry, George, LL.D. (disab. '44)	*St. Mawes.*

Parteriche, Sir Edward, Baronet	*Sandwich.*
Paulet, Sir John, Knight (disab. '42)	*Somersetshire.*
Peard, George, Esq. (died)	*Barnstaple.*
*Peck, Henry, Esq.	*Chichester.*
Pelham, Henry, Esq. (speaker in tumults of 11)	*Grantham.*
*Pelham, John, Esq.	*Hastings.*
*Pelham, Peregrine, Esq. (regicide; *Heath*, p. 364)	*Hull.*
Pelham, Sir Thomas, Baronet	*Sussex.*
*Pembroke, Philip, Earl of (in Pile's place, '49, House of Lords being abolished; died '50)	*Berkshire.*
Pennington, Isaac, Esq. (King's judge)	*London.*
Pennyman, Sir William, Bart. (disab. '42)	*Richmond, Yorkshire.*
*Penrose, John, Esq.	*Helston.*
Percival, John, Esq. (dead in '44)	*Lynn.*
*Percival, Sir Philip, Knight (dead '47)	*Newport, Cornwall.*
Perfoy, William, Esq. (regicide)	*Warwick.*
Peyton, Sir Thomas, Baronet (disab. '44)	*Sandwich.*
Philips, Edward, Esq. (instead of Berkeley, '40; disab. '44)	*Ilchester.*
Pickering, Sir Gilbert, Baronet (Poet Dryden's; King's judge)	*Northamptonshire.*
Pickering, Robert, Esq. (void '46)	*East Grinstead.*
Piercy, Henry, Esq. (Earl of Northumberland's brother; expelled, Army-plot, '41; made Baron '43)	(*Portsmouth*, but preferred) *Northumberland.*
Pierpoint, Francis, Esq. (3d s. of Earl of Kingston)	*Nottingham.*
Pierpoint, William, Esq. (2d s. of do.)	*Great Wenlock, Salop.*
*Pigot, Gervase, Esq.	*Nottinghamshire.*
*Pile, Sir Francis, Baronet (died '49)	*Berkshire.*
Playters, Sir William, Baronet	*Orford, Suffolk.*
Pleydall, William, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Wootton Basset.*
Pole, Sir William, Knight (disab. '43)	*Honiton.*
Polewheel, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Tregony.*
Pollard, Sir Hugh, Knight (expelled '41, for plot of bringing up army)	*Beeralston.*
Poole, Edward, Esq.	*Wootton Basset.*
Poole, Sir Nevil, Knight	*Malmesbury.*
*Pope, Roger, Esq. (dead '47)	*Merionethshire.*
Popham, Alexander, Esq.	*Bath.*
*Popham, Edward, Esq. (from '45)	*Minehead.*
Popham, Sir Francis (dead '44)	*Minehead.*
Porter, Endymion, Esq. (disab. '43)	*Droitwich.*
Portman, Sir William, Baronet (disab. '44)	*Taunton.*

Potter, Hugh, Esq. (disab.)	*Plimpton.*
Potts, Sir John, Baronet (died)	*Norfolk.*
*Povey, Thomas, Esq.	*Lisheard.*
Price, Charles, Esq. (disab.)	*Radnorshire.*
Price, Herbert, Esq. (disab.)	*Brecon.*
Price, Sir John, Baronet (disab. '45)	*Montgomeryshire.*
*Price, Sir Richard, Baronet	*Cardiganshire.*
Price, William, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Merionethshire.*
Prideaux, Edmund, Esq.	*Lyme Regis.*
*Priestley, William, Esq.	*St. Mawes.*
Prynne, William, Esq.	*Newport,*[1] *Cornwall.*
Pury, Alderman Thomas (took notes, see Burton's *Diary*, where the name is, by mistake, printed "Davy")	*Gloucester.*
*Pury, Thomas, jun. Esq. (of Gloucester)	*Monmouth.*
*Pye, Sir Robert, Knight	*Woodstock.*
*Pym, Charles, Esq.	*Beeralston.*
Pym, John, Esq. (died Dec. '43)	*Tavistock.*
Pyne, John, Esq.	*Poole.*
*Radcliff, John, Esq.	*Chester.*
Rainsborough, Captain (died '41)	*Aldborough, Suffolk.*
*Rainsborough, Colonel Thomas (killed at Doncaster, 29 Oct. '48)	*Droitwich.*
Rainsford, Sir Henry, Knight (dead '41)	*Andover.*
*Rainsford, Henry, Esq.	*St. Ives, Cornwall.*
*Raleigh, Carew, Esq.	*Kellington, Cornwall.*
Ramsden, Sir John (disab. for Selby fight '44)	*Northallerton.*
Rashleigh, Jonathan, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Fowey.*
Ravenscroft, Paul, Esq.	*Horsham.*
Reynolds, Robert, Esq. (King's judge)	*Hindon, Wilts.*
*Rich, Charles, Esq.	*Sandwich.*
*Rich, Nathaniel, Esq. (from Feb. '49)	*Cirencester.*
Rich, Robert Lord (e. s. of Robert E. of Warwick; called to Peers, Jan. 27, '41; *Rushworth*, iv. 4)	*Essex.*
Rigby, Alexander, Esq. (King's judge)	*Wigan.*
Rivers, —, Esq. (dead '41)	*Lewes.*
*Robinson, Luke, Esq.	*Scarborough.*
*Rochester, Charles Lord Viscount (e. s. of E. of Somerset)	*St. Michaels.*
Rodney, Sir Edward (disab. '42)	*Wells.*
Roe, Sir Thomas, Knight (not duly)	*New Windsor.*
Roe, Sir Thomas, Knight (dead in '44)	*Oxford University.*

[1] "Newport, soon after the Parliament sat;" not "Bristol in '45," as the *Parliamentary History* gives it.

Rogers, Hugh, Esq. . . . *Calne.*
Rogers, Richard, Esq. (disab. '42) . *Dorsetshire.*
Rolle, John, Esq. . . . . *Truro.*
*Rolle, Sir Samuel, Knight (died) . *Devonshire.*
Rose, Richard, Esq. . . . *Lyme Regis.*
*Rossiter, Edward, Esq. . . . *Great Grimsby.*
Rouse, Francis, Esq. . . . *Truro.*
Rudyard, Sir Benjamin, Knight . *Wilton.*
*Russel, Francis, Esq. . . . *Cambridgeshire.*
Russel, Lord William (e. s. of E. of Bedford; till '41) . . . *Tavistock.*
*Russel, John, Esq. (disab. '44) . *Tavistock.*
St. Hill, Peter, Esq. (disab. '44) . *Tiverton.*
St. John, Sir Beauchamp, Knight . *Bedford.*
St. John, Oliver, Esq. (Sol.-Gen. in '40) . . . . . *Totness.*
Salisbury, John, jun. Esq. (disab. '44) *Flint.*
*Salisbury, William, Earl of (in '49) . *Lynn.*
Salway, Humphrey, Esq. (King's judge) . . . . . *Worcestershire.*
*Salway, Richard, Esq. (King's judge) . . . . . *Appleby.*
Sanders, —, Esq. (not duly) . . *Gatton.*
Sandys, Samuel, Esq. (disab. '42) . *Droitwich.*
Sandys, Thomas, Esq. . . . *Gatton.*
Sandys, William, Esq. (expelled '41, as monopolist) . . . . *Evesham.*
*Saville, Sir William, Baronet (disab. '42, Yorkshire petition) . . *Old Sarum.*
*Say, William, Esq. (regicide) . . *Camelford.*
*Sayer, John, Esq. . . . . *Colchester.*
*Scawen, Robert, Esq. . . . *Berwick.*
*Scot, Thomas, Esq. (dead '47) . *Aldborough, Yorkshire.*
*Scott, Thomas, Esq. (regicide) . *Aylesbury.*
*Scudamore, James, Esq. (disab.) . *Hereford.*
Seabourne, Richard, Esq. (disab. '46) *Hereford.*
Searle, George, Esq. . . . *Taunton.*
Selden, John, Esq. . . . *Oxford University.*
Seymour, Edward, Esq. (disab. '44) . . . . . *Devonshire.*
Seymour, Sir Francis, Knight (made Lord, '41) . . . . . *Marlborough.*
*Seymour, Sir John, Knight . . *Gloucestershire.*
*Shapcot, Robert, Esq. . . . *Tiverton.*
*Shelley, Henry, Esq. (after Rivers) *Lewes.*
Shuckburgh, Richard, Esq. (disab.; instead of Combe) . . . *Warwickshire.*
Shuttleworth, Richard, Esq. . . *Clithero.*
Shuttleworth, Richard, Esq. . . *Preston.*
Siddenham, Sir Ralph (in place of Clotworthy; disab. '42) . . *Bossiney.*
*Sidney, Algernon, Esq. (after Herbert; King's judge) . . . *Cardiff.*

*Skeffington, Sir Richard, Knight (dead '47)	*Staffordshire.*
*Skinner, Augustin, Esq. (King's judge)	*Kent.*
*Skippon, Philip, Esq. (the soldier; King's judge)	*Barnstaple.*
*Skutt, George, Esq.	*Poole.*
Slanning, Sir Nicholas, Knight (disab. '42; killed at Bristol)	(*Plimpton, Devon*, but preferred) *Penryn.*
Slingsby, Sir Henry, Baronet (disab. '42, Yorkshire petition; beheaded '58)	*Knaresborough.*
*Smith, John, Esq. (succeeds Lord Andover; soon disab.)	*Oxford.*
*Smith, Philip, Esq.	*Marlborough.*
Smith, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Chester.*
*Smith, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '42)	*Bridgwater.*
Smith, Sir Walter, Knight (disab. '44)	*Bedwin, Wilts.*
*Smith, William, Esq. (disab.)	*Winchelsea.*
*Smyth, Henry, Esq. (regicide)	*Leicestershire.*
*Snelling, George, Esq.	*Southwark.*
Sneyd, Ralph, jun. Esq. (disab. '43, taken prisoner at Stafford)	*Stafford.*
Snow, Simon, Esq.	*Exeter.*
Soame, Sir Thomas, Knight	*London.*
*Spelman, John, Esq.	*Castle Rising, Norfolk.*
*Spring, Sir William, Baronet (after Jermyn)	*Bury St. Edmunds.*
*Springet, Herbert, Esq.	*Shoreham.*
Spurstow, William, Esq., merchant (dead '46)	*Shrewsbury.*
Stamford, Sir Thomas (not duly)	*Cockermouth.*
Standish, Thomas, Esq. (dead '44)	*Preston.*
Stanhope, Ferdinando, Esq. (4th s. of E. of Chesterfield; disab. '43)	*Tamworth.*
Stanhope, William, Esq. (disab.)	*Nottingham.*
*Stapleton, Bryan, Esq.	*Aldborough, Yorkshire.*
Stapleton, Sir Philip, Knight (disab., one of the 11; died '47)	*Boroughbridge.*
*Stapleton, Henry, Esq.	*Boroughbridge.*
Staply, Anthony, Esq. (regicide)	*Sussex.*
*Starre, Colonel —— (dead '47)	*Shaftesbury.*
Stawell, Sir John, K.B. (disab. '42)	*Somersetshire.*
Stephens, Edward, Esq. (two elections; not duly, then lost, at last duly; died)	*Tewkesbury.*
*Stephens, John, Esq.	*Tewkesbury.*
Stephens, Nathaniel, Esq.	*Gloucestershire.*
*Stephens, William, LL.D.	*Newport, Wight.*
Stepney, Sir John, Baronet (disab.)	*Haverford West.*
*Stockdale, Thomas, Esq.	*Knaresborough.*

Stonehouse, Sir George, Baronet (disab. '44)	*Abingdon.*
*Stoughton, Nicholas, Esq. (dead '45)	*Guildford.*
Strangways, Giles, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Bridport.*
Strangways, Sir John, Knight (disab. Sept. '42)	*Weymouth.*
Strickland, Sir Robert, Knight (disab. '43)	*Aldborough, Yorkshire.*
*Strickland, Walter, Esq. (from '45)	*Minehead.*
Strickland, Sir William, Knight	*Heydon, Yorkshire.*
*Strode, Sir Richard, Knight	*Plimpton.*
*Strode, William, Esq.	*Ilchester.*
Strode, William, Esq. (died '45)	(*Tamworth*, but prefers) *Beeralston.*
Sutton, Robert, Esq. (disab.; made Baron Lexington, 21 Nov. '45)	*Nottinghamshire.*
*Swynfen, John, Esq.	*Stafford.*
*Sydenham, William, jun. Esq.	*Melcomb Regis.*
Tate, Zouch, Esq. (Self-denying Ordinance)	*Northampton.*
Taylor, William, Esq. (instead of a monopolist; disab. '45, Siege of Bristol)	*Bristol.*
Taylor, William, Esq. (in place of Waller; expelled May '41, on Strafford's account)	*New Windsor.*
*Temple, James, Esq. (regicide)	*Bramber.*
*Temple, Sir John, Knight	*Chichester.*
*Temple, Peter, Esq. (regicide)	*Leicester.*
Temple, Sir Peter, Baronet (King's judge)	*Buckingham.*
*Temple, Thomas, Esq.	*Huntingdon.*
*Terrick, Samuel, Esq.	*Newcastle-under-Line.*
Theloall, Simon, jun. Esq.	*Denbigh.*
*Thistlethwaite, Alexander, Esq.	*Downton, Wilts.*
Thomas, Edward, Esq.	*Okehampton, Devonshire.*
*Thomas, Isaiah, Esq.	*Bishop's Castle.*
*Thomas, John, Esq.	*Helston.*
Thomas, William, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Carnarvon.*
*Thompson, George, Esq.	*Southwark.*
*Thornhaugh, Francis, Esq. (dead '48)	*East Retford.*
*Thorpe, Sergeant Francis (King's judge)	*Richmond, Yorkshire.*
*Thynn, Thomas, Esq.	*Saltash.*
Thynne, Sir James, Knight (disab.)	*Wiltshire.*
Toll, Thomas, Esq.	*Lynn.*
*Tolson, Richard, Esq.	*Cumberland.*
Tomkins, Thomas, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Weobly.*
*Trefusis, Nicholas, Esq.	*Cornwall.*
Trenchard, John, Esq. (King's judge)	*Wareham, Dorsetshire.*
*Trenchard, Sir Thomas, Knight	*Dorsetshire.*
Trevanion, John, Esq. (disab.; killed at Bristol)	*Lostwithiel.*

Trevor, Sir John, Knight	*Grampound.*
*Trevor, John, Esq.	*Flintshire.*
*Trevor, Sir Thomas, Knight	*Tregony.*
Trevor, Thomas, Esq. (till '44, then void)	*Monmouth.*
Tufton, Sir Humphrey, Knight	*Maidstone.*
Tulsey, Henry, Esq. (dead '44)	*Christchurch, Hants.*
Turner, Samuel, M.D. (disab. '44)	*Shaftesbury.*
*Twisden, Thomas, Esq.	*Maidstone.*
Upton, Arthur, Esq. (died '41)	*Clifton, Dartmouth, Hardness* (united).
*Upton, John, Esq.	*Fowey.*
Uvedale, Sir William, Knight (disab.)	*Petersfield.*
*Vachel, Tanfield, Esq.	*Reading.*
Valentine, Benjamin, Esq.	*St. Germains.*
Vane, George, Esq. (disab.)	*Kellington.*
Vane, Sir Henry, Knight	*Wilton.*
Vane, Sir Henry, jun. Knight	*Hull.*
Vassal, Samuel, Esq., merchant	*London.*
*Vaughan, Charles, Esq.	*Honiton.*
*Vaughan, Edward, Esq.	*Montgomeryshire.*
Vaughan, Sir Henry, Knight (disab.)	*Carmarthenshire.*
Vaughan, John, Esq. (disab. '45)	*Cardigan.*
Venables, Peter, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Cheshire.*
*Venn, John, Esq. (regicide)	*London.*
Verney, Sir Edmund, Knight Marshall (killed at Edgehill, Oct. '42, where he bore the King's standard)	*Wycombe.*
Verney, Sir Ralph, Knight (disab. '45)	*Aylesbury.*
Vernon, Henry, Esq. (not duly)	*Andover.*
Vivian, Sir Richard, Knight (disab. '44)	*Tregony.*
*Walker, Clement, Esq.	*Wells.*
Walker, Robert, Esq. (disab. '43)	*Exeter.*
Waller, Edmund, Esq. (in place of Lord Lisle; disab. '43)	*St. Ives, Cornwall.*
*Waller, Thomas, Esq.	*Bodmin.*
Waller, Thomas, Esq. (not duly)	*New Windsor.*
Waller, Sir William, Knight (instead of Vernon; one of the 11)	*Andover.*
Wallop, Sir Henry, Knight (dead '44)	*Hampshire.*
*Wallop, Robert, Esq. (King's judge)	*Andover.*
Walsingham, Sir Thomas, Knight	*Rochester.*
Walton, Valentine, Esq. (regicide)	*Huntingdonshire.*
*Warmouth, —, Esq. (void)	*Newcastle-on-Tyne.*
Warton, Michael, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Beverley.*
Warwick, Philip, Esq. (disab. '44)	(*Romney*, but preferred) *Radnor.*
Wastell, John, Esq.	*Malton.*
Watkins, William, Esq. (void in '44)	*Monmouth.*
*Wayte, Thomas, Esq. (regicide)	*Rutlandshire.*
*Weaver, John, Esq. (King's judge)	*Stamford.*
Weaver, Richard, Esq. (dead May '42)	*Hereford.*

*Weaver, Edmund, Esq. (after '46)	*Hereford.*
Webb, Thomas, Esq. (expelled '42, monopolist)	*Romney.*
Wenman, Thomas, Lord Viscount, in Ireland	*Oxfordshire.*
Wentworth, Sir George, of Wooley, Knight (disab. '42, Yorkshire petition)	*Pontefract.*
Wentworth, Sir George, Knight (Strafford's brother, disab. '44)	*Pontefract.*
*Wentworth, Sir Peter, K.B. (King's judge)	*Tamworth.*
Wentworth, Lord Thomas (Earl of Cleveland's eldest son; to House of Peers, 25 Nov. '40, by writ)	*Bedfordshire.*
*West, Edmund, Esq.	(*Wendover*, but preferred) *Buckinghamshire.*
*Weston, Benjamin, Esq. (King's judge)	*Dover.*
Weston, Nicholas, Esq. (disab. '42, for Goring's business)	*Portsmouth.*
Weston, Richard, Esq. (disab.)	*Stafford.*
*Westrow, Thomas, Esq.	*Hythe* (*Cinque Ports*).
Whaddon, John, Esq.	*Plymouth.*
Wheeler, William, Esq.	*Westbury, Wilts.*
Whistler, John, Esq. (disab.)	*Oxford.*
Whitacre, Lawrence, Esq. (Borough being restored to its rights)	*Okehampton, Devon.*
Whitaker, William, Esq. (dead '46)	*Shaftesbury.*
White, John, Esq. (died '45)	*Southwark.*
White, John, Esq. (disab. '44)	*Rye.*
*White, William, Esq. (Secretary to Sir T. Fairfax)	*Pontefract.*
Whitehead, Richard, Esq.	*Hampshire.*
Whitlocke, Bulstrode, Esq. (in place of Hippesley)	*Marlow.*
Whitmore, Sir Thomas, Knight (disab. '44)	*Bridgnorth.*
Widdrington, Sir Thomas, Knight (*Rushworth*, ii. 179)	*Berwick.*
Widdrington, Sir William, Baronet (disab. '42; killed at Worcester)	*Northumberland.*
*Wiles, Henry, Esq.	*Saltash.*
Williams, Sir Charles (dead '41)	*Monmouthshire.*
Wilmot, Henry, Esq. (expelled, Army plot '41; made Baron '43)	*Tamworth.*
*Wilson, Rowland, Esq. (Alderman of London; King's judge)	*Calne.*
Windebank, Sir Francis, Knight (Secretary; fled '41)	*Corfe Castle.*
Wingate, Edward, Esq.	*St. Albans.*
*Winwood, Richard, Esq.	*New Windsor.*
Wise, —, Esq. (died before '41)	*Devonshire.*

Wogan, John, sen. Esq. (dead '44)	*Pembrokeshire.*
*Wogan, Thomas, Esq. (regicide)	*Cardigan.*
Woodhouse, Sir Thomas, Baronet	*Thetford.*
Worsley, Sir Henry, Baronet	*Newport, Wight.*
Wray, Sir Christopher, Knight (dead '45)	*Great Grimsby.*
Wray, Sir John, Baronet	*Lincolnshire.*
*Wray, William, Esq.	*Great Grimsby.*
Wroth, Sir Peter, Knight (dead '44)	*Bridgwater.*
*Wroth, Sir Thomas, Knight (King's judge)	*Bridgwater.*
*Wylde, Edmund, Esq. (King's judge)	*Droitwich.*
Wylde, Sergeant John	*Worcestershire.*
Wyndham, Edmund, Esq. (expelled '41, monopolist)	*Bridgwater.*
*Wynn, Sir Richard, Knight	*Carnarvonshire.*
Wynn, Sir Richard, Baronet (dead '49)	*Liverpool.*
Yelverton, Sir Christopher, Knight	*Bossiney.*
Young, Sir John, Knight	*Plymouth.*
Young, Walter, Esq.	*Honiton.*

LISTS OF THE EASTERN-ASSOCIATION COMMITTEES

THE Committee Lists of the Eastern Association are taken from *Husband's Second Collection*,[1] where, in three successive general Acts, dated 1st April 1643, 7th May (and 1st June) 1643, and 3d August 1643,—followed by a few partial amendments and enlargements for specific places, at different dates,—the Committees of all Parliamentary or Anti-Royalist Counties and principal Boroughs, as settled at that stage of the contest, are named. Earlier and earliest Committees are in *Husband's First Collection* [2] and elsewhere; but these, as transient and now abrogated combinations, do not concern us here.

The Committee of April is named for managing the *Sequestration of Delinquents' Estates*: those of May and August for raising money by other methods, chiefly by *Weekly Assessments*; and each has its specific Act and instructions; but as the essential business of all these Committees was to carry on the War by furnishing the sinews of war, and as, with trifling variations, the same persons sat on all, it may well be imagined their functions, even to the members themselves, became gradually much blended; and for us they have become inextricably blended, or not worth the huge labour of attempting to extricate and distinguish. Committees, all, essentially of Finance and general Administration; appointed, we may say, to care generally that the Parliamentary Cause suffer no damage by lack of money or otherwise,—against whom, and their despotic procedure, rise loud complaints and denunciations in the old Pamphlets of a royalist or neutral stamp. An assiduous hand, searching on my behalf through every corner of these Lists and Supplementary Lists, as they lie in bewildering disorder, scattered over the vast surface of *Husband*,—has painfully added to each Name an exact note of the several Committees on which he sat: but, not to encumber the Printer and the Reader with what would little if in any degree profit, I have omitted these specialties at present,—all but the following two:

Under date 10th August 1643 (with Supplementary or subsequent Acts, in some cases) is a particular settling and assorting of the Association Committees as a distinct body; with instructions and directions; directing, for one thing, how they are to choose the Central Committee which sits at Cambridge;—indicating to us who

[1] Collection of all the Public Orders, Ordinances etc. of Parliament, from March 1642-3 to December 1646: Printed for Edward Husband (London, folio, 1646).

[2] An exact Collection of all Remonstrances, etc. etc. (London, small 4to, 1643): Printed for Edward Husbands (*sic*); p. 891 etc.

they now are, and most probably who they were hitherto, that showed themselves most and took the chief management: these, as in some sort peculiar, I have found good to note: all that sit on this Committee are distinguished by an asterisk (*); those that sit on this only, or are new men at the passing of the Act, have their names printed in *italics*. And observe here: *Among* those of the asterisk the " Deputy Lieutenants," appointed long before and with superior powers, of whom there is sometimes mention in *Oliver's Letters* and elsewhere, will be found; but not in a distinguishable state: their names as a body, though " read publicly " in 1642, and even ordered to be printed,[1] do not occur in *Husband*. This is the *first* specialty of indication attempted here. Then *secondly*, under date 15th Feb. 1644-5, on Fairfax's appointment to be Commander-in-chief, there occurs a revision or new-model of Committees, in the Association as everywhere else, for raising assessments to support Fairfax: such men as were *added* for serving on this Committee, are designated by an (*f.*). Farther distinctions, as threatening rather to confuse than illuminate the reader, are not given at present.

Our only change from those Lists of Husband's is the arrangement, an important and indispensable one, in alphabetical order; and the correction of what mistakes were palpable,—the number and nature of which still testify how hurriedly that old Parliamentary operation, in all stages of it, was done. The spelling especially, with its incessant variations, has been an intricate business, not to be settled sometimes except partly by guess. Our " Esq.," " Gent.," and occasional omission of all Title, are correctly what we find in the old Book.

Under the given circumstances, Husband's Lists may be taken as substantially correct: but of course those Committees, even for specified objects, were liable, at all times, both to be supplemented and to be sifted down; which renders their exact composition a fluctuating object, dependent on date in some measure.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Cambridgeshire Committees (*Husband*, ii.), in 1643: 1st April (with supplement, 15th September), p. 16, p. 322;—7th May (with Supplements and Revisals, 21st June, 3d August, 20th September), p. 169, p. 225, p. 6 Appendix, p. 329; Association specially, 10th August (and 4th September), p. 284, p. 308. For support of Fairfax in 1644-5, and to the end of the War: 15th February, 1644-5, p. 603.

Those that sat exclusively on this Fairfax Committee have an (*f.*) appended; those of 10th August (among whom are the Deputy-Lieutenants) are marked with an asterisk (*), and such of them as were then *new* are in italics: (*e.*) means, For Ely only; (*t.*), For Town and University only.

[1] Names " read before the House," 17th March 1641-2 (Commons Journals, ii. 483); ordered " to be printed," 6th Oct. following (*ib.* 797); not given in either case.

Aldmond, Edward, (*t. f.*)
*Becket, Thomas, Esq.
*Bendish, Thomas, Esq.
Blackley, James. (*t. f.*)
**Browne*, —
Browning, Edward, Esq.
Butler, Henry, Esq.
Butler, Nevill, Esq.
*Castle, Robert, Esq.
*Castle, Thomas, Esq.
Chennery,[1] John, Esq. (*f.*)
Clapthorn, George, Esq.
Clark, Edward, Esq.
*Clark, Robert, Esq.
**Clench, Edward, Esq.*
Clopton, Walter, Esq.
**Cooke, Thomas, Esq.*
*Cromwell, Oliver, Esq.
*Cutts, Sir John, Kt.
Dalton, Michael, jun. Esq.
Dalton, Michael, sen. Esq. (*f.*)
Desborow, Isaac.
Diamond, Tristram, Gent. (*e. f.*)
*Ducket, Thomas, Esq.
Eden, Dr. (*f.*)
Fiennes, Ald. (*t. f.*)
Fisher, William, Esq.
**Foxton, Richard, Esq.*
French, Thomas. (*t.*)
*Hobart, John, Esq.
Hynde, Robert.
Janes, William, Esq. (*f.*)
Leeds, Edward, Esq.
Lowry, John. (*t.*)
Male, Edmund.
*March, Humberston, Esq.
*Marsh, William, Esq.
*Martin, Sir Thomas, Kt.
*Mayor for the time being. (*t.*)
North, Sir Dudley, Kt.
Parker, Thomas, Esq.
Partridge, Sir Edward, Kt. (*e. f.*)
Pepys, Samuel, Esq.
Pepys, Talbot, Recorder. (*t.*)
*Pope, Dudley, Esq.
Raven, John, Esq. (*f.*)
Reynolds, James, Esq. (*f.*)
Reynolds, Sir James. (*f.*)
Robson, Robert. (*t.*)
*Russel, Francis, Esq.
Russel, Killiphet, Esq. (*f.*)
*Sandys,[2] Sir Miles, Kt.
Sherwood, John. (*t.*)
Smith, Henry.
*Spalding, Samuel. (*t.*)
Staughton, Robert.
Story, Philip, Esq.
Stone, Richard, M.D. (*e. f.*)
Symonds, Thomas, Esq.
*Thompson, James, Esq.
Towers, John, Esq.
Walker, Thomas.
*Welbore, John, Esq.
Welbore, William. (*t.*)
Wendy, Francis, Esq.
Wright, John.

ESSEX

Essex Committees (*Husband*, ii.), in 1643: 1st April (with Supplement, 1st June), p. 17, p. 194:—7th May (with Supplements and Revisals, 1st June, 3d August, 20th September), p. 170, p. 194, p. 7 Appendix, p. 328;—Association specially, 10th August, p. 284. For support of Fairfax in 1644-5, and to the end of the War: 15th February 1644-5, p. 603.

The (*f.*) designates the exclusively *Fairfax* men; the asterisk (*) those of 10th August, the then *new* ones of whom are in italics; (*c.*) means, For Colchester.

[1] Spelt also *Chymery*.
[2] „ „ *Sands, Sandes, Sandis*.

Adams, Thomas, of Thaxted, Gent.
Allen, Isaac, of Haseley, Esq.
*Alliston,[1] John, Gent.
*Atwood, John, Esq.
*Atwood, William, Esq.
Aylet, Jeremy, Esq.
Aylett, Thomas, of Kelldon, Gent.
Bacon, Nathaniel, Esq.
*Barnardiston, Arthur, Esq.
Barrington, Henry, Gent. (*c.*)
Barrington, Robert, Esq. (*f.*)
Barrington, Sir John, Kt.
Barrington, Sir Thomas, Bart.
Berkhead, Edward, Esq.
Bourn, Robert, Esq.
Brook, John, Esq.
Burket, John, Esq.
Buxton, Robert, Gent. (*c.*)
*Calthorp, Robert, Esq.
Cheeke, Sir Thomas, Kt.
Clapton, Thomas, Esq.
Cletheroe, Captain.
Collard, William, Esq.
Cook, William, Ald. (*c.*)
Cooke, Thomas, Esq.
Cooke, Thomas, Gent.
Crane, Robert, Esq.
Eden, John, Esq.
*Eldred, John, Esq.
*Everard, Sir Richard, Bart.
Farr, Henry, Esq.
Fenning, John, Gent.
Friborne, Samuel, Esq.
Gambeil,[2] James, Esq. (*f.*)
Goldingham, William, Esq.
Grimston, Harbottle, Esq. (also *c.* Recorder.)
Grimston, Sir Harbottle, Bart.
*Harlackenden, Richard, Esq.
Harlackenden, William, Gent.
Harrison, Ralph, Ald. (*c.*)
Harvey, John, Esq. (*f.*)
Hawkin, Richard, of Harwich, Gent.
Herne, James, Esq.
Hicks, Sir William, Bart.
*Holcroft, Sir Henry, Kt.
*Honywood, Sir Thomas, Kt.
Jocelyn, John, Esq. (also *c.* Deputy Recorder.)
Johnson, Thomas. (*c.*)
Kemp, Sir Robert, Kt. (*f.*)
Langley, John, of Colchester, Esq. (also *c.*)
Langton, John, Gent. (*c.*)
Lumley, Sir Martin, Bart.
Luther, Anthony, Esq.
Maidstone, Robert, Gent.
Martin, Sir William, Kt.
Masham, Sir William, Bart.
Masham, William, Esq.
Matthews, Joachim, Esq. (*f.*)
Mayor for the time being. (*c.*)
Mead, John, Esq.
*Middleton, Timothy, Esq.
Mildmay, Cary, Esq.
Mildmay, Henry, of Graves, Esq.
Mildmay, Sir Henry, of Wansted, Bart.
Nicholson, Francis, Gent.
**Palmer, Edward, Esq.*
Pike, John, Esq.
Plume,[3] Samuel, Gent.
Raymond, Oliver, Esq.
*Reade, Dr. of Birchanger.
*Rowe, Sir William, Kt.
*Sayer, John, Esq.
Shaw, John, jun. Gent. (*f.*)
Sheffield, Samson, Esq. (*f.*)
Smith, Robert, Esq.
*Sorrell,[4] John, Esq.
Stonehard, Francis, Esq.
Talcot, Robert, of Colchester, Gent.
Talcot, Thomas, Gent. (*f.*)
Thomas, Captain.
Thorogood, George, Esq.
Thorogood, John, of Walden, Gent.
*Tindall, Deane, Esq.
Topsfield, —, Esq. (*f.*)
Turner, William, of Wimbish, Gent.
*Umphrevill,[5] William, Esq.

[1] Spelt also *Aliston*, *Eliston*, etc. etc.
[2] ,, ,, *Cambell.*
[3] ,, ,, *Plum*, *Plumme*, *Plain*, *Playne*, *Plague.*
[4] ,, ,, *Serrill* and *Correll.*
[5] ,, ,, *Humfrevile*, etc.

Vesey, Robert, Gent.
Wade, Thomas, Ald. (*c. f.*)
Walton, George, Esq.
Ward, Ald. (*c.*)
Watkins, John, Esq.
Whitcombe, Peter, Esq.
Williamson, Francis, of Walden, Gent.
Wincall, Isaac, Gent.
Wiseman, Henry, Esq.
Wiseman, Richard, Gent.
Wiseman, Robert, of Mayland, Esq.
*Wright,[1] John, Esq.
**Young, John, Gent.*
Young, Robert, Esq.

HERTFORDSHIRE

Hertfordshire Committees (*Husband*, ii.), in 1643: 1st April (with Supplements, 1st June, 21st June), p. 18, p. 194, p. 225;—7th May (with Supplements and Revisals, 3d August, 20th September), p. 171, p. 8 Appendix, p. 329;—Association specially, 10th August, p. 284. For support of Fairfax in 1644-5, and to the end of the War: 15th February 1644-5, p. 604.

The (*f.*) designates the exclusively Fairfax men; the asterisk (*) those of 10th August; (*a.*) means, For St. Albans.

Atkins, Edward, Esq., Sergeant-at-law.
*Barber, Gabriel, Esq.
Carter, William, of Offley, Gent.
Cecil, Robert, Esq.
Combes, Toby, Esq.
Cranbourne, Charles Lord Viscount.
Dacres, Sir Thomas, Kt.
Fairecloth, Litton, Esq.
*Freeman, Ralph, Esq.
*Garret,[2] Sir John, Bart.
Harrison, Sir John.
*Heydon, John, Esq.
Humberston, John, sen. Gent.
Jennings, Richard, Esq.
*King, Dr. John, M.D.
*Leman,[3] William, Esq.
Litton, Rowland, Esq. (*f.*)
Litton, Sir William, Kt.
Lucy, Sir Richard, Bart. (*f.*)
Marsh, John, Gent.
Mayor for the time being. (*a.*)
Mayor of Hertford for the time being.
Meade, Thomas, Gent.
*Mewtys, Henry, Esq.
Norton, Gravely, Esq.
Pemberton, John, Esq.
*Pemberton, Ralph, Esq. (*a.*)
*Porter, Richard, Esq.
*Priestley, William, Esq.
Puller, Isaac, Gent.
*Read, Sir John, Bart.
*Robotham, John, Esq. (*a.*)
Sadler, Thomas, Esq.
*Scroggs, John, Esq.
Tooke, John, Esq.
*Tooke, Thomas, Esq.
*Washington, Adam, Esq.
*Wilde, Alexander, Esq.
Wingate, Edward, Esq.
*Witterong,[4] Sir John, Kt.

[1] Spelt also *Weight*.
[2] ,, ,, *Gerrat* and *Jerratt*.
[3] ,, ,, *Leaman*, *Lemon*, etc. etc.
[4] ,, ,, *Whutterong*, *Whitterounge*, *Wittewrong*, *Witewrong*, *Witterounge*, and *Witteroung*.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE

Huntingdonshire Committees (*Husband*, ii.), in 1643: 1st April (with Supplement, 8th July), p. 18, p. 229;—7th May (with Supplements and Revisals, 3d August, 20th September), p. 171, p. 8 Appendix, p. 329;—Association specially, 10th August, p. 284. For support of Fairfax in 1644-5, and to the end of the War: 15th February 1644-5, p. 604.

The (*f.*) designates the exclusively Fairfax men; the asterisk (*) those of 10th August, the then *new* ones of whom are in italics.

Armyn, Sir William, Bart. (*f.*)
Bonner, John, Gent. (*f.*)
Bulkley, John, Esq.
*Burrell, Abraham, Esq.
Castle, John, Esq.
Cotton, Sir Thomas, Bart.
*Cromwell, Oliver, Esq.
Desborow, Isaac, Gent.
Drury, William. (*f.*)
**Fullwood, Gervaise, Gent.*
**Harvey, Robert, Gent.*
Hewet, Sir John, Kt.
Ingram, Robert, Gent.
*Joceline, Terrill, Esq.
King, William, Gent.
*Montague, Edward, Esq.
Montague, George, Esq. (*f.*)
Offley, John, Gent.
Petton, John, Gent.
*Temple, Thomas, Esq.
**Vintner, Robert, Gent.*
Walton, Valentine, Esq. (*f.*)
*Winch, Onslow, Esq.

LINCOLNSHIRE

Lincolnshire Committees (*Husband*, ii.), in 1643: 1st April, p. 18; —7th May (with Supplements and Revisals, 1st June, 3d August, 20th September), p. 171, p. 194, p. 9 Appendix, p. 329. 3d July 1644 (County now got; corresponds to 10th August 1643, for the other Counties), p. 515. For support of Fairfax in 1644-5, and to the end of the War: 15th February 1644-5 (with Supplements, 3d April, 11th August), p. 604, p. 633, p. 707.

The (*f.*) designates the exclusively Fairfax men; the asterisk (*) those of 3d July 1644, the then *new* ones of whom are in italics; (*l.*) means, For Lincoln.

Anderson, Edmund, Esq.
Archer, John, Esq.
Armyn, Sir William, Bart.
**Ashton, Peter, Esq.*
**Askham, Thomas.*
Ayscough, Sir Edward, Kt.
Ayscough, Edward, Esq.
Bernard, John, Gent.
Bowtal, Barnaby, Esq.
Brassbridge, Ald. (*f. l.*)
*Browne, John, Gent.
Brownlow, Sir John, Bart.
Brownlow, Sir William, Bart.
Broxholme, John, Esq. (also *l.*)
Bryan, Richard, Esq.
*Bury,[1] William, Esq.
*Cave, Morris, Esq.
Cawdron, Robert, Esq.
*Cholmley, Montague, Esq.
*Coppledike, Thomas, Esq.

[1] Spelt also *Burg* and *Berry*.

*Cornwallis, Thomas, Esq.
*Cust, Samuel, Esq.
Davison, William, Gent. (*f.*)
Dawson, Stephen, Ald. (*l.*)
*Disney, John, sen. Esq.
*Disney, Mollineux, Esq.
Disney, Thomas, Esq. (*f.*)
**Disney, William, Esq.*
*Ellis, Edmund, Esq.
Ellis, William, Esq.
*Emmerson, Alexander, Esq.
*Empson, Charles, Esq.
Empson, Francis, Gent. (*f.*)
*Erle, Sir Richard, Bart.
Escote, Captain.
Filkin, Richard, Gent. (*f.*)
*Fines, Francis, Esq.
Fisher, Francis, Esq. (*f.*)
Grantham, Thomas, Esq. (also *l.*)
**Godfrey, William, Esq.*
*Hall, Charles, Esq.
Hall, —, of Kettlethorp, Esq.
Hall, Thomas, Gent.
Harrington, James, Esq. (*f.*)
Harrington, John, Esq.
Hatcher, Thomas, Esq.
Hitchcott, Edmund, Esq.
Hickman, Willoughby, Esq.
Hobson, John, Gent. (*f.*)
*Hobson, William, Esq.
Hudson, Christopher, Esq.
Irby, Sir Anthony, Knight.
*Irby, Thomas, Esq.
Johnson, Martin, Gent.
King, Edward, Esq.
**Knight, Isaac.*
Leigh, Samuel, Esq.
Lister, Thomas, Esq.
*Lister, William, Esq.
*Luddington, William, Esq.
Marshal, William, Mayor. (*l.*)
*Massinbeard,[1] Draynard, Esq.
*Massinbeard,[1] Henry, Esq.
Massingden, —, Esq.
Mayor of Boston for the time being.
Mayor of Lincoln for the time being. (*l.*)
*Miscendyne, Francis, Esq.
Moorcroft, Robert, Ald. (*l.*)
Munckton, Michael, Gent. (*f.*)
*Nelthorp, Edward, Esq.
Nelthorp, John, Esq. (*f.*)
*Nethercote, Thomas, Gent.
Owfield, Sir Samuel, Kt.
Owfield, William, Esq. (*f.*)
*Parkins, Wyat, Gent.
*Pelham, Henry, Esq.
**Pierpoint, Francis, Esq.*
Rawson, Nehemiah, Gent.
*Rossiter, Edward, Esq. (the Colonel.)
Rossiter, Thomas, Esq. (*f.*)
Samuel, Arthur, Esq. (*f.*)
Savile, Thomas, Esq.
*Savile, William, Esq.
Sheffield, John, Esq.
Skipworth, Edward, Esq.
Tharrald, Nathaniel, Gent.
*Thompson, William, Gent.
Tilson, Edmund, Esq.
*Trollop, James, Gent.
Trollop, Sir Thomas, Bart.
*Walcott, Humphrey, Esq.
Watson, William, Ald. (*l.*)
Welby, Thomas, Gent.
*Welcome, Thomas, Esq.
Whitchcot, Edward, Esq.
Whitchcot, Sir Hamond, Kt.
Whiting, John, Gent. (*f.*)
Willesby, John, Esq.
Williamson, Richard, Esq. (*f.*)
Williamson, Thomas, Esq. (*f.*)
Willoughby, Hickman, Esq.
Willoughby, Lord Francis, of Parham.
Wincopp,[2] John, Gent.
*Woolley, William, Esq.
Wrath, John, Esq.
Wray, Sir Christopher, Kt.
Wray, Sir John, Bart.
Wray, John, Esq.

[1] Spelt also *Massingbeard*, *Massingberde*, *Massingburgh*, *Massinbred*, and *Massinberg*.
[2] Spelt also *Wincock* and *Wincocks*.

NORFOLK

Norfolk Committees (*Husband*, n.), in 1643: 1st April (with Supplement, 18th April), p. 19, p. 38;—7th May (with Supplements and Revisals, 1st June, 3d August, 20th September), p. 171, p. 194, p. 9 Appendix, p. 328;—Association specially, 20th August, p. 283. For support of Fairfax in 1644-5, and to the end of the War, 15th February 1644-5, p. 605.

The (*f.*) designates the exclusively Fairfax men: the asterisk * those of 20th August, the then *new* ones of whom are in italics. (*n*) means, For Norwich.

*Ashley, Sir Edward, Kt.
*Ashley, Sir Isaac, Kt.
Bailiffs of Yarmouth.
Bantham, Robert, Esq. (*f.*)
Baker, Thomas, Esq. (*n.*)
Barkham, Sir Edward, Bart.
Barret, Christopher, Esq. (*n.*)
Barret, Thomas, Sheriff. (*n. f.*)
Beddingfield, Philip, Esq.
Berkham, John.
Berney,[1] Sir Richard, Bart.
Blofield, Jeremy, of Alby.
*Brewster, John, Esq.
Brewster, Samuel, Gent. (*n. f.*)
Brown, John, of Sparkes.
*Burwell, Edmund, Ald. (*n.*)
Buxton, John, Esq. (*f.*)
Calthorp, James, Esq.
Calthorp, Philip, Esq.
Chamberlain, Edward, Esq. (*f.*)
Church, Bernard, Sheriff. (*n. f.*)
Clarke, of Gaywood.
Collier, John, Gent. (*n. f.*)
Collyns, of Blackborne Abbey.
Coney, William.
*Cooke,[2] John, Esq.
*Cooke, William, Esq.
Corbet, Miles, Esq.
Dayly, Robert, of Alsham.
Day, Sucklin.
Doyle, Sir William, Kt. (*f.*)
Earl, Erasmus, Esq. (*f.*)
Felsham, Robert, of Sculthrop.
Fountain, Briggs, Esq.
Fryer,[3] Tobias, Esq.
Gasley, William, of Bolean
Gawdy, Edward, Esq. (*f.*)
Gawdy, Framlingham, Esq. (*f.*)
*Gawdy, Sir Thomas, Kt.
*Gawsell,[4] Gregory, Esq.
Gibbon,[5] John, Esq.
Gibbon,[5] Sir Thomas, Kt.
Gooch, Robert, of Elham.
Gower, Robert, of Yarmouth
Gent. (*f.*)
*Greenwood, John, Sheriff. (*n. f.*)
Grey, James de, Esq. (*f.*)
Grey, John, Gent. (*n. f.*)
Harman, Richard, Esq.
Harvye, Richard.
Heveningham, William, Esq.
Heyward, Edward, Esq. (*f.*)
*Hobart, Sir John, Bart.
*Hobart, Sir Miles, Kt.
Holland, Sir John, Bart.
Houghton, John, Esq.
Houghton, Robert, Esq. (*f.*)
*Huggen,[6] Sir Thomas, Kt.
Hunt, George, Esq. (*f.*)
Jave, John, of Ingham.
*Jermy, Francis, Esq.
Jermy, Robert, Esq.
Johnson, Thomas, Gent.
Kett, Robert, of Wicklewood.
Kettle, Henry, of Thetford. (*f.*)
King, Henry, Gent.

[1] Spelt also *Berne*, *Bernay*, and *Barney*.
[2] " " *Crook* and *Coke*.
[3] " " *Frere*, *Friar*, and *Fryar*.
[4] " " *Causell*, *Gousall*, and *Gausey*.
[5] " " *Guibon*.
[6] " " *Hogan*, *Hoogan*, *Hoggin*.

Lincoln, Thomas, of Thetford, Esq. Ald.
*Lindsey, Matthew, Ald. (*n.*)
Long, Robert, Esq. (*f.*)
May, John, of Lynn, Ald. (*f.*)
Mayor of Lynn for the time being.
Mayor of Norwich for the time being. (*n.*)
Money, Samuel, of Binnam.
Mountford, Sir Edmund, Kt.
Owner, Edward, Esq. (*f.*)
*Palgrave, Sir John, Bart.
Parkes,[1] Samuel, Gent.
*Parmenter, Adrian, Esq. (*n.*)
Paston, Sir William, Bart. (*f.*)
*Peckoner,[2] Matthew, Ald. (*n.*)
Pell, Sir Valentine, Kt. Vicecomes. (*f.*)
Percivall, John, Esq. of Lynn.
Pots, Sir John, Bart.
Raymes,[3] John, Esq. of Oxtron.
Rich, Robert, Esq.
Rower, Robert, Gent.
*Russell, Thomas, Esq.
Salter, John, Gent. (*n. f.*)
Scamler, Adam, Esq. (*f.*)
Scamler, James, Esq.
Scottow, Timothy, Gent. (*n. f.*)
*Sedley,[4] Martin, Esq.
Sheppard, Robert, Esq.
Sheriffs of Norwich.
Sherwood, Livewell, Ald. (*n.*)
Shouldham, Frances, of Fulmerston.
Skippon, Philip, Esq. (*f.*)
*Smith, Samuel, Esq.
*Sotherton, Thomas, Esq.
*Spelman, John, Esq.
Springall, Thomas, of St. Mary's.
Steward, ——, Esq. (*n. f.*)
Swalter, John, of Southcreak.
*Symonds, William of Norwich, Ald. (*n.*)
Taylor, Henry, Esq. (*f.*)
*Thacker, John, Ald. (*n.*)
Thorisby, Edmund, Esq. (*f.*)
Tofts, John, Gent. (*n. f.*)
Tofts, Thomas, Ald. (*n. f.*)
Toll, Thomas, Esq.
*Tooley, John, Esq. (*n.*)
Townsend, Roger, Esq. (*f.*)
Utber, Thomas.
Vincent, John, of Crinisham.
Walpool, John, Esq.
Walter, of Deram.
Ward, Hamon, Esq. (*f.*)
Warner, Richard, of Little Brand.
Wasted, Thomas, Gent. (*n. f.*)
*Watts, Henry, Ald. (*n.*)
Web, John, Esq. (*f.*)
Weld, Thomas, Esq.
*Wilton,[5] Robert, Esq.
Windham, Sir George, Kt. (*f.*)
*Windham, Thomas, Esq.
With, of Brodish.
*Wood, Robert, Esq.
Woodhouse, Sir Thomas, Bart.
**Wright*,[6] *Thomas, Esq.*

SUFFOLK

Suffolk Committees (*Husband*, ii.), in 1643: 1st April (with Supplement, 29th September), p. 19, p. 321;—7th May (with Supplements and Perrata, 1st June, 3d August, 20th September), p. 172, p. 193, p. 10 Appendix, p. 328;—Association specially, 10th August, p. 284. For support of Fairfax in 1644-5, and to the end of the War: 15th February 1644-5, p. 605.

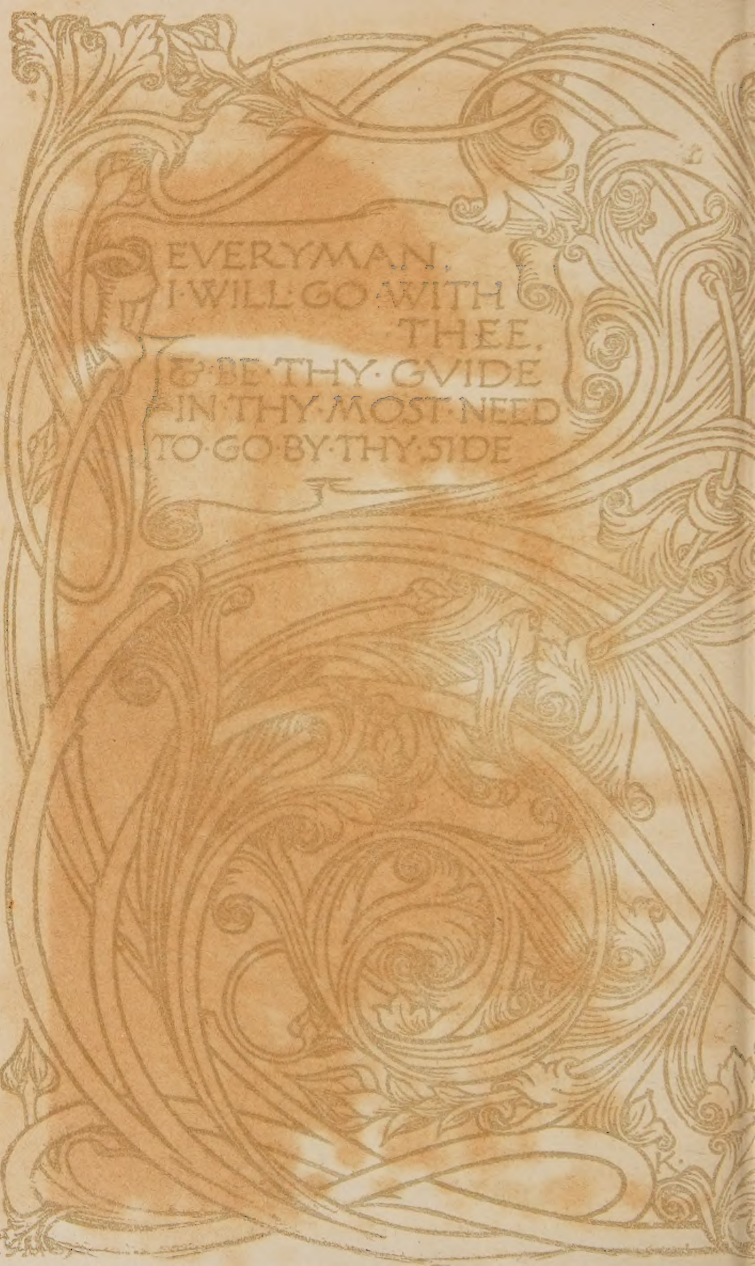
[1] Spelt also *Parks*, *Parker*, *Packle*.
[2] ,, ,, *Peckover* and *Peckford*.
[3] ,, ,, *Reygnes*, *Keyves*, *Reimes*, and *Regin*.
[4] ,, ,, *Sidley* and *Redley*.
[5] ,, ,, *Wilson*.
[6] ,, ,, *Weight*.

The (*f.*) designates the exclusively Fairfax men; the asterisk d those of the 10th August; (*i.*) means, For Ipswich; (*e.*) Bury Edmunds; (*a.*) Aldborough.

Aldermen of Bury St. Edmunds (*e.*)
Aldus, John, Gent. (*i.*)
*Appleton, Isaac, Esq.
Bacon, Sir Butts, Bart.
*Bacon, Sir Edmund, Bart.
*Bacon, Francis, Esq.
*Bacon, Nathaniel, of Freeston, Esq.
*Bacon, Nathaniel, of Ipswich, Esq.
Bacon, Nicholas, Esq.
Bacon, Thomas, Esq. (*f.*)
Bailiffs of Aldborough. (*a.*)
Bailiffs of Ipswich. (*i.*)
*Baker, Thomas, Esq.
Barnardiston, Sir Nathaniel, Kt.
*Barnardiston, Sir Thomas, Kt.
*Barrow, Maurice, Esq.
Basse,[1] John, Esq.
Bence, Alexander, Esq. (*f.*)
Bence, Squire, Esq.
Blosse, Thomas, Esq. (*f.*)
*Bloyse, William, Esq.
Bokenham, Wiseman, Esq.
Brandling, John. (*i.*)
Brewster, Francis, Esq.
*Brewster,[2] Robert, Esq.
Bright, —, Gent. (*e.*)
Brook, Sir Robert, Kt.
Brooke, John, Esq. (*f.*)
Cage,[3] William, Esq.
Chaplin, Thomas, Gent. (*e.*)
Chapman, Thomas, Esq. (*e.*)
Cheney, Henry. (*a. f.*)
Clinch, John, sen. Esq.
Clinch, John, of Culpho, Esq.
*Cole, Thomas, Esq.
Cotton, John, Esq. (*f.*)
D'Ewes, Sir Simond, Bart. (*f.*
Duke, Sir Edward, Kt.
Duncombe,[4] Robert, Gent. (*i.*
Fisher, Peter. (*i.*)
Gale, Jacob, Gent. (*i.*)
Gibbs, Thomas, Ald. (*e.*)
Gurdon, Brampton, Esq.
Gurdon, Brampton, jun. Esq.
Gurdon, John, Esq.
*Harvey, Edmund, Esq.
Heveningham, William, Esq.
*Hobart, James, Esq.
Hodges, John, Esq. (*f.*)
Johnson,[5] Thomas, Gent. (*a.*)
*Lawrence, William, Esq.
*Lucas, Gibson, Esq.
Moody, Samuel. (*e.*)
North, Henry, sen. Esq.
North, Henry, jun. Esq.
North, Sir Roger, Kt.
Parker, Sir Philip, Kt.
Parker, Sir William, Kt.
Pemberton, Joseph, Gent. (*i.*)
Pepys, Richard, Esq.
Playters, Sir William, Bart.
Puplet,[6] Richard, Gent. (*i.*)
Read, Edward, Esq.
Reynolds, Robert, Esq.
River,[7] William, of Bilson, E
Rous, Sir John, Kt.
Sicklemer, John, Gent. (*i.*)
*Soame, Sir William, Kt.
*Spring, Sir William, Bart.
*Terrell,[8] Thomas, Esq.
*Vaughan, Theophilus, of Beccles, Esq.
Wentworth, Sir John, Kt.

[1] Spelt also *Bates*, *Base*, and *Bace*.
[2] ,, ,, *Brechoster*.
[3] ,, ,, *Gage*.
[4] ,, ,, *Duncam* and *Duncon*.
[5] ,, ,, *Jackson*.
[6] ,, ,, *Pupler*, *Purplet*, *Pulpit*.
[7] ,, ,, *Rivet* and *Ryvet*.
[8] ,, ,, *Tirrill*.

THE TEMPLE PRESS LETCHWORTH ENGLAND


EVERYMAN.
I WILL GO WITH
THEE.
& BE THY GVIDE
IN THY MOST NEED
TO GO BY THY SIDE

RKC
1905